April 30, 1966

# THE NEW YORKER

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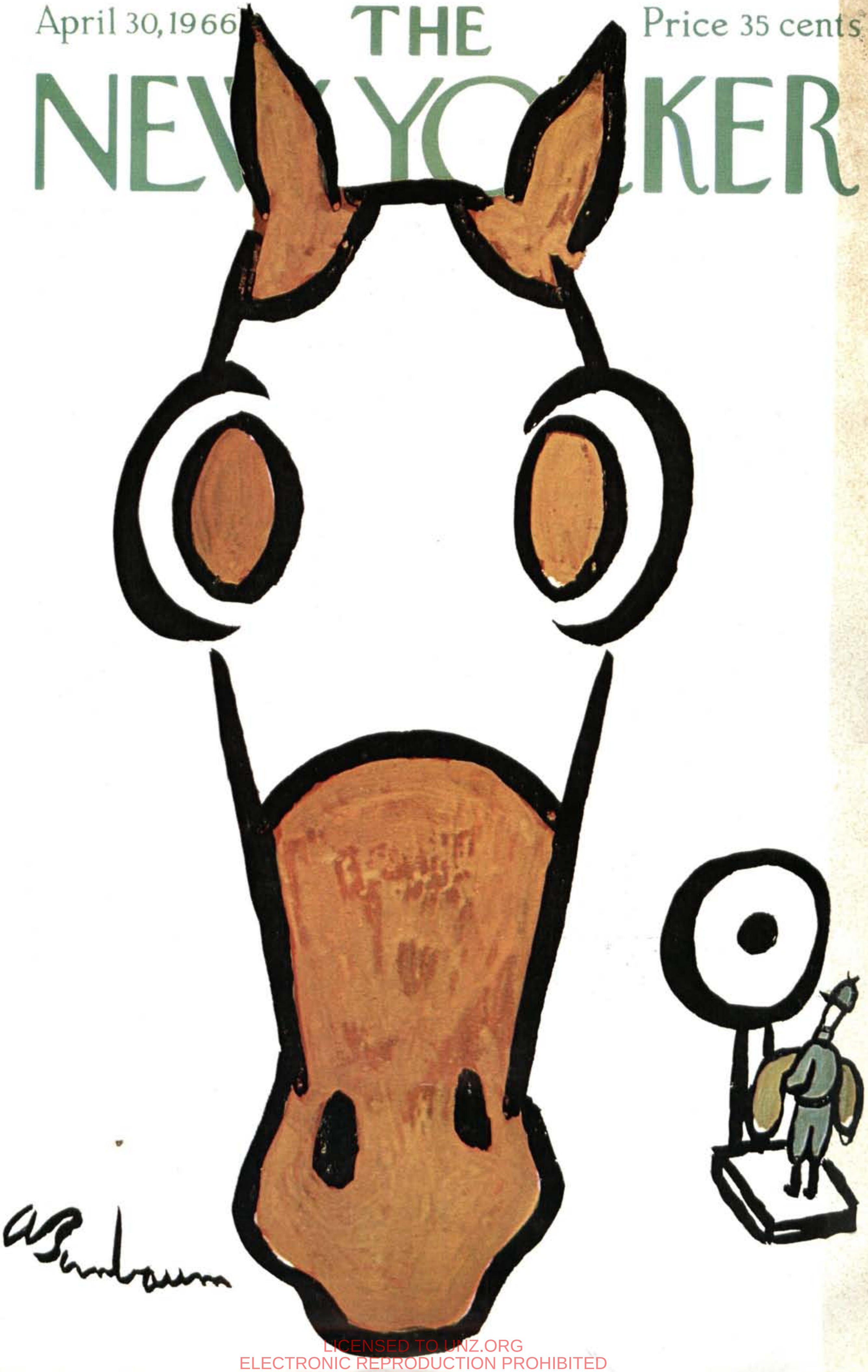

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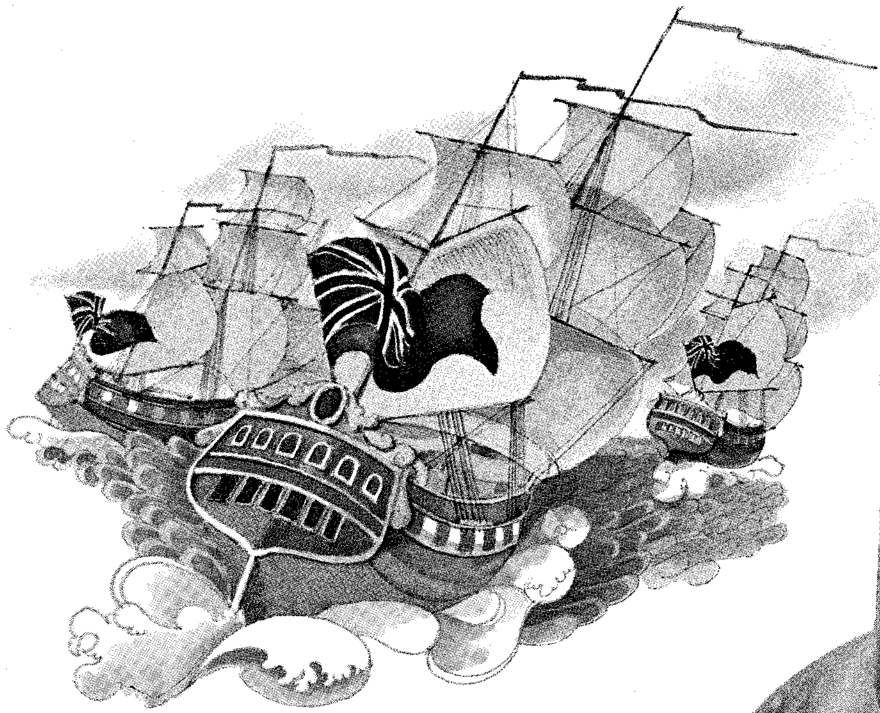

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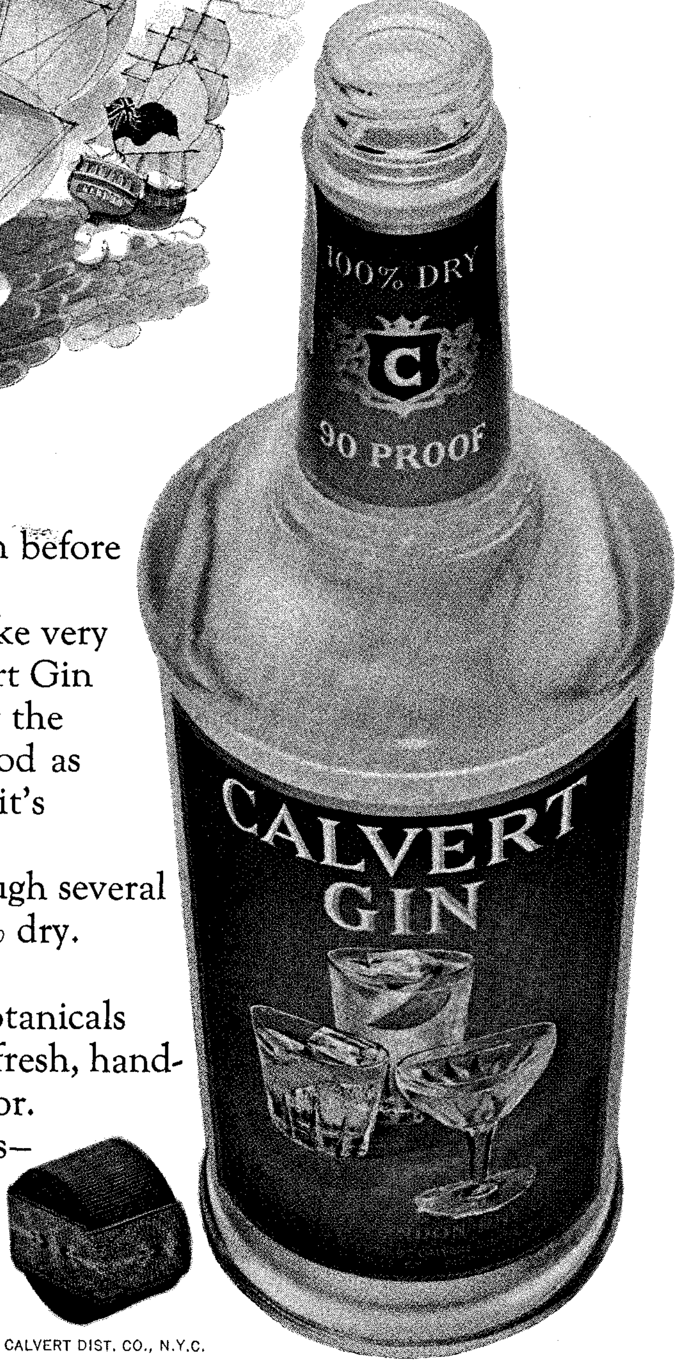

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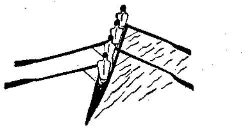
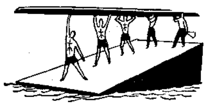


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Cactus Flower**—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Generation**—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Hostile Witness**—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Impossible Years**—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Lion in Winter**—Rosemary Harris is superlative as Eleanor of Aquitaine in this pseudo-historical drama by James Goldman, and Robert Preston and the others in the company are quite helpful as they go about depicting twelfth-century royalty. But the play itself is only sporadically interesting. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Marat/Sade**—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

**Philadelphia, Here I Come!**—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Royal Hunt of the Sun**—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has spectacular settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Wait Until Dark**—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**You Can't Take It with You**—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

### MUSICALS

**It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman**—A mild spoof of the noble, if loutish, hero of a bygone comic strip. The book, by David Newman and Robert Benton, is rather anemic, but Charles Strouse's music and Lee Adams' lyrics are agreeable enough, and the cast, which includes Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain, is alert and lively. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

**On a Clear Day You Can See Forever**—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Skyscraper**—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Sweet Charity**—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Wait a Minim!**—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has an admirable cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mme. Defarge. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Ivanov**—John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh in a limited engagement of the Chekhov drama, imported from London. Adapted and directed by Sir John. Previews through Monday, May 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 3, and will run through Saturday, June 11. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**City Center**—**city center light opera company:** A revival of **how to succeed in business without really trying,** with Billy De Wolfe, Len

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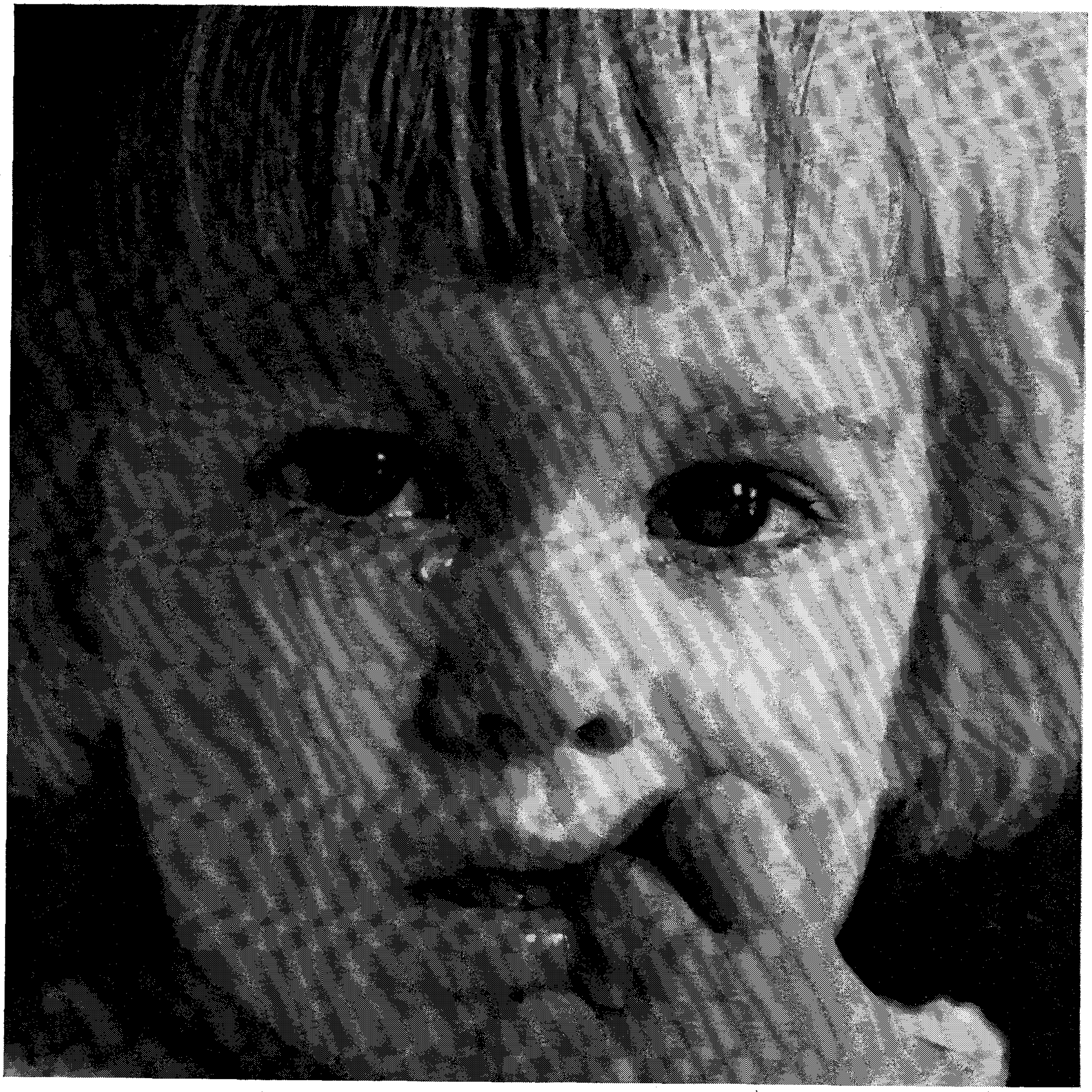

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gochman, Lee Goodman, and Sheila Sullivan. The first in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Amato Opera Company**—Through Saturday, April 30: LA TRAVIATA. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 6: IL TROVATORE. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, April 30, at 2:30.)

**Bohikee Creek**—A play by Robert Unger, with an all-Negro cast. Opens Thursday, April 28. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Deadly Game**—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Happy Ending** and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hogan's Goat**—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

**The Journey of the Fifth Horse**—A play by Ronald Ribman, suggested by a Turgenev story. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

**The Mad Show**—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Man of La Mancha**—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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**Phèdre**—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

**The Pocket Watch**—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Serjeant Musgrave's Dance**—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. John Colicos is effective as the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A View from the Bridge**—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The World of Günter Grass**—A show adapted by Dennis Rosa from the poems, plays, and novels of Mr. Grass. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 28, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Jeux" (première), "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 2:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Jeux," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Con Amore," "Meditation," and "Donizetti Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 1:15: "Serenade," "Summerspace," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 7:15: "Bugaku," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Donizetti Variations.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 3, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Ebony Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Piège de Lumière," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Jeux," and "Piège de Lumière.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2:15: "Jeux" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Divertimento No. 15." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

**Bolshoi Ballet**—Thursday, April 28, at 8: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 30, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," Act III of "Raymonda," and "The Rite of Spring.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8:30: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Monday, May 2, at 8:30: "Chopiniana," Act III of "Raymonda," and "The Rite of Spring.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 3, at 8:30: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, at 8:30: "Don Quixote.". . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 7, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. Through Sunday, May 8.)

**Paul Sanasardo**—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.)

**Midi Garth**—With her company, in a program of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.)

**Juilliard Dance Ensemble**—A benefit program of works by Fredbjorn Bjornsson, Richard Englund, José Limón, and Anna Sokolow, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department. With the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester and Luciano Berio. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

### MISCELLANY

**Mark Twain Tonight!**—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, May 14.)

**The Circus**—Dancing elephants, to say nothing of pastel pigeons. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

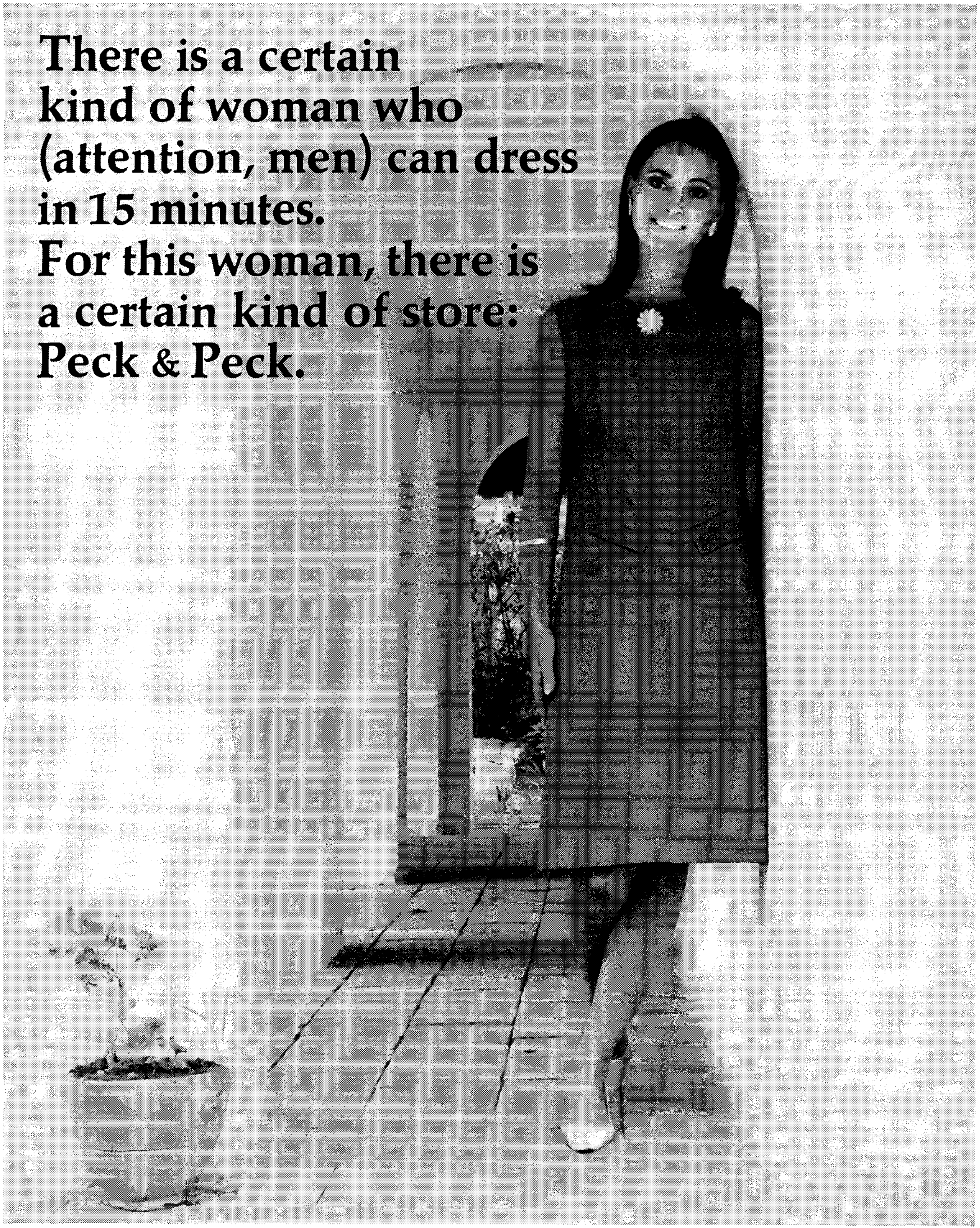
### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Shirley Bassey, a full-blown rose from an English city garden, knows the tricks of the American sopranos' trade, and does them rather better. She and Bob Melvin, a propounder of jests, show up in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The whole evening is the range of the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. Closed Sundays.

**Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. Sundays, another band operates. Mr. Reed operates all the time.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly sound in seemly surroundings—i.e., the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, the music is only for listening; Mondays, there is none at all.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Great Society. It is no more than fitting that the music is produced by two society orchestras—Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's Up North band—which occupy the principal salon; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Vic Damone appears in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, where, dispensing with pomp and circumstance at last, he shows how well he can do with a clutch of good songs. Quantities of dance music issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. On Wednesday, May 4, pomp and circumstance will be resumed by Eddie Fisher, who arrives at ten that night from the biggest mining camp in Nevada. Thereafter, he, too, will be on a dinner-and-supper run. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant statagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On a clear night, you can see. . . . And on most any night you can hear the welkin ring when Jonah Jones, a jolly master of ceremonies, puts trumpet to lips and kicks off with a real, if small, dance band. They are on duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included.

**The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is a new group well led by Urbie Green. On Monday, May 2: Harry James and his followers replace the Greens. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Ralph Stuart's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is next door, Jani Sarkozi's violin is in action, seven until twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

**Note**—At **roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

## SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**goldie's new york,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for the shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another,

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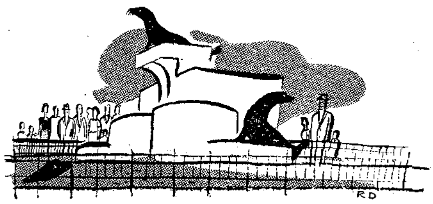
and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): On the main floor, the clock has stopped in the nineteen-thirties. Here, never early in the evening, one is likely to catch the ditties of Jimmie Daniels, night mayor of the period, and sometimes, too, the Theda Bara arias of Nancy Steele. Murray Grand does good-cheer piano. . . . ¶ Bobby Short, Master of the Hounds of Spring, begins his tantivy of song and piano (only the best of both) upstairs, in the **espionage room,** no sooner than ten. His men-at-arms on the podium are, naturally, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Both floors are dark Sundays. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Too young to leave their mothers, too decorative to be kept home—that is the clientele hereabouts. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very late date, even on Sunday. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is doing a similar favor for Broadway. This music is delivered night after night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday, when other groups ruminate. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he has blundered into a rehearsal of "La Traviata" when his waiter suddenly becomes Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **charlie bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is the Ned Odum Boys, who hum out loud. The bustle begins around seven, and lasts and lasts during the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **bell's,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

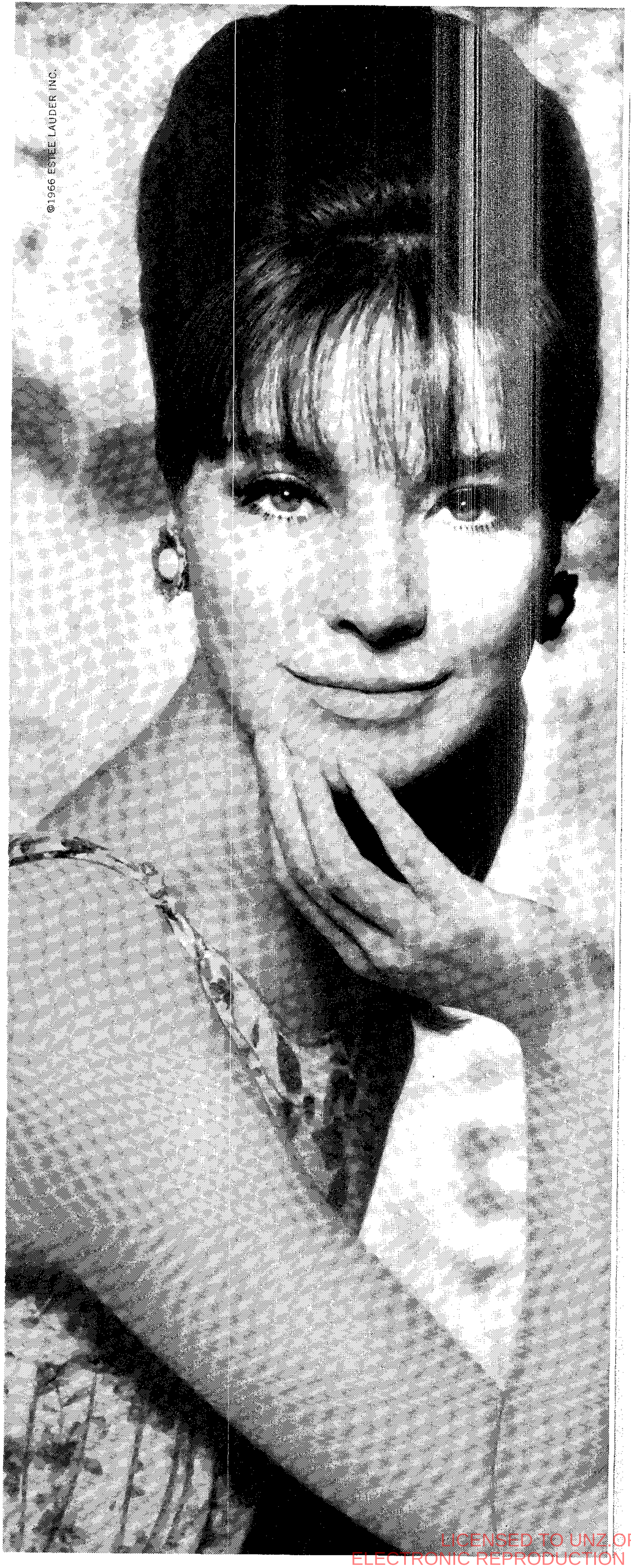


**Note**—The discothèque, an epidemic phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. At intervals, the pioneers submit to an Indian uprising led by Killer Joe Piro and his dancing class, who have invented or perfected every conceivable *outré* dance but the Oliver Twist. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and lasts until three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. The music is sometimes robot, sometimes human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real—or very near it—people. Closed Mondays. . . . **downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name, and just as original. The *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are *sui generis* and amusing, the music runs from nine-thirty to three. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

## SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The tableside manner of Inaki & Carlos, who are part of the menu, is full of guitar and song from here, there, and everywhere else. They perform from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, there is sedate piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha.* She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443):



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening to after the theatre every night but Sunday, as well as songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who is on approximately the same shift every night but Monday.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the brigade of peregrinating performers—violin music, though not for Rome to burn to. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Along this stretch of Bailey's Beach, the watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are distributed from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays.... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a summer dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.... **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Delos Rios, a just arrived Chilean pianist and singer, is turned on from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The population explosion here is caused by Louis Prima, who has brought in not only himself, his band, and his soprano (Gia Maione) but Sam Butera and the Witnesses (a glee club). There are, too, six bountiful young ladies of the chorus, all of them enrolled in the *laissez-faire* school of the dance. At that, they know much more about show business than does the comic of the cast. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. During the evening, a lot of meaningful girls race on and offstage, among them a splendid specimen of catamount named Betty Jo Alvies. The main event is Teresa Brewer, that fine little Southern belle, whose gay chansons sound all the better for being seasoned with a Down South accent. Dancing for the diners, too.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dionne Warwick, a very small girl and a just about overwhelming experience, has—along with a vestal, vernal quality that has not been present in night life since Maxine Sullivan—a voice that is absolutely true all the way from gutbucket to gospel, from antic to Angelus, and she sings and sounds like nobody else on earth. With her go the team of Burns and Schreiber, escapees from air time, whose humor is the bright, bitter opposite of the soothing syrup of the medium they left behind them. Closed Sundays.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ballet Español of the Galán family—Rosario and Esperanza—quickly persuades one into believing that Spain has the finest physical-fitness program of them all. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two on Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. ... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Mario Escudero and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The centerpiece is Joan Rivers, who is using the shop as a laboratory to test (sometimes, of necessity, to destruction) her comic ideas on how to split a personality in two hundred pieces. In between her spasms, Warren Vaughn plays piano and sings in all the good romance languages. Nothing happens before ten. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The second generation of the Second City players, who are appearing in one more revue, are still so young that they do not know that satire cannot be put together solely with hammer and tongs, but they are often inventive and—as in the paraphrase of Brecht composed by Will Holt and William Mathieu—sometimes wildly funny. The players are David Steinberg, Judy Graubart, Bob Klein, Sandra Caron, and Fred Willard. The menu: Eight-thirty every night but Monday, plus eleven on Fridays and ten-thirty and twelve-thirty on Saturdays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thursday, April 28, is closing night for Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Every Friday-through-Sunday, for the time being, the horn of Miles Davis will offer its Hamletian soliloquies as part of his band's repertory. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen—all exulting at their temporary respite from studio work; Hank Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and other eminences are usually included. Sundays, there are matinées (five to nine) as well as evening sessions.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, Dave Pike's jazz triad, arriving late, plays urgent feeding music and alternates with Cousin Joe, a pianist who has been moved up the river from New Orleans, every night but Monday; Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Inter Action Group plays urgent coffee-and-cakes music.... ¶ The grotto leads a shorter but merrier life: Fridays and Saturdays, Felicia Sanders and her pillar-of-fire sonatas, plus (April 29-30) the thunder of Cannonball Adderley's quintet and (on both April 29-30 and May 6-7) the astonishing gymnastics of Larry Adler's harmonica. Every Monday, Symphony Sid's collection of

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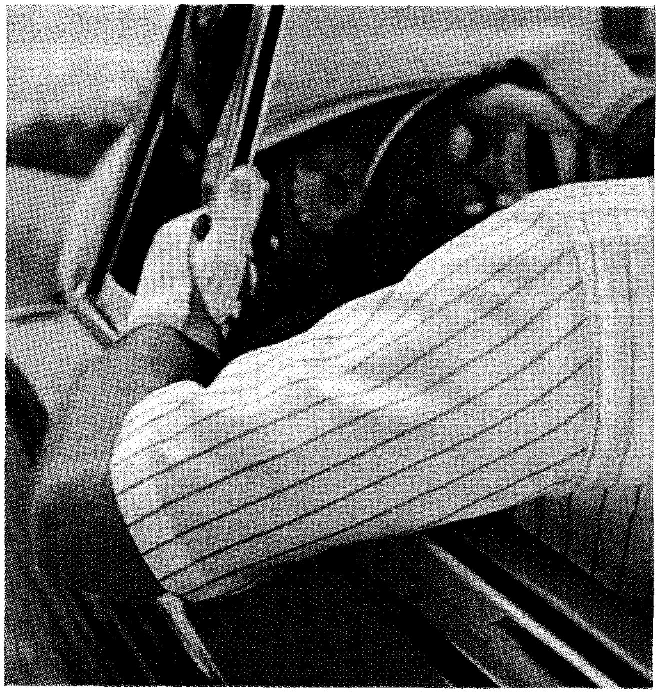
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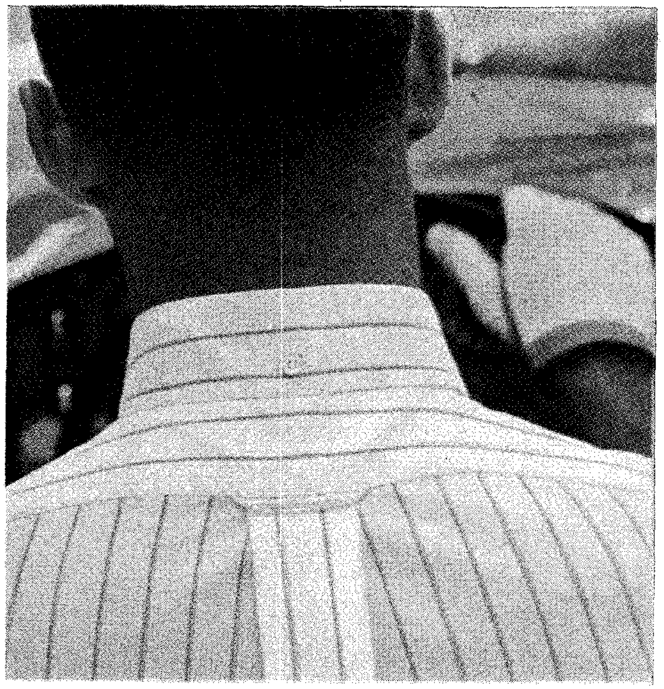
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Latin jazz musicians. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee and whose bent is our folkways. The Womenfolk and Tracy Newman are the chanters. On Thursday, May 5, the Uncalled-For 3, humorists, will succeed the Womenfolk. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. The quintet belonging to Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, those cheerful contrapuntalists, is in residence. Friday through Sunday, April 29-May 1, Jimmy Rushing's robust tenor will also be heard. On Tuesday, May 3, the quartet of Roland Kirk takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Abbey Lincoln has fun with her ballads, more siren than serene, and Max Roach, for whom the word is formidable, is right there behind her with his fivesome. Their free-form flauntings occur every night except Monday, when another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is once again available. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty squadron, such as Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and Morey Feld. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown. The sawdust on the floor, the foam on the beer are stirred at the moment by the Yusef Lateef quartet, which bows out on Sunday, May 1. On Tuesday, May 3, Lucky Thompson's foursome moves in. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**JOSEPH CORNELL**—Collages; through May 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**ROBERT DASH**—Nudes, interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 30. (Osborne, 26 E. 63rd St.)

**JIMMY ERNST**—Abstract black-on-black paintings; through May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOSEPH FARRIS**—Collage paintings; through Saturday, April 30. (Eggleston, 969 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**MARY FAULCONER**—Flowers and Portugal; through Saturday, April 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**FREDERICK FRIESEKE** (1874-1939)—Impressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ELISABETH FRINK**—Bronze semi-abstract sculptures of birds and birdmen by a young English artist; through May 14. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**JAN GELB**—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 7. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MAURICE GLICKMAN**—Small bronzes; through Saturday, April 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St.)

**ALEXIS GRITCHENKO**—"Constantinople and Greece 1919-23," an exhibition of paintings and drawings by this Ukrainian artist, who now lives in Vence; through Saturday, April 30. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

**WALTER GUTMAN**—Figure paintings; through Saturday, May 7. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RAY JOHNSON**—Painted collages; through May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**WASSILY KANDINSKY**—An exhibition of paintings from the Bauhaus years (1922-32), marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PHILLIP KING**—Polychrome sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 30. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

**GARY KUEHN**—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 7. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

**WALT KUHN**—Early works: landscapes, circus scenes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 7. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

**GERALD LAING AND PETER PHILLIPS**—Constructions; through Thursday, May 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JENNETT LAM**—Paintings of beach chairs; through Saturday, May 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

**JACK LEVINE**—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JACQUES LIPCHITZ**—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through Saturday, May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**HEINZ MACK**—Aluminum and stainless-steel constructions by a German artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

**MARISOL**—Life-size figures; through Saturday, May 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**AUGUST MOSCA**—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 14. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

**GABRIELE MÜNTER** (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through May 14. (*Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.*)

**REGINALD NEAL**—Optical paintings; through May 14. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**SAVO RADULOVIC**—Paintings; through May 14. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

**DAN RICE**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**GEORGE SAKIER**—Paintings; through Saturday, May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LOUIS SCHANKER**—Wood sculptures; through Saturday, April 30. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**JUDITH SHAHN**—*Paintings and drawings;* through May 15. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**SAHL SWARZ**—Abstract sculptures, mostly in iron and concrete; through Saturday, April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**WAYNE THIEBAUD**—Figures; through Saturday, April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**WILLIAM THON**—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Italy; through Saturday, April 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**SUZANNE VÁRADY**—Abstract paintings; through May 12. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JANE WILSON**—Landscapes; through Saturday, May 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SEVEN DECADES, 1895-1965, CROSS CURRENTS IN MODERN ART**—Ten galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through May 21) of three hundred and seventy-one paintings and sculptures, ranging from Post-Impressionism and Symbolism to Op Art and

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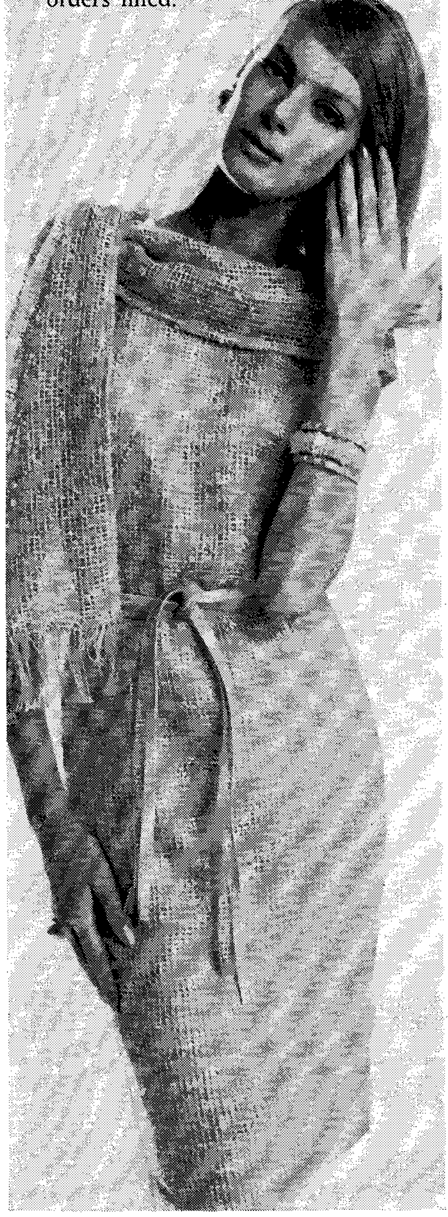


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

kinetic sculptures by such artists as Matisse, Picasso, and Brancusi—At the ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: 1895-1904. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: 1905-14. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . THAW, 50 E. 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . SAIDENBERG, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: 1925-34. . . . HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: 1925-34. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: 1935-44. . . . EMMERICH, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . ODYSSIA, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . CORDIER & EKSTROM, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: 1955-65. (All the galleries are closed Mondays except Rosenberg and Knoedler.)

**Romantics and Realists in French Painting (1820-70)**—A benefit loan exhibition of works by Chasseriau, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Gericault, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau; through Saturday, May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**National Sculpture Society**—The thirty-third annual of sculptures, bas-reliefs, and medals; through Sunday, May 1. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: "40 Under 40, Young Talent in Architecture," a display of photographic panels of fifty-two projects and seven models depicting the work of Robert Venturi, Charles W. Moore, and Charles Gwathmey (to mention a few); through May 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . BLACK, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Albert Bierstadt, Frank Boggs, and Asher B. Durand; through May 14. . . . VALENTE, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Robert Henri, George Bellows, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and other twentieth-century painters; through May 14. (Closed Mondays.)

**Europeans; Group Show**—The annual showing of sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings, pastels, and watercolors, including works by Francesco Guardi, Watteau, and Kokoschka; through May 14. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

**Chinese; Group Show**—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through May 27. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

**Note**—The fifth annual Artists-for-CORE benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by about three hundred artists (among them Philip Evergood, William King, and Adja Yunkers) is being held at the Grippi & Waddell Gallery, 15 E. 57th St.; through Saturday, May 7. (Open Sundays, 10:30 to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum; through May 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few) from every section of the country; through June 12. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through Sunday, May 1. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors," a showing of pieces by forty-two artists, among them Gerald Laing, Ronald Bladen, and Lyman Kipp; through June 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Architect and the Illustrator," a display of illustrated and illuminated texts (religious and Biblical works, classic tales, and poems, as well as books on architecture), dating back to the thirteenth century, from countries throughout the world; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Brooklyn Opera Company**—Saturday, April 30, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8:30: "Rigoletto." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

**Hunter College Opera Association**—The first New York performances of Haydn's "L'Infedeltà Delusa," in English. Staged by Hugh Thompson and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:15.)

**Mannes Opera Production Workshop**—A double bill: Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Susanne." Paul Berl is the musical director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 28, at 8:30; Friday, April 29, at 2:15; Saturday, April 30, at 8:30; and Monday, May 2, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Schumacher, piano; David Diamond will conduct one of his own works at each concert); and Thursday, May 5, at 8:30; Friday, May 6, at 2:15; Saturday, May 7, at 8:30; and Monday, May 9, at 7:30 (all with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano).

**Manhattan Orchestra**—Emerson Buckley conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

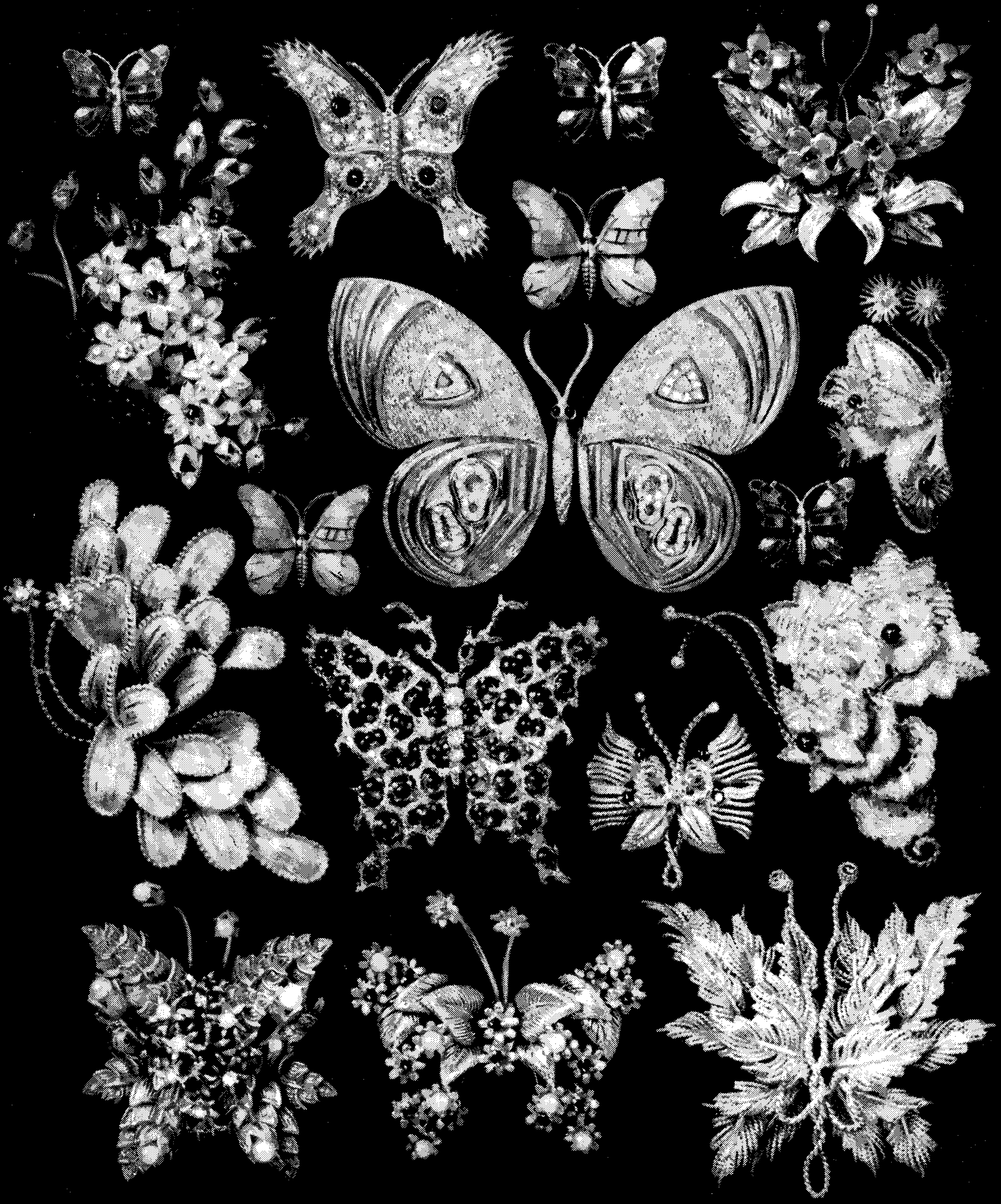
**University of Michigan Symphony Band**—William D. Revelli conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30.)

**Columbia University Glee Club**—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8:30.)

**New York University Glee Club**—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 2:30.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Abraham Kaplan directing a Walton-Fauré program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano, and Thomas Palmer and

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

*Heinz Rehfuss, baritones.* (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Music from Marlboro**—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Benita Valente, soprano; Peter Serkin, piano; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Arnold Steinhardt, violin-viola. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8:30.)

**Marilyn Neeley**—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 29, at 8.)

**Amiram Rigai**—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 5:15.)

**Jon Vickers**—Tenor, in a recital postponed from Feb. 9. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

**Boston Symphony String Trio**—With Claude Frank, piano. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Monday, May 2, at 8:30.)

**Gustav Leonhardt**—Harpsichord. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 2, at 8:40.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—The last in a series of Haydn-Schubert-Bartók programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, May 3, at 8:40.)

**Music in Our Time: 1900-66**—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Otto Luening and Stefan Wolpe. The last in a series. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

**Composers' Showcase**—A concert of contemporary American music, performed by William Lewis, tenor; Paul Jacobs, piano; the Kohon String Quartet; and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 240, Mondays through Fridays.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—The last in a series of concerts of piano trios, this one a Tchaikovsky-Schubert program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 6, at 8:40.)

**New Lost City Ramblers**—Folk singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**Jazz Concerts**—Ray Charles, pop singer, and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, April 28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Saturday, April 30, at 2:15, and Sunday, May 1, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, May 3, at 8; Wednesday, May 4, at 7; and Thursday, May 5, at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 6, at 8, and Saturday, May 7, at 2:15.

**Crew**—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, Princeton, and M.I.T. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 30.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 30.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 30.). . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 7.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 7.)

**Horse Show**—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 7-8.)

**Hunt Racing**—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 30.). . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 7.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 30; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 4; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday,

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April 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 1, at 2.

**Track**—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Stage Shows**—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Wizard of Oz." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, April 30-May 1, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, April 30, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday and Sunday, April 30-May 1, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "The Brave Little Tailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 30, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

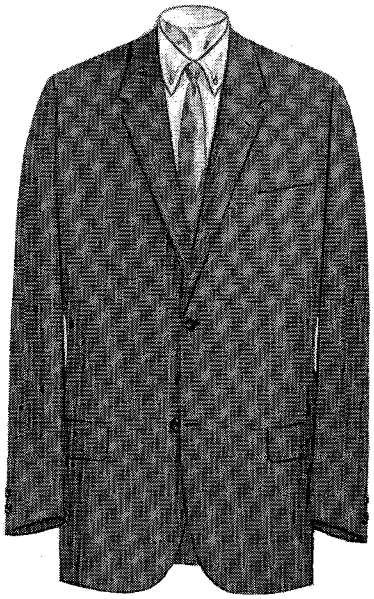
## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—At the WASHINGTON SQUARE ROOM, Loeb Student Center: Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, April 28, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.) . . . POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A.: Sunday, May 1, at 8:30: Arthur Koestler reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Monday, May 2, at 8:30: Robert Bly and Louis Simpson reading from their own poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.) . . . TOWN HALL: Truman Capote reading from his own works. A benefit performance. (JU 2-2424. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.)

**Gardens**—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 3, and Tuesday, May 10, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 3 belong to Mr. Doy D. Rittgers, 246 E. 46th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gash, 243 E. 49th St.; Miss Hermione Gingold, 405 E. 54th St.; Mr. Samuel L. Plaia, 325 E. 58th St.; Mrs. Sophie Mavro, 141 E. 69th St.; and Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim, 34 E. 74th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 28, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century engravings, etchings, and lithographs by Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, and others. From the estate of Helena Rubinstein. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:30: Part II of a collection of African and Oceanic art, belonging to the estate of Helena Rubinstein. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 10:30 and 1:45: Georgian, French, and other silver, owned by several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, April 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 4, at 8, and Thursday, May 5, at 10:30, 1:45, and 8: Americana, duplicates from the Newberry Library, in Chicago.



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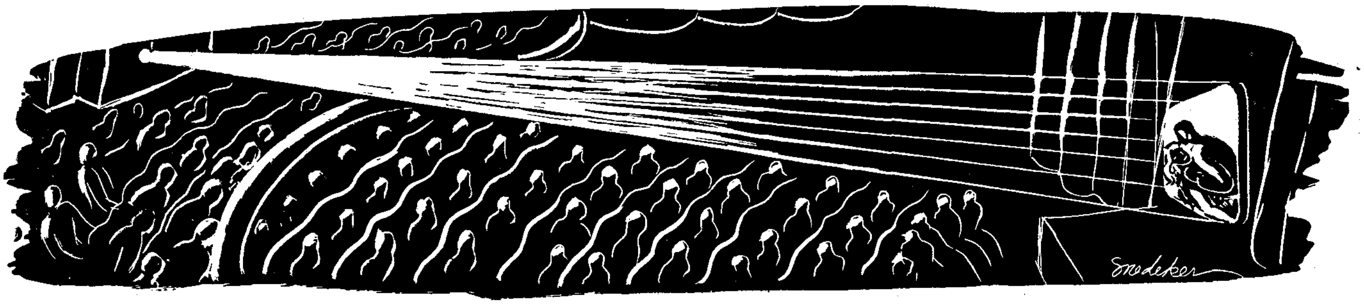
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Darling**—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 3.)

**Dear John**—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

**Doctor Zhivago**—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Group**—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Juliet of the Spirits**—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 4.)

**John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums**—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

**The Leather Boys**—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 4.)

**Lord Love a Duck**—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld give superlative performances in Professor George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of contemporary teen-aging. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 3. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 3, except the afternoons of April 30-May 1.)

**The Loved One**—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 3.)

**The Moment of Truth**—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 3.)

**Morgan!**—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**My Fair Lady**—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Our Man Flint**—More death-defying high jinks à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 3, except the afternoons of April 30-May 1. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 4, tentative.)

**Scorpio Rising**—A fine specimen of a so-called "underground" movie, about a homocycle motorsexual cult in California. Edited and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

**Shakespeare Wallah**—James Ivory leads a cast of Indian and English actors through a rueful and modest tale of present-day India. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 3.)

**Ship of Fools**—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 3, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 4.)

**The Shop on Main Street**—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

**The Sleeping Car Murder**—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

**The 10th Victim**—A very bright movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 3.)

**A Thousand Clowns**—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 4.)

**To Die in Madrid**—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 1. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting May 2.)

**Where the Spies Are**—David Niven plays a gentle doctor suddenly pitted against a passel of international secret agents. A witty movie, well written and well directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 4.)

### REVIVALS

**An American in Paris** (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; April 29. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 2-3.)

**L'Atalante** (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 29-May 2.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 3.)

**Cat Ballou** (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 3, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 4.)

**Funny Face** (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 2-3.)

**High Sierra** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting May 4.)

**Hiroshima, Mon Amour** (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28.)

**Mary Poppins** (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

**Paths of Glory** (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 1-3.)

**Under the Roofs of Paris** (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 3.)

**Zero for Conduct** (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 29-May 2.)

**Film Libraries**—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—April 28: "The Most" (1963), and two other short films. . . . ¶ April 29-30: "The Berkeley Rebels" (1965), a C.B.S. News Special. . . . ¶ May 1-3: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), a Russian film. . . . ¶ May 4: "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1933), a French film; no English titles. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." April 28: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), "Triple Trouble" (1916), and "The Fireman" (1916). . . . ¶ April 29-May 1: "His New Profession" (1914), "His Prehistoric Past" (1914), "Police" (1916), and "The Immigrant" (1917). . . . ¶ Starting May 3: "Between Showers" (1914), "By the Sea" (1915), "The Champion" (1915), and "The Cure" (1917). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**THE GROUP.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**MY FAIR LADY.**

**DeMille**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The *Singing* Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

**New Embassy**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**MARY POPPINS**, revival.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

**Warner Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 3: **THE LOVED ONE**; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).
From May 4: To be announced.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 3: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
From May 4: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **WHERE THE SPIES ARE.**

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 3 (tentative): **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From May 4 (tentative): **OUR MAN FLINT.**

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
**THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**MORGAN!**

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**THE GROUP.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, *with a cast of non-professionals*).

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Tout Prendre" (in French).

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Judex" (in French), Channing Pollock.

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
**THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

**York Cinema**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 1: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine," Vincent Price, Frankie Avalon.
May 2-3: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **FUNNY FACE**, revival.
From May 4: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 3: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.
From May 4: "She Done Him Wrong," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**DARLING.**

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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|  |  |  |  | 28 | 29 | 30 |
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 3 (tentative): **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From May 4 (tentative): **OUR MAN FLINT.**

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 3: **OUR MAN FLINT.** (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, April 30-May 1, part two of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" will be shown instead.)
From May 4: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 3: "The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World," Tom Adams; and "The Little Nuns," Catherine Spaak.
From May 4: "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 3: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.
May 4-5 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty," performed by the Leningrad Kirov Ballet.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
**SCORPIO RISING**; and "The Brig."

**Garrick**, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
April 28: "Annie Get Your Gun," revival, Betty Hutton; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
April 29: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
April 30: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "Meet Me in St. Louis," revival, Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
May 1-3: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and "The Naked and the Dead," revival, Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson.
From May 4: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 3: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**
From May 4: To be announced.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 1: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From May 2: **TO DIE IN MADRID.**

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 3: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau. (On Saturday and Sunday, April 30-May 1, part two of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" *will be shown instead.*)
May 4-5 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty," performed by the Leningrad Kirov Ballet.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 3: "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker; and "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), revival, Jenny Karezi.
From May 4: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 2: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.
From May 3: To be announced.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Black Fox" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Last Woman of Shang" (with *Mandarin dialogue*), revival.

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

**Cinema Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 28: "High, Wide, and Handsome," revival, Irene Worth, Randolph Scott.
April 29-30: "Songs of Songs," revival, Marlene Dietrich.
May 1-2: "The Wild Party," revival, Clara Bow, Fredric March.
May 3: "Orchids and Ermine" (silent), Colleen Moore; and "Salome" (silent).
May 4: "Peter Ibbetson," revival, Ann Harding, Gary Cooper.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 1: **TO DIE IN MADRID.**
From May 2: "Meet Me in Moscow" (in Russian).

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Cloportes" (in French), Charles Aznavour.

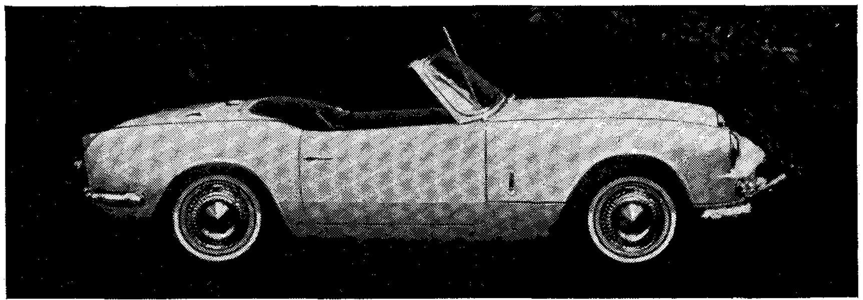
**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 4: "Before the Revolution" (in Italian), revival, Adriana Asti; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 3: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
From May 4: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 28: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
April 29-May 2: **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).
From May 3: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French and both revivals).

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 3: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**
From May 4: "Father of a Soldier" (in Russian); and "The Tsar's Bride" (in Russian), performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.

R. MacMillan



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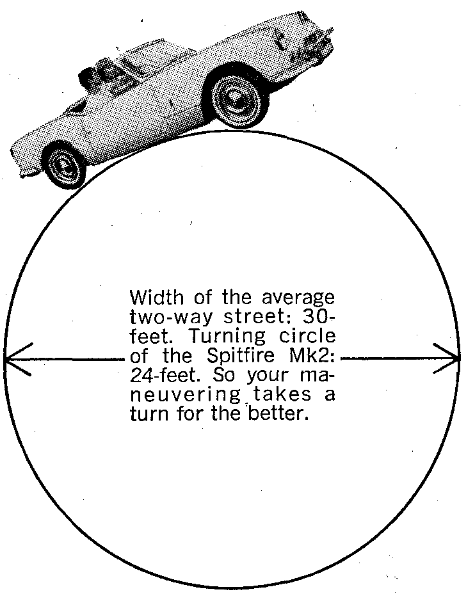

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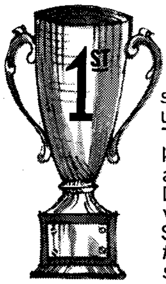

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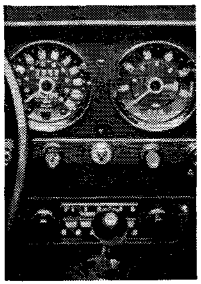

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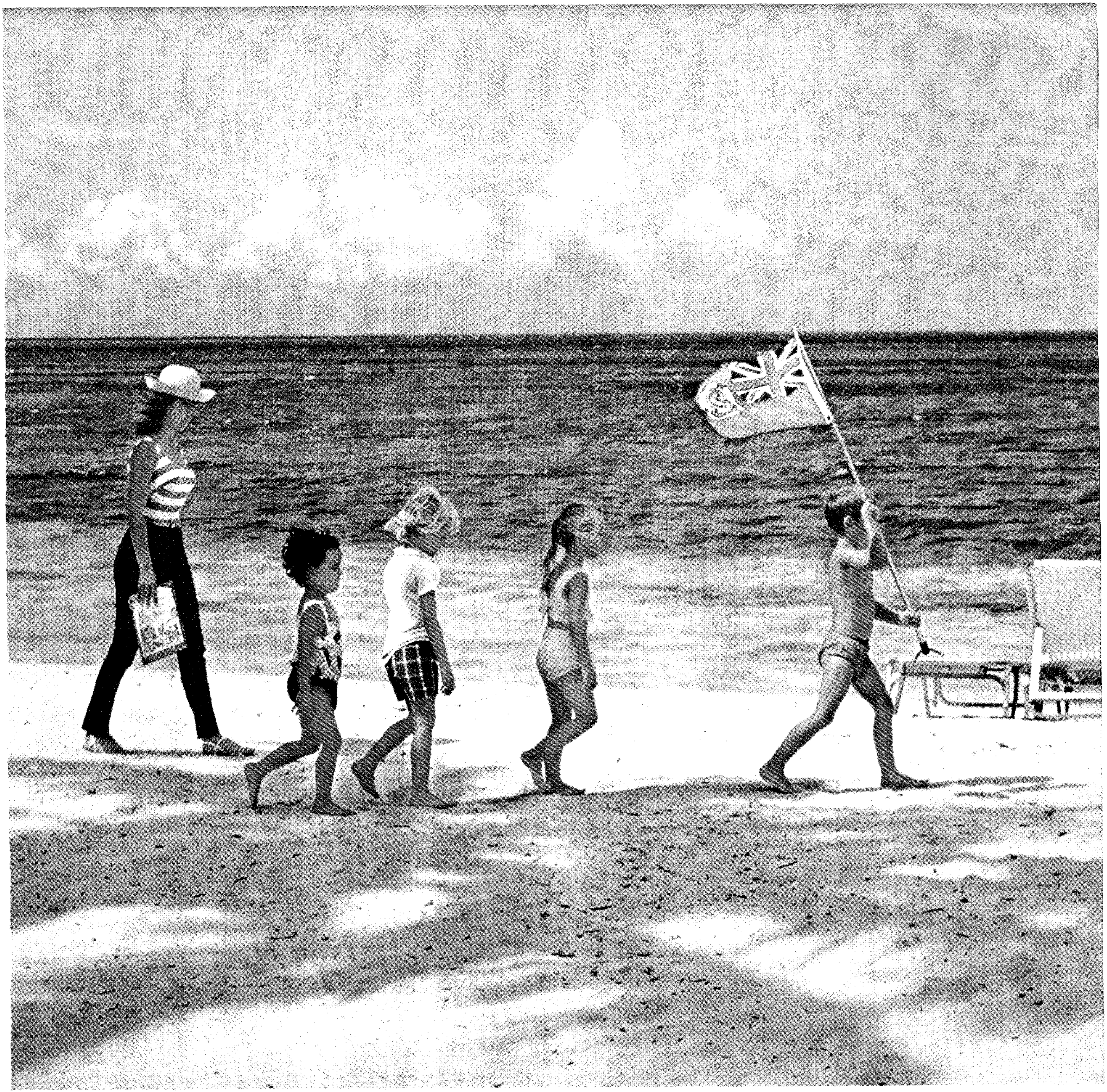

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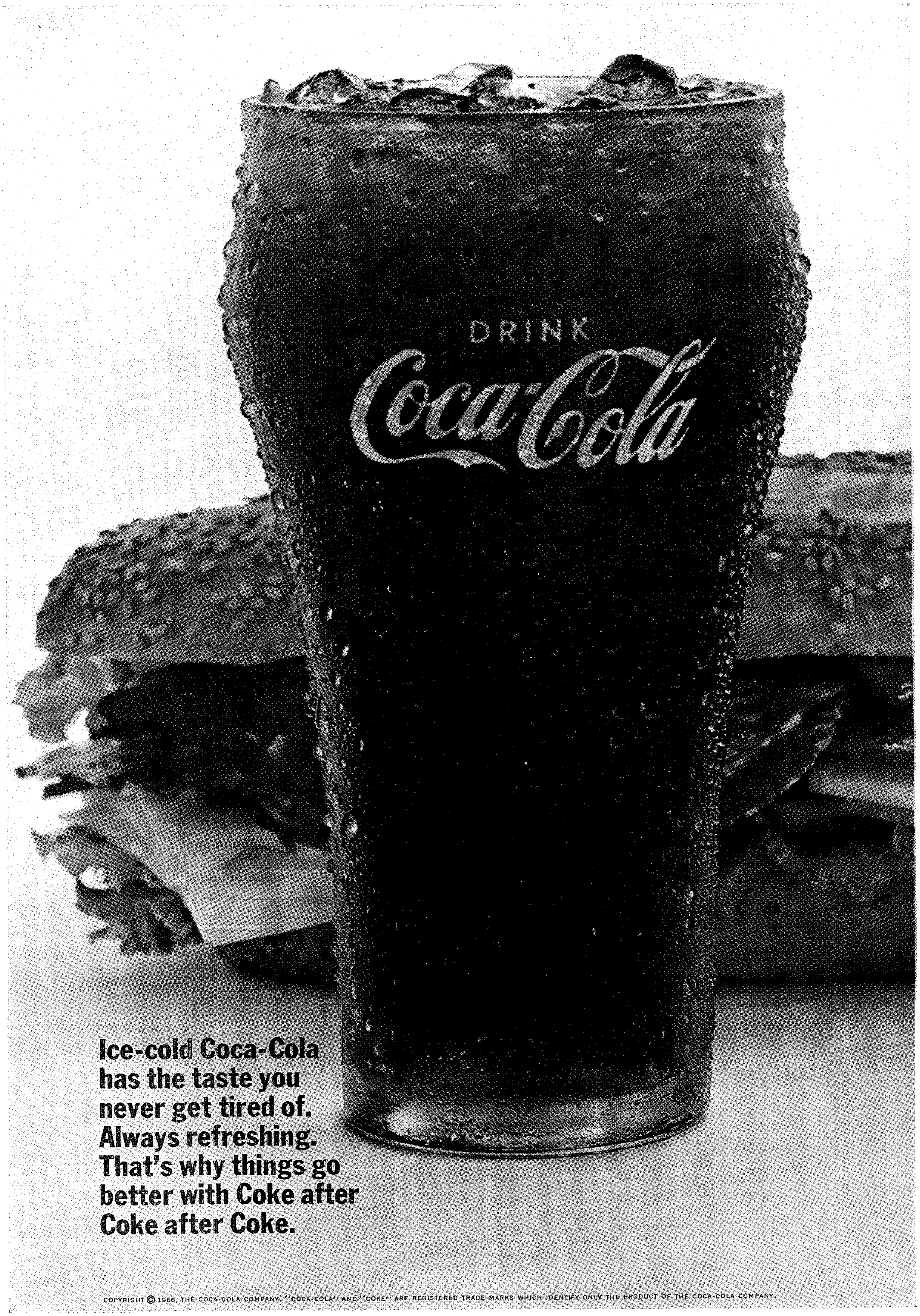

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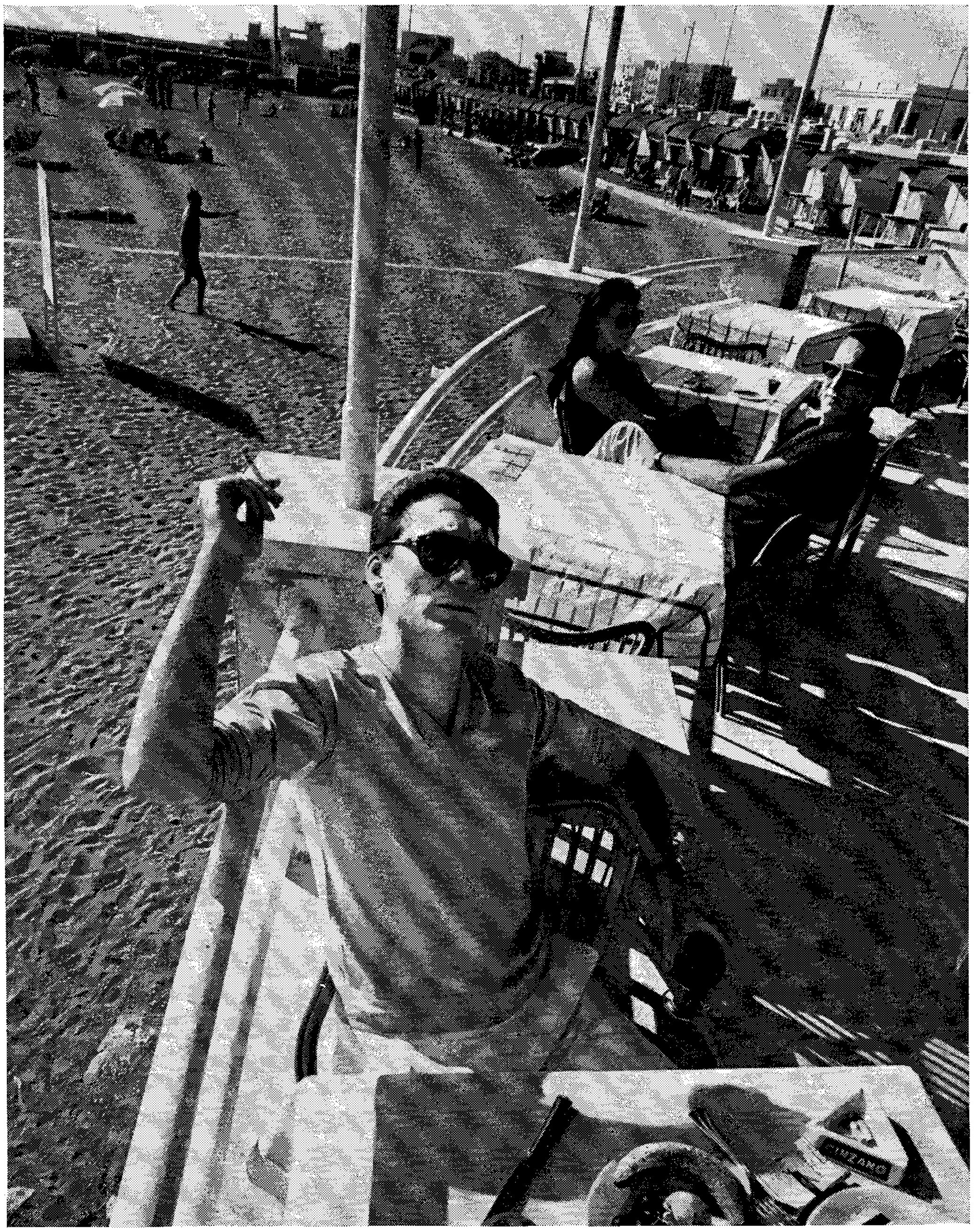

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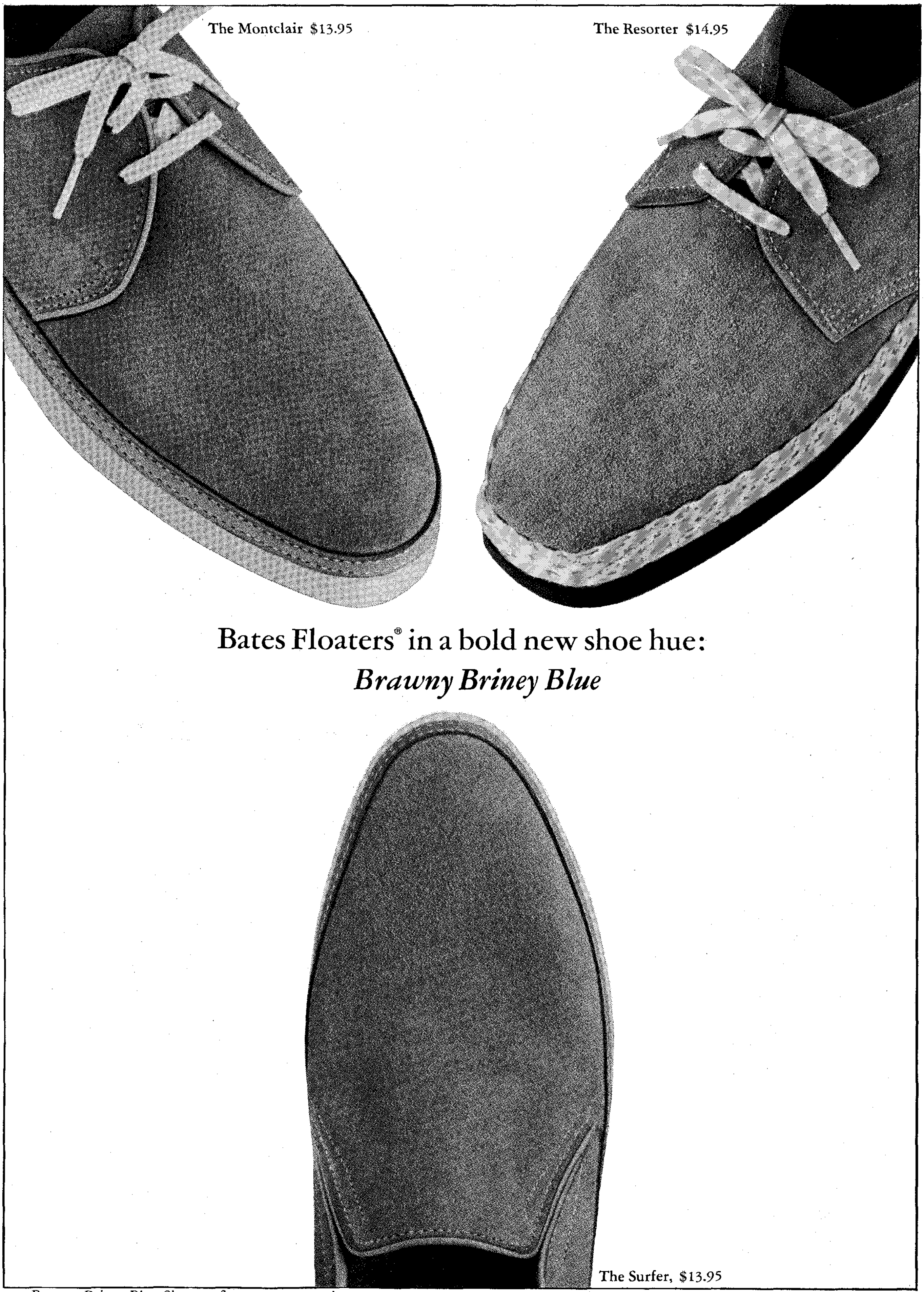
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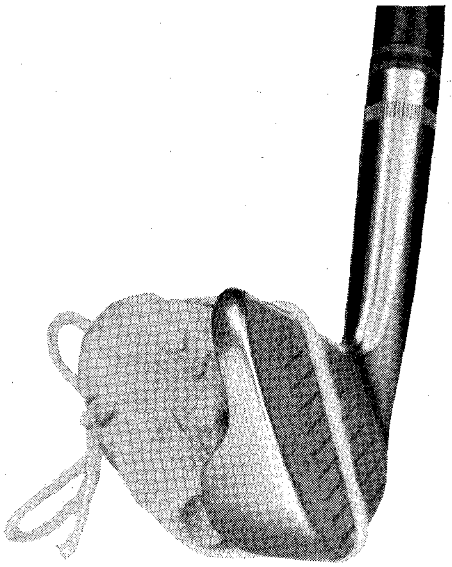
## (Or: How Wilson Staff irons help cut the fairways down to size)



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Their secret of success is that they put extra weight in the hitting area behind the ball *without changing the total weight of the club head.*

They do it by drilling dead weight out of the heel and putting it directly behind the hitting area, where it gives you more power.

That little lightweight rubber plug replaces the dead weight Wilson has removed.

Dynapower® is an exclusive Wilson clubmaking technique that is ten years old this year. It is still the best reason for joining the swing to Wilson Staff irons.

Wilson Staff

Next time you're in your golf professional shop, look for the irons with the little round rubber plug in the heel.

They're the best way yet to cut the fairways down to size.

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**Wilson**
Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
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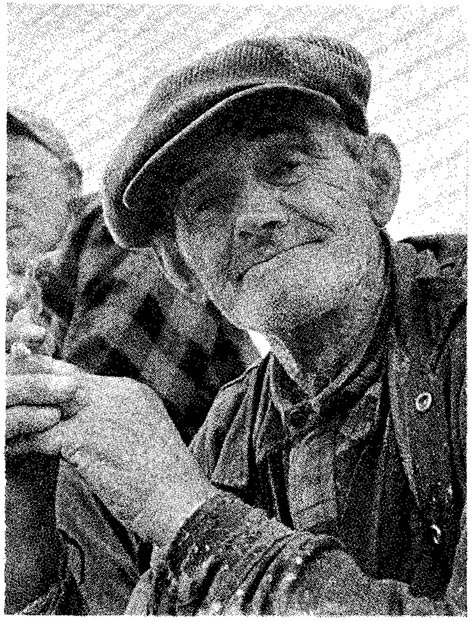
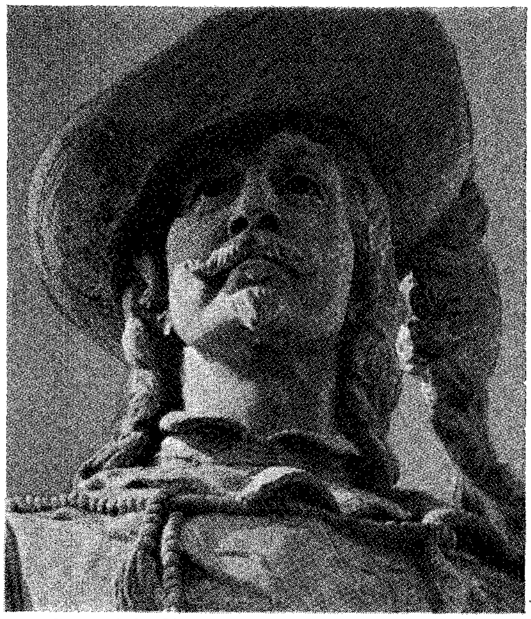


Down by the wharves, in places like Lunenburg, Liverpool and Ship Harbour, you'll meet the hardy men who know the lore of the sea. You'll hear many a tale of the days when Nova Scotia's "wooden ships and iron men" sailed the seven seas, and the schooner *Bluenose* won international fame.

She operates a gift shop. Wherever you go, you'll discover intriguing places to shop and you'll find courteous, attentive people to assist you. Among things to take home—Nova Scotia handicrafts, works of local artists, antiques and many items of Canadiana.

They say it takes 14 years to make a piper. The only Gaelic College in North America is at St. Ann's where the young are schooled in the highland arts of piping, Scottish dancing and Gaelic singing. The annual Mod is held here August 8-13, the Highland Games July 15-16 at Antigonish.

This little girl is dressed in Acadian costume. Her ancestors came from France over 300 years ago. Along the western shore of Nova Scotia, in villages such as Comeauville and Grosses Coques, the Acadian language and customs are carefully maintained.



Samuel de Champlain was a co-founder, in 1605, of Port Royal, the first permanent European settlement north of Florida. Champlain also founded The Order of the Good Time, the first social club in America. After you spend three days or more in Nova Scotia, you are invited to join. No dues.

Visitors asked what they like best about Nova Scotia, invariably reply, "Nova Scotia scenery and Nova Scotians." As the kilted piper greets you at the border, its people bid you *Ciad Mile Failte*—Gaelic for "one hundred thousand welcomes."

# You'll meet some interesting people in Nova Scotia. All friendly.

THE PROVINCE OF
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Canada's Ocean Playground

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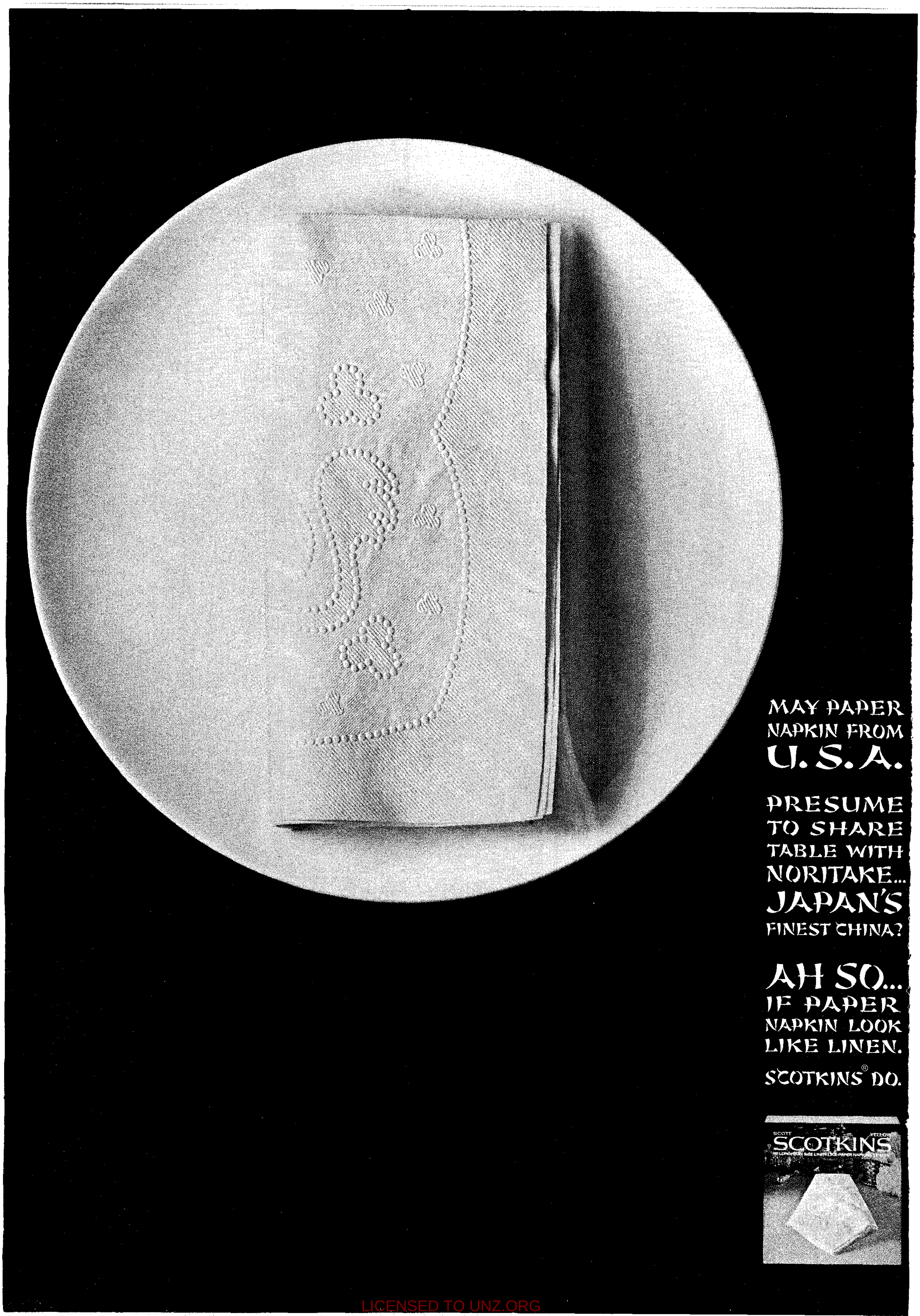
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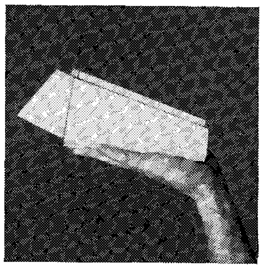
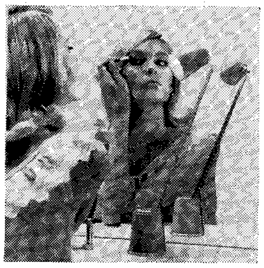
The closer you look, the better you like personal, portable, high-intensity Lampette. Wherever good looks count, it rises to the occasion for reading, writing, shaving, make-up, business or pleasure. Telescopes to pocket size at a touch. Head swivels 360° to concentrate its glareless pure white light where you want it. Design-Award winner and a treat for the eyes. Your choice of models and decorator colors. From $12.95 at all fine stores.





**LAMPETTE**® HIGH-INTENSITY LAMPS THAT FOLD TO TRAVEL LIGHT

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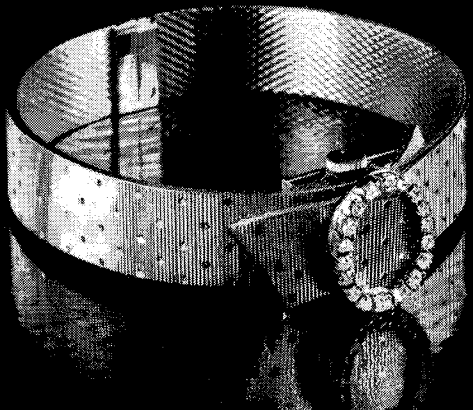
# The Whichwatch

OR, WHERE HAS THE TIME GONE?



Because of its timeless beauty, our latest timepiece often winds up as a conversation piece.

What happens is that you ask, "How do you like the beautiful watch Howard gave me for our anniversary?"

And she says, "Which watch?"

Which shouldn't come as a great shock because at first glance all anyone sees is an exquisite piece of jewelry.

But underneath it all, this exquisite piece of jewelry is really a masterpiece of watchmaking. In fact, four generations of our Swiss family have won over 200 international awards for its accuracy.

Nevertheless, Movado has won enough fashion acclaim to know that when a woman gets dressed for any special occasion, it's just the wrong time for a wrist watch.

And the right time for a Whichwatch.

MOVADO

The Movado Whichwatch is concealed beneath a circle of diamonds, with star-embossed bracelet in 14K gold: $995. Other Movados for men and women start at $75. For brochure, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, NYC, or jeweler nearest you.

"the very wonderful - the very new"

There is that elegant breed of woman who instinctively discovers the very wonderful, the very new, the non-commercial. Unobtrusively she's an influencer—her discerning taste ignites a chain reaction wherever she goes. This is the woman who is discovering Maja, a memorable, inimitable soap from Spain. Genteel, with just a touch of earthiness, Maja's ineffable fragrance poignantly captures the romance of old Spain. No hollow bubble—its rare perfume base, its luxuriant Spanish olive oils are skin elixirs, skin nourishers.

Yes, Maja soap is more costly—but who considers price when a product is inimitable? In boxes of six: Maja hand size $5.00; bath size $8.00. In boxes of three: hand size $2.75; bath size $4.50. To prove that what you've just read is not overstatement—we're offering all readers of this magazine—during May and June—a generous cake of Maja. Send 50c to Dept. 2, Myrurgia Perfumes Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Maja Soap and Fragrance are sold at discerning stores. Also available in Canada.

MYRURGIA

Barcelona - Spain

# American built an airline for professional travellers.

Forty years ago we decided to concentrate on the professional traveller rather than the general public.

The man who lives on planes. The sales manager, for instance. Or the actor commuting from New York to Hollywood.

This wasn't as easy a customer as the occasional flier on vacation.

If you make 40 or 50 trips a year, flying just isn't the experience of a lifetime anymore.

The man *we* wanted wanted service.

We gave it to him.

We called in restaurants for advice. Started a stewardess college. Put in a computer to keep reservations straight. Took baggage at the curb. And tried to have it waiting when you got off the plane.

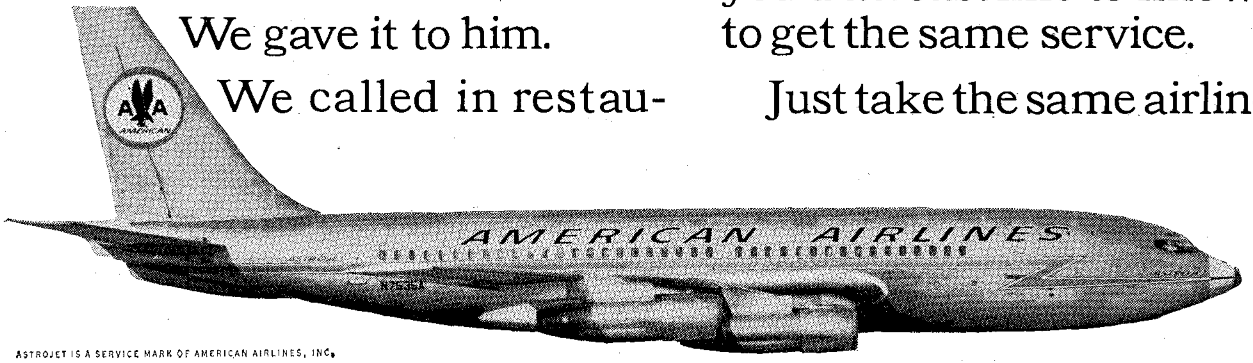
We got this customer.

Louis Harris, whose political surveys you may remember, found that more professional travellers prefer American than any other airline.

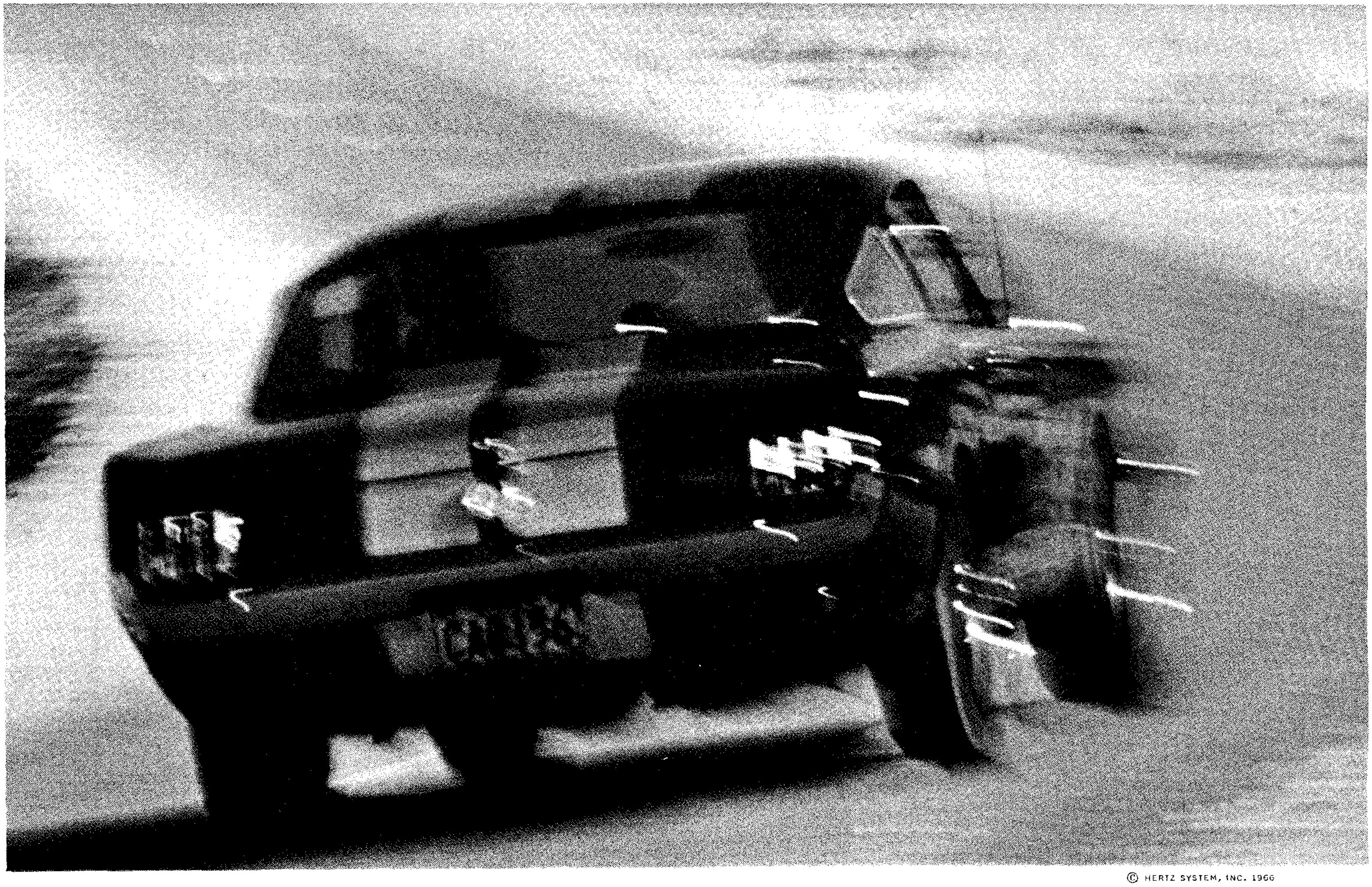
And they have for years.

If you aren't a professional traveller yourself, we thought you'd at least like to know how to get the same service.

Just take the same airline.



ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.



© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1966

# Add a dash of excitement to your next business trip. Get behind the wheel of a Shelby G.T.350-H. Only from Hertz.

Have one waiting for you at the airport on your next business trip.

Cobra engine. Disc brakes. High speed wheels and tires. Stick shift or automatic. Rally stripes. High performance shocks. Torque controlled rear axle.

Everything you need to look and feel like a new man on your next business trip or vacation. (Including room enough to seat four.)

Two stipulations. You have to be at least 25 years old. And you have to hurry. (It's all on a first-come-first-serve basis.)

So make your reservation today. One local phone call reserves a G.T.350-H just about anywhere in the country.

Just call the only rent-a-car company that offers you a car that adds a dash of excitement to a business trip.

Hertz.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

# THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

*Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.*

*Twilight on the Seine: 1911.*

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

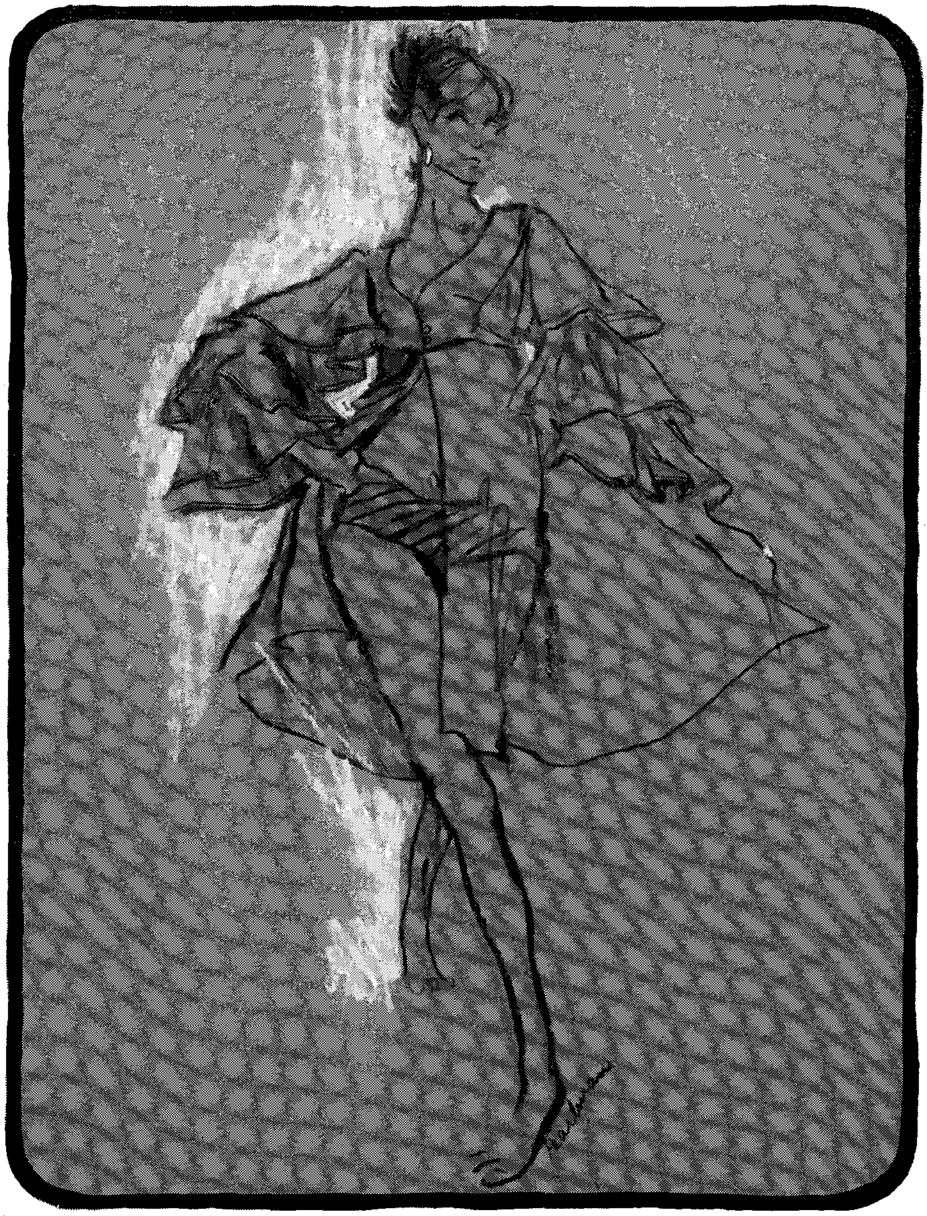
The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you?

Ah . . .

That's another story.

*Twilight on the Seine: 1966.*



Isn't it romantic?
Bob Cunningham's froth for the beach by Nellica Beitner. In Swiss voile.
By the ethereal yard. By Stoffel of Switzerland.
Nowhere, nowhere, voile this fine, this precious.
From gossamer threads of pure Egyptian cotton it is created.
By sensitive Swiss hands, woven. Voile.
By the ethereal yard. By Stoffel of Switzerland.
Isn't it romantic?

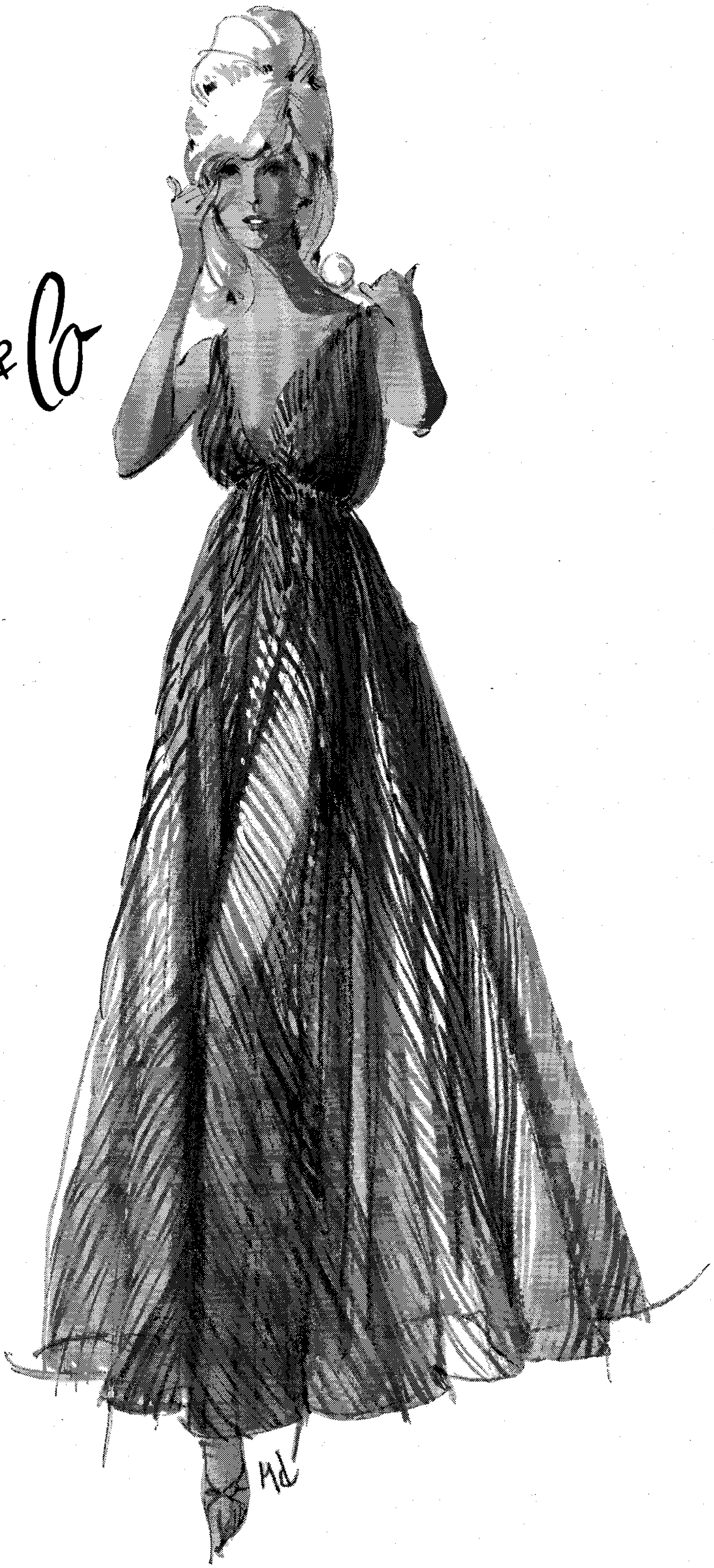
Galey & Lord

A Division of Burlington Industries • Sole Distributor of Stoffel Fabrics in the U. S. A.

B Altman & Co

**The name of this exotic nightie** is "Sheer Madness." Nothing much, really. Just a blaze of stripes in cotton voile...green, fuchsia, blue, chartreuse, orange and lime. See it on our second floor in Lingerie and at all branch stores . . . petite, small, medium or large. 18.00. Our lingerie assortments can work wonders in your private life!

You'll find the special point of view of New York's smartest women at Fifth Avenue's great store. You will enjoy our unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and, in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus.



THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THERE was one morning last week when we felt that spring had perhaps come around at last, and we set out for the office, on foot, with a light and happy step. A block or two farther along, we actually began to whistle (something from "La Bohème"). Our splendid journey was interrupted by a red light on a corner, and while waiting for the light to change we glanced down at the curb. There, in glaring orange crayoned letters was a message:

Some day
The day will come
When the day won't.

We jumped into a cab, and rode the rest of our way in silence.

## *Hybrid*

WHEN we heard that an organization called Hybrid Enterprises had, according to itself, produced "the ideal art object" and was going to put it on display at the Kornblee Gallery, on East Seventy-ninth Street, we arranged with Mrs. Kornblee to have a sneak preview and hurried down to a loft building on Bond Street, near the Bowery, that contains the headquarters of Hybrid Enterprises. Mrs. Kornblee met us at the street entrance and led us up several flights of winding stairs to a nearly bare studio loft, about the size of two low-ceilinged squash courts. In the middle of the floor sat a four-foot-high something, covered with a bedsheet. All that protruded was an electric cord, curled like a pig's tail. We circled it, and Mrs. Kornblee happily announced that it was the ideal art object—that it was, as a matter of fact, Hybrid. Then Hybrid Enterprises, which turned out to be two young British artists named Gerald Laing and Peter Phillips, walked in.

Not wishing to appear overeager for the unveiling, we studied a series of colorful paintings on wood (several of them seemed to depict disassembled clockworks) that were lined up against one wall. "Are they Op? " we inquired.

"No, not Op," Mrs. Kornblee replied.

A young lady standing by—later identified as Dinah Phillips, the wife of the artist—came up and added, "You wouldn't call them Op. You wouldn't call them anything."

Mr. Phillips, who wore a tapered striped suit, a blue work shirt, a black snakeskin tie, and high black boots—exceedingly Mod—plugged the cord into an outlet, and an arc of white neon light shone beneath the sheet, which he then whipped off in the manner of a magician revealing a covey of doves. "That's it," he said.

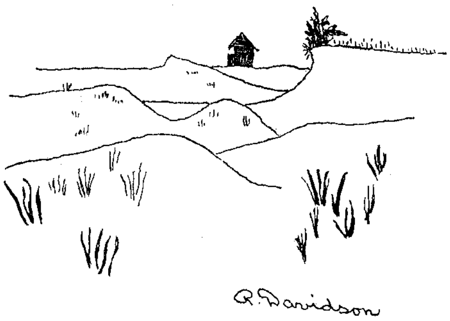
The object looked like an abstraction of the out-of-water portion of a sailfish—a triangular polished-aluminum base supporting a red-and-blue candy-striped fan, bordered by a curving neon tube and topped with a piece of transparent Plexiglas that blended into a free-form smoky plume. Mrs. Kornblee began dusting the base with a cotton rag. Soon it mirrored the stripes, producing a chevron effect.

"The smudges on the base were just the cats," said Mr. Phillips. "They crawl over everything."

We nodded sympathetically, and asked what made the form ideal.

"Our idea was to make an object of art through market-research techniques," explained Mr. Laing, who was wearing a striped blazer over a black turtleneck sweater. "You might say we pursued an inhumanly practical approach as opposed to a 'soul' approach."

"Oh, we weren't after any holy fine art," Mr. Phillips said. "This was strictly commercial. Just look at our poster. We tried to write it like a Volkswagen ad."



A poster on the wall showed Hybrid concealed by the sheet, just as we had first seen it. The caption began, "29 PEOPLE WANTED FUR. But they didn't get it. Because 46 people wanted rubber. And *they* didn't get it because 49 people wanted aluminum."

"You see, we asked a hundred and thirty-seven art consumers what they wanted in a work of art," Mr. Laing said. "The only requirement was that it had to go in someone's sitting room. Then we averaged their answers in an I.B.M. computer."

"We never said the result is art," Mr. Phillips interjected. "It's just what came out. A great majority of our test subjects preferred three dimensions, no pattern, an open sort of space, and clean, crisp, precise design. Of course, we surveyed collectors, dealers, critics, gallerygoers. If we'd just gone round the block, you'd probably be looking at a seascape or a cottage on canvas."

"Ducks in flight," Mrs. Kornblee suggested.

"Right, right," Mr. Phillips concurred. "Ducks in flight."

"But I do think Hybrid's got a specially English look," Mrs. Kornblee said.

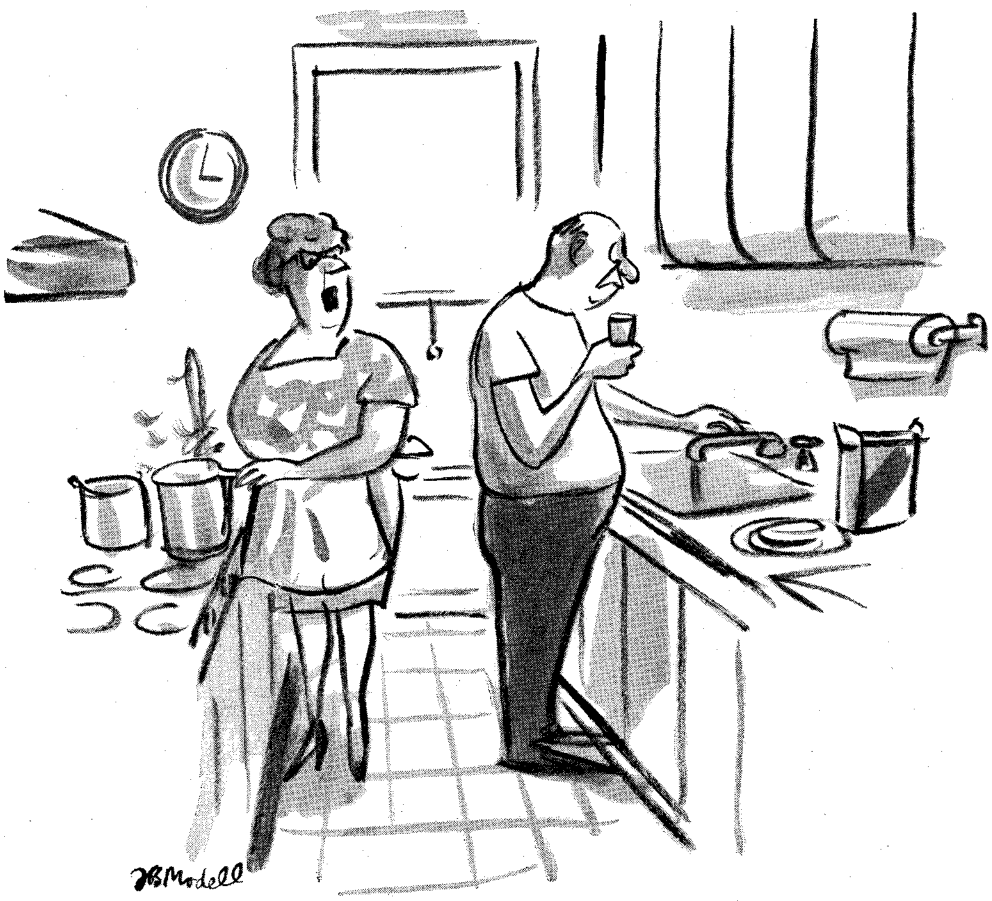
Mr. Phillips didn't think so. "British sculptures are always galolloping and glooping everywhere," he said.

"Well, perhaps it's more Anglo-American, then," Mrs. Kornblee conceded. "That has such a cheerful sound. You don't hear 'Anglo-American' much anymore."

"It *is* red-white-and-blue," we pointed out.

"We had those colors first," Mr. Phillips said.

We drifted away from this conversation toward the far end of the loft,



*"For heaven's sake, drink it! It didn't kill Lindsay, and it won't kill you."*

• •

where we came upon a cluster of ten baby Hybrids—faithful miniatures, except that they didn't have neon arcs. Mr. Laing told us that these were souvenirs, to be sold for a hundred and fifty dollars each. (The big Hybrids—there are two—cost eleven hundred dollars each.) We asked how test subjects chose attributes for an ideal object, and Mr. Laing showed us a kit, containing a multiplicity of colors, patterns, shapes, and materials, that he and Mr. Phillips had developed.

"They just trotted these out, like Fuller Brush men, wherever they went!" exclaimed Mrs. Kornblee, who had rushed over to our corner.

"Women tended toward feelie things and free forms," Mr. Phillips called from across the room. "But they were mostly overruled."

"To us, it was like a children's visual-aid course, and this was our basic-design kit," Mr. Laing said. "It really started out as a gestural thing, something we could do together. But don't you think we finally came up with something that sang a bit?"

We said we weren't always sure lately just what was happening in the world of art.

"Hybrid's happening," Mr. Phillips said.

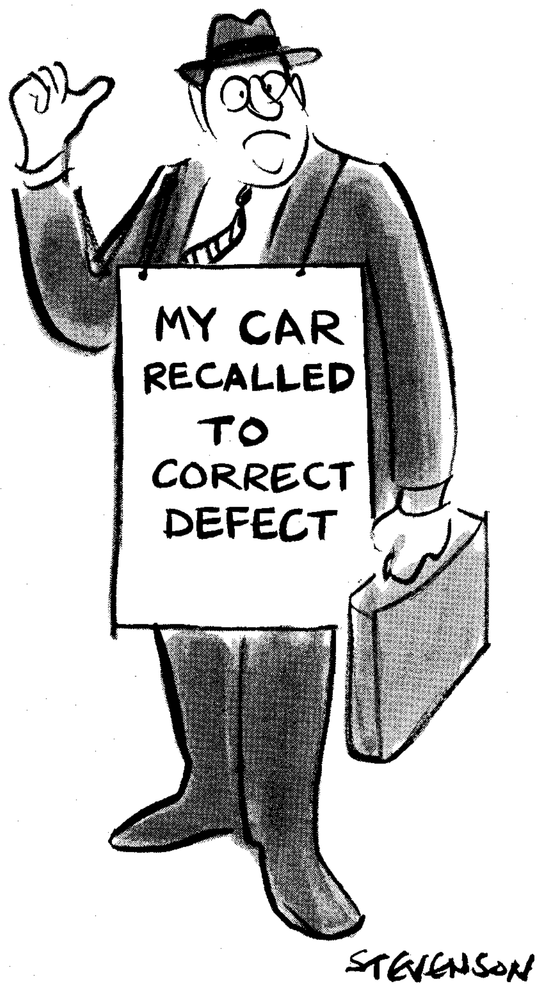
## *Breakthrough*

As a veteran of ceremonies held at the roofing-in or the topping-out of a number of Manhattan towers, we are glad to have been able to attend our first holing-through—an event that took place one gray morning last week on the rooftop of 635 East Fifth Street. It was designed to demonstrate the first step in a new method of taking the old insides out of a building and putting new ones in. The building at 635 East Fifth is a six-story tenement in a rundown block south of Tompkins Square and is one of forty thousand similarly decrepit buildings, built before 1901 in accordance with the old city building law, and still occupied by more than a million people. Constructed of yellow brick in 1895 and now empty, No. 635 has the customary dumbbell-shaped floor plan, with one apartment at the front and one at the rear, and a staircase and an airshaft rising between them. At front and back, fire escapes zigzag down each façade, past boarded-up window frames. Next door, at No. 633, a matching building that is still inhabited, people who look like part of the architecture hang over the sills or sit on the front stoop. They give the impression (which is probably the impression given by everyone who has ever lived in the tenements) of being immigrants, quite recently off a ship or plane. No. 635, at any rate, has been chosen, together with No. 633 and No. 637, as the site of an experiment to work out means of rehabilitating this kind of dilapidated housing in less time and at lower cost than by conventional reconstruction. Because of cost and the difficulty of getting financial backing, fewer than two hundred old-law tenements have been remodelled by conventional methods each year. The current experiment was set in motion by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, which made a grant of three hundred and ninety thousand dollars to the Institute of Public Administration, a nonprofit educational outfit, which, in turn, commissioned Conrad Engineers—a California research group with experience in providing cheap housing—to work on the three tenements. The tenements have been acquired by the Carol W. Haussamen Foundation, with the help of a mortgage from the Chase Manhattan Bank and with mortgage insurance from the Federal Housing Administration. The whole setup, whose complications reflect the difficulties of unravelling any contemporary urban problem, has been assisted by many of the city departments concerned and boosted by the enthusiasm of Mayor Lindsay, who recently announced that the city is determined to stop building low-income mass-housing projects in densely populated areas and will concentrate, instead, on single-building projects and the rehabilitation of old structures.

On the roof of No. 635, which we reached by climbing the ramshackle stairs of No. 633 and stepping over a low, tile-topped brick wall, a young man handed us a construction worker's yellow plastic helmet—de rigueur at all rooftop ceremonies. He said, "Breakthrough in five minutes." A score of men wearing either homburgs or helmets stood amid staircase hatchways, chimneys, and iron smokestacks. The breeze was chilly, and large flakes of soot fluttered out of an overcast sky. We could see part of the Manhattan

Bridge on the horizon, several Con Ed smokestacks, the Empire State Building, Metropolitan Life, and the gable of a synagogue, across the way. At one end of the roof, near an abandoned Christmas tree and a stack of old wine bottles, a table had been set up, bearing a plastic model of the rehabilitated buildings, overhung by a large model crane; at the other end of the roof, four two-by-threes were nailed on it to form an eight-foot square. "That's where it all comes out and goes in," said a man in a fawn-colored raincoat, who introduced himself as Gerald Poston, of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. "We're trying to show that space-age technology can be applied to urban problems. Over the next few months, new techniques will be tested on the empty house on the left and given a dress rehearsal on the house we're standing on. Then, when we're ready, we'll go to work on the other house, which is still being lived in. We hope to show the feasibility of renewing entire areas of American cities. The man who devised these rehabilitating techniques is Edward Rice, the president of Conrad Engineers."

Mr. Poston hailed Mr. Rice, who was standing next to the model building and wearing a yellow helmet pulled down to eyebrow level, as if for combat. He sauntered over and said, "It has always seemed to me that ordinary building methods were no good for tenement reconstruction. You waste too much time trying to move men and materials along narrow halls and stairways, and you spend five months on the job. I thought we could borrow the systems of engineering that have revolutionized space and military technology, and make maximum use of prefabricated and prefinished components. We've worked out a ten-step sequence of rehabilitation. In the first step, the tenants move out and their belongings are stored in lockers. Next, we move up a construction crane right in front of the building. Then three eight-foot-square holes are cut through the roof and floors, making three vertical shafts through the building that open out in each tier of dwelling units. Afterward, the crane lowers a steel trash box into each of the shafts. For the fifth stage, workmen strip out the old plumbing, partitions, ceilings, and floor boards on each floor and place the debris in the trash boxes. After that, the crane lifts the debris out and dumps it into a waiting truck. In Step Seven, the apartments having been completely stripped, new materials are lowered through the shafts and workmen begin to install windows, walls, ceilings, and floor coverings. In Eight, pre-assembled bathroom and kitchen units are lowered into the shafts and stacked vertically. That fills the shafts. The ninth stage is hooking up the plumbing and the wiring. Ten covers the final painting and cleanup, and the tenants move back. Any outside painting and repairs can be done after they're home again. In the course of the next two months, we're going to be trying out new materials and generally debugging our system. We have to evaluate procedures for dealing with tenants, for handling materials, for estimating costs, for meeting the building codes, and for working with trade unions. We hope to show that this operation can be really profitable. We believe we can do the job for seven thousand dollars a dwelling unit; the present cost is around thirteen thousand. The Wrecking Corporation of America plans to be able to gut one of these buildings for us in from eight to twelve hours. I'm shooting for a total rehabilitation time of forty-eight hours. It's conceivable that we could rehabilitate as many as twenty buildings a day."


MY CAR RECALLED TO CORRECT DEFECT
STEVENSON

A group of men wearing thick canvas gloves and blue Wrecking Corporation of America helmets had assembled beside the eight-foot square. One of them, limbering up, made a few swings at the roof with an axe. From the back windows of surrounding houses, old ladies and small children peered curiously up at No. 635. Frederic Berman, a tall, formally dressed young man who is the City Rent and Rehabilitation Commissioner, told us that he was especially pleased by the relocation aspect of the new system. "The way things are now, when a building gets fixed up the tenants have to move out for several months, which, in fact, means moving out for good," he said. "Here we'll be able to take them to a hotel for a night, a day, a second night, and then move them into their homes again."

"All set, Al!" one of the wrecking men yelled.

The man with the axe went to work in earnest, making short, sharp chops along the edges of the square. Then he and a second man began to peel back thick layers of tar paper and—while a third man warmed up a noisy gasoline-engined chain saw—a final layer of tin. When the roofing boards were exposed, as resinously yellow as on the day they were put down, the saw went into action. Coughing and snarling, it ripped through the boards and the joists beneath, with sawdust spitting and blue smoke swirling around the workman's well-braced knees. As he came to the end of the third side, he moved both his feet outside the square, and the square itself, first slowly, then with a quick, splintering crack, folded down, like a large trapdoor. The walls of the room below were painted blue.

## *Private Line*

A RESIDENT of New Canaan informs us that the current mark of status for burgeoning families there is a separate telephone number and telephone for the children. When the nine-year-old daughter of our informant recently called up a friend, she was told by the friend's mother that her children now have their own telephone, and it would be appreciated if that number were used from now on. The girl said she would comply, hung up, and dutifully dialled the new number. The phone rang and rang, and was finally answered by the panting voice of the friend's mother. None of her children, she explained apologetically, were home at the moment, but she'd be happy to take a message.

## *Dandy Dan in Africa*

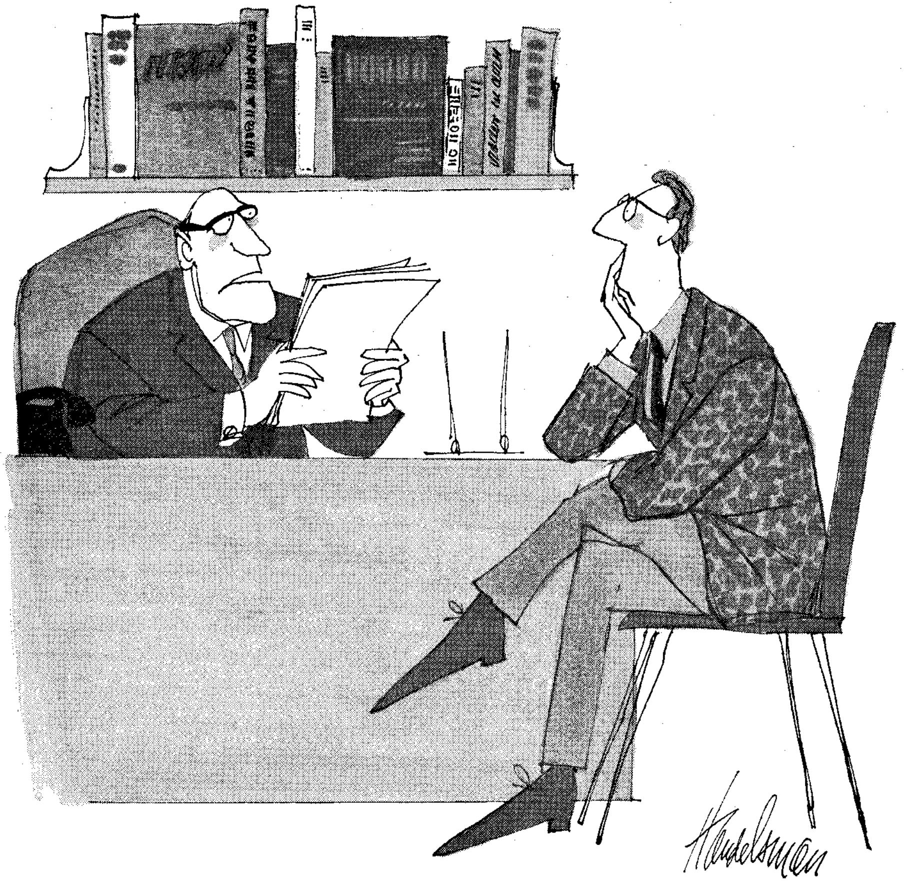
G*ood love*, sang the loudspeaker over the elevator door, *good love*. The pretty, dark-haired receptionist vibrated gently in time to the rock-'n'-roll beat, silently singing the words, *good love*. *WMCA*, said the sign over her head, *The Voice of New York*. *3:58*, said a clock on the wall. *Your Main Man Jake gotta split now for Dandy Dan*, yelled a voice over the loudspeaker. In Studio B, Jack (Jake) Spector, a WMCA Good Guy (1-4 P.M., weekdays), stood up and yielded the microphone to Dan (Dandy Dan) Daniel, a six-foot-four-inch Texan, who, after the four-o'clock news, would serve as Good Guy until 7 P.M., playing the hits. Dandy Dan, wearing sideburns, black trousers, white shirt, black socks, and no shoes (his shoes were being shined in another room), settled down at a long desk in the small studio and told us he'd been up late the night before, editing tapes he had made during a three-week trip to Tunisia, Niger, and the Ivory Coast to interview members of the Peace Corps. Discs made from the tapes—cut down to short "spots"—would be distributed free by WMCA (which had also paid for the trip) and the Peace Corps to fifteen hundred radio stations around the United States, to help publicize the fifth anniversary of the Peace Corps.

Dan leaned toward the gooseneck microphone in front of him, flicked a switch, and cried, *Live from New York without a doubt—America's most adequate disc jockey, ridin' herd on the hits—Yes, Lawd, Ah'm tall, but that's not all.* He snapped off the switch and shuffled through a sheaf of commercials, birthday greetings, sports and weather reports, letters from candidates for Good Guy sweatshirts, and messages as the first song played.

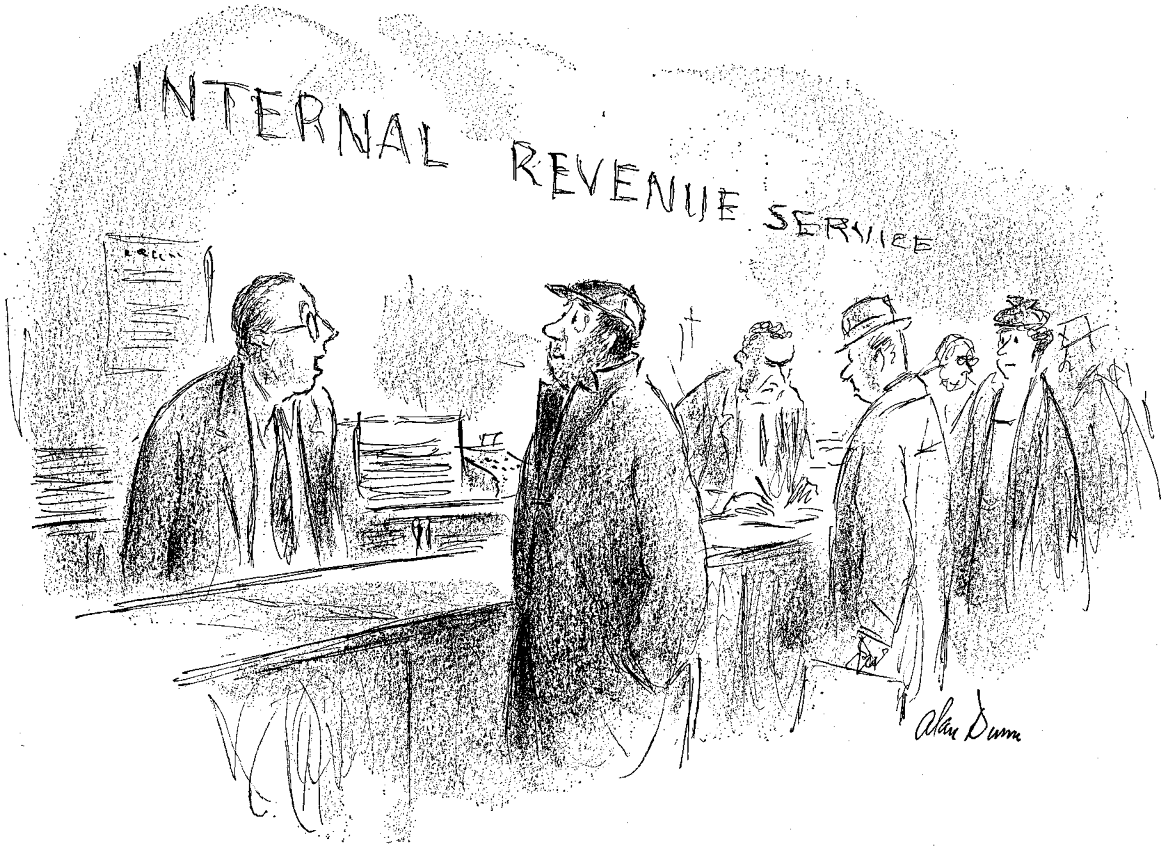
*It's nine and a half after four right here with Big Skinny.* Dan tapped his stockinged toe to the music. *Ah take better care of you than anybody 'cause Ah'm bigger!* He read a commercial for a modelling school (*Call this number*) and read the latest sports news.

"I'm just getting over a cold I caught on the plane coming back from Africa," Dan told us as The Byrds played "Eight Miles High." "I'm still taking my malaria pills, too. You have to take 'em for a couple of weeks after you get back." *Hootenanny Candy Bar!* "I had my preconceptions, like everybody else," he continued. "I thought the Peace Corps kids might be missionary types, but they weren't like that at all." *We're together again, Baby Doll—that's all that matters!* "It hit me right in the face, in the first interview. I thought it was cynicism, but I guess you could call it 'sophisticated idealism.' They were glad they had gone, and some were going to sign up again, but even the ones who were coming home felt they were a lot closer to knowing what they wanted as human beings." A brunette darted in and dropped some papers on the desk. "Thank you, darlin'," said Dan. *Paul Revere and The Raiders!* "Many of them had selfish reasons for joining; they hoped to get something out of it as well as help others. They wanted to reach out and touch somebody else, to say they once did something for somebody." It was time for the four-thirty news, and Dan stepped out into the hall to stretch. "It's a personal thing. Not any real team spirit, actually. In each case, they were out for the few people around them that they could reach out to and affect."

*The New York stock market continued its upward trend today*, said the loudspeaker, and a moment later Dan was back at the microphone. *Jive Five—Dandy Dan with the Live Twenty-Five, and then some! Hey, Cool, Ah'm talkin' to you! Herman's Hermits—Number Twenty, and a new survey tomorrow!* He snapped his fingers, shaking his head in time to the music. "Almost to a man, they felt the Peace Corps should take a more professional approach," he said. The door opened, and the shoeshine man handed Dan's shoes back. Dan thanked him and slipped them on. "What the Peace Corps people are *supposed* to do takes up the least part of their time. They have to do all kinds of things." *"Rhapsody in the Rain"—Lou Christie!* "In Niger, the workers have to rough it. It's so blasted hot there. It gets around a hundred and ten degrees in the afternoon. Most of the people are subsistence farmers." He read the weather report: *High in the fifties. Tonight, freezing in the suburbs.* "In Tunisia, the Peace Corps volunteers were mostly architects and English teachers. In the Ivory Coast, it was mostly health programs and English. They teach a lot of baby care, child care." Dan gave away a Good Guy sweatshirt. *Drive Carefully—The Love You Save May Be*



*"I'll tell you what's wrong with this. It's funny without being vulgar."*



*"I'm sorry, but the Guaranteed Annual Wage is still at the verbal level."*

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*Your Own. Number Eighteen!* "The people of Tunisia love the Americans. They want to start a Peace Corps of their own to help the American Indians! In the Ivory Coast, they have no geographical conception of where America is. They know who we are, but they ask us, 'When do you go back to France?' Health is the major thing. Fifty per cent of the children die before they're six years old. How can you concentrate on teaching English to kids who'll die before they get to school?" He read the sports flashes. *The Mets hit five homers today!* "It was the death season in Niger and the Ivory Coast," he went on a moment later. "A lot of people die. The Peace Corps girls teach sanitation and sewing—things like that. In the brush, up-country, they'd have a makeshift gathering place: an open-sided, thatched-roof structure, and a blackboard. They give simple lessons, like Show-and-Tell, and Before-and-After. They teach them to designate areas outside the village for garbage; otherwise, the babies crawl around in it. The women are the hard-working people. They do the planting and the harvesting. It's a common sight to see a pregnant woman walking down the road, a baby strapped to her back, a pot balanced on her head, a pole across her shoulders with some bundles hanging on either end—and her husband riding a horse alongside, carrying nothing. There's a move afoot to liberate the women. In some places, they are never allowed to leave the compound they live in. So the Peace Corps workers have started women's basketball teams in some villages, and the women play!" *Here's Ronnie Dove—Five-twenty-four on the Danny Bag!* "I got fifteen or sixteen hours of taped interviews on the trip, and I talked to about forty volunteers. I asked them, 'If you're so interested in helping other people, why did you have to come to a foreign country to do it?' Many of them admitted they wouldn't have known how to go about it, and felt they would encounter prejudice and social pressure. But, over there—" *Little Stevie Wonder. "Nothing's Too Good for My Baby."* "Where was I? I asked them how they'd face these things when they got back. They said it's not going to bug 'em so much; acquainting oneself with another culture makes one understand one's own culture so much better. They've proved to themselves that people are people, and if they need help . . . It's as simple as that." *Dandy Dan's Doin's!*

Dan went out into the hall again, during the news. "One of the frustrations of the Peace Corps is that progress is slow. You can't see a lot of tangible accomplishment. But they warn the volunteers about this. And when the volunteers leave, you may not see much, but they've laid the groundwork for whoever's going to follow them." Back in the studio, he said, "The only people they associate with are the people they work with. They don't associate socially with Embassy people or other brass. They occupy themselves with useful activity." A commercial for Aqueduct followed; Dan gave away another Good Guy sweatshirt and read the weather report. *Big Twelve Record—"Bang Bang: My Baby Shot Me Down."* "One of the best interviews I had was with a young architect in Tunisia. He could have been set up in business by his father in America, but he felt guilty, and wanted to do something for his fellow-man before he settled down to a smooth and comfortable life." Dan picked up a commercial. *How would you like to carpet any part of your home? I can seal the deal for eighty-nine dollars.* "I met a grandmother in Niger who was doing Peace Corps work because she was a widow, and she didn't want to waste away, like so many of her friends in America." *Here's Good Guy Sound-Breaking Hit Number Five: The Rolling Stones and "Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown."* "I came back a little more tolerant, and with a little less tendency to get bugged when things don't go right. And I came back convinced about the Peace Corps. The kids all insist they're not special, but it's obvious they are." *Palisades Amusement Park. Thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise will be given away free each and every day! It's six minutes to seven in Fun City!*

•

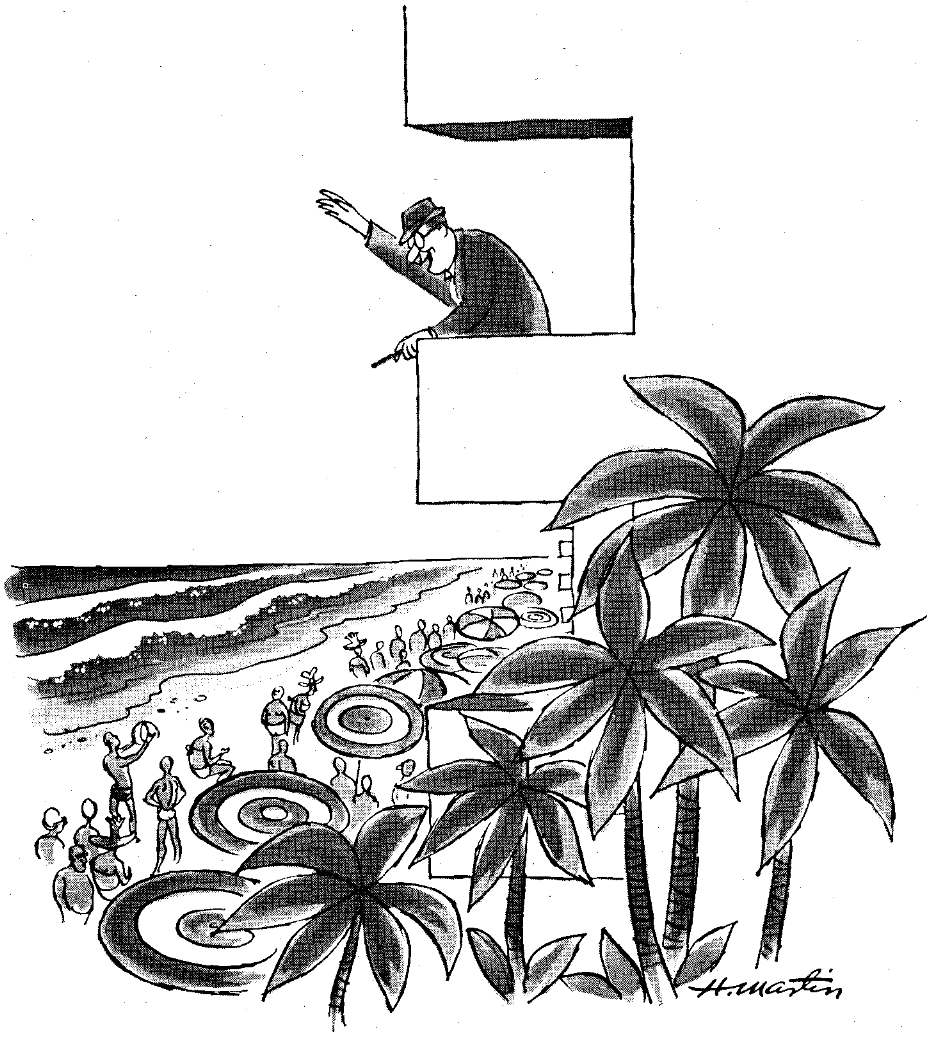
OVERHEARD, one faculty wife to another, on the campus of the Lawrenceville School: "My mind is not as good as it used to be, but I'm using it more than ever."

# THE PLAYERS

“I AM withering on the vine,” Margery Armstead told her husband, sitting on the plush couch (from the Salvation Army) that she said, when she was in the dumps, was bluebottle-fly blue. “Whither thou goest . . .” Leonard said, and Margery shot him between the eyes with her water pistol. That night, he had been to a dinner at the Plaza—the Terrace Room—on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the magazine for which he worked. It was, too, the tenth of these dinners that he had attended, and, as usual, he vowed between the *petite marmite* and the *mousse de poisson* that it would be his last. When the eleventh rolled around, he and Margery would be dining at home in Malibu, or near there—far away, certainly, and by the sea. Leonard’s knowledge of Malibu was limited to fleeting glances; he had been driven that way once or twice by an outfielder, one of the Angels, he was interviewing. No, it wouldn’t be time to eat yet, Leonard, who was fairly precise, reflected; he had failed to take the time zones into account.

Leonard had married Margery shortly after the eighth dinner, when he was thirty-three and no less disappointed than he had been at thirty-two. He had felt he might actually leave the magazine once he was married, and go on, like a dusty, ardent, footsore nineteenth-century hero, to less frivolous things; he might do something in life—write a book, for instance, speak for his age. Leonard infrequently admitted to himself that he had got married so he would be able to quit; he didn’t want to wind up, if things didn’t pan out, all alone with many empty pages of Corrasable Bond, rolling cheerlessly hither and thither in his typing chair like an invalid.

At the dinner, he sat in the back, near a torrential fountain that largely drowned out the speeches. Despite his tenure, Leonard hardly knew his tablemates; they seemed to be chiefly ad salesmen named Sandy. On his left was one of the libel lawyers, who kept writing notes inside matchbooks and passing them clockwise; they never reached Leonard. On Leonard’s right was an elderly proofreader, wearing a lot of garnets, who rose in the midst of the address by the managing editor. For a moment, Leonard thought she was going to climb on her chair and harangue her colleagues. On what, Leonard wondered—the misuse of the serial comma? Immorality in the copy department? Next, Leonard feared she was going to get sick on the centerpiece, for she was deeply bowing in that direction. Instead, with a great “Hoo,” she blew out a candle that was stuck among the flowers. “It was about to set fire to the mimosa,” she said, retaking her seat. Leonard turned to contemplate the falling water, which reminded him of the celebrated fountain by Hubert Robert at the Princesse de Guermantes’; he had been trying to get Margery to read Proust instead of spending her time “snooping around the department stores,” as she invariably put it.



*“Farewell, fun seekers! I must return to my people!”*

Two hours later, when Leonard, having walked home in the rain that had been forecast, let himself into his apartment—one old, lofty room distinguished by a grand piano and a crystal chandelier—a very large dog with slanty yellow eyes was sitting by the door. As Leonard took off his rubbers and advanced, it held out a paw. “Hello,” Leonard said, shaking it. “Whose dog are you?”

Margery was sitting on the couch, looking at *Elle*.

“Hello, Margery,” Leonard said. “Whose dog is it?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “You’re home early.”

“They were choosing up teams to slide down the banisters to the Palm Court,” he said. “What’s with the dog?”

“What’s with the tone of voice?”

“It’s merely my tone of perpetual astonishment,” Leonard said, putting his rubbers on the classified section of last Sunday’s *Times*, which he had previously laid out on the floor next to the front door. “You don’t read French,” he said, sitting beside his wife. The dog sat on the other side of the coffee table, looming over it, gazing with peremptory intimacy at Leonard. “Please tell me about this dog.”

“I suppose Gerda Winters was there in one of her dresses from Design Research,” Margery said.

“At another table.”

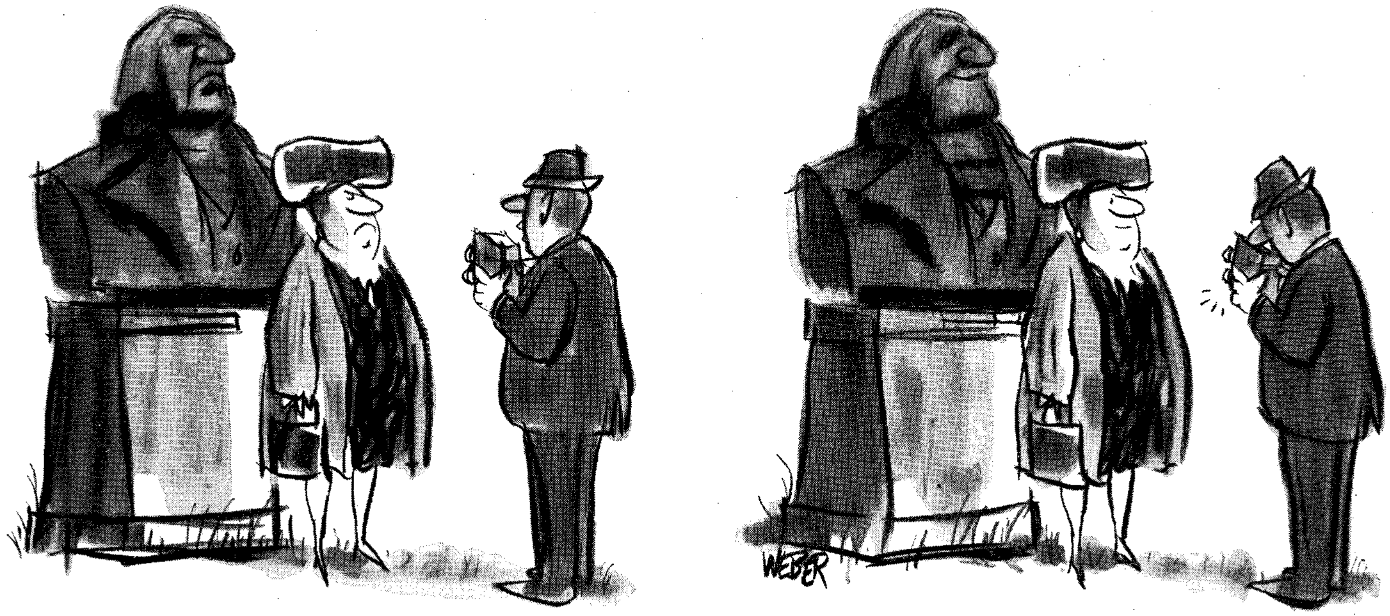
“Was she one of your girl friends?”

“Now that you mention it, you’ve asked me that before.”

“Once again, all together now, was she?”

“In a way.”

“What’s this ‘in a way’?”



*"Smile."*

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"It's a manner of speaking," he said. "Without communication."

"Not every question admits of a yes-or-no answer. There are shades."

"Shade is not enlightenment, Leonard."

"Margery, there are over four hundred comedians out of work. She was one of my girl friends, but a long time ago."

"How long?"

"Around 1960."

"Six years is not a long time. Why did you like her?"

"I don't know. It must have been convenience or circumstance or something. That's the way those things used to happen."

"The way it happened with me," Margery said.

"Why are you always so defensive?"

"Because you're so offensive. And remember, Leonard, a good defense beats a good offense every time."

She went to the piano and began to play and sing:

"Ah, how sweet, ah, how sweet,
  how sweet it is to love.
Ah! Ah! Ah! how gay is young de-
  sire!"

After a while, Leonard said, "It keeps looking at me. I think it expects me to do a trick."

"His name is Jimmy," Margery said. "He followed me home."

"I thought Jimmy was what you were going to call our son, if and when we have one."

"I got tired of waiting."

"But you can't keep it. It belongs to someone else. It shakes hands. It's too big. Stop eating my rubbers, you!"

"Do you know," she said, "you've never once made love to me the way you did the very first time? That was the only time you ever really wanted to."

"A cat would be a better pet."

"We might as well play gin."

"You've won the last four games," he said. "It's too discouraging."

"Don't you think *I've* been discouraged? I've been under zero for two years. How do you think it feels?"

"I'll play if you get rid of the dog."

"I only let him in because it was raining," she said.

They played Hollywood, and Leonard won all the boxes.

"A triple schneider," he said in his Peter Lorre accent. "I have been rewenged."

It was then that Margery said, "I am withering on the vine."

When they were in bed beneath the acanthus wreath on the ceiling—the counterpart of the one above the piano, from the center of which their chandelier, a wedding present, was suspended—Margery turned to Leonard in the dark and said, "Please change the score." He stuck out an arm and found that her cheek was wet. A few minutes later, he watched her get out of bed. She lay along the wall, so she had to push herself to the foot of the bed like a downhill skier poling at the beginning of his run. There, by the loom of the piano, it was darker, and she disappeared, as though, indeed, she had dropped out of sight. For an instant, one of the dog's eyes, reflecting an otherwise undetectable light, shone like a dragon's. Leonard heard the door close and presumed that his wife and Jimmy had gone.

Toward morning, Margery returned. Leonard didn't ask her what she had done with Jimmy, for he felt vaguely at fault. Subsequently, Margery got Baby, a calico kitten, from Bide-A-Wee.

"She has Siamese blood," Margery said.

"How can you tell?" Leonard said.

"If you say something to her, she'll talk to you. That's a characteristic of Siamese cats. Say something to her, Leonard."

"What could I possibly say?" Leonard said.

Margery next found little Butter in front of the Butterick Building.

"How can you be so positive she doesn't already belong to someone?" Leonard asked.

"If you have anything nice to say to Butter, she'll close her eyes," Margery said. "Cats always close their eyes when you talk to them, if they like what you say."

These two cats frequently raced across Leonard's serene, upturned face while he was sleeping. "Margery," he would say. "I don't think it's fair."

"Look out, Leonard," Margery would reply, "here they come again."

ONE evening, a few months later, after Margery had lost her ninth consecutive game of gin, Leonard told her that she now owed him a hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

"You're doing it on purpose," Margery said. "You're trying to do me in. You know I can't go on this way."

"I play to win," said Leonard.

"It's the way you win," she said. "Other people don't win the way you do. You win with an overbearing manner."

"I'm not overbearing. I'm an aesthete."

"Leonard, you're simply not an aesthete."

"What am I?"

"You're a monster. Furthermore, I quit."

"You can't quit. You owe me a hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, and you have no way of paying me back. We have a joint checking account, but I'm the sole depositor. To all purposes, Margery, you're an indentured servant."

"I quit," she said, flinging the cards toward the piano. "The game is *tutto finito*. The marriage is *tutto finito*. The joint checking account is *tutto finito*." She took her handbag from the top of the jelly cupboard that served as her bureau and, opening it, began to throw her charge-account cards and plates toward the piano, too.

"Margery, you can't speak Italian," Leonard said.

"Thatsa what you think," she said. "*Addio*, Lord & Taylor. *Addio*, Saks Fifth Avenue, you sweetheart. Mmmm. Mmmm." She kissed the plate. "I'm going to miss you. *Addio*, Bergdorf's, Bonwit's, Bloomie's.... Baby, Butter, come to Mama. Me and my cats are checking out."

"Stay," said Leonard, under the piano, picking up the playing cards, which had cherubs riding bicycles on their backs. "I'll go."

## THE WARD

Along that ward, men died each winter night.
One in an iron lung
Used to cry out before that salving tin,
Strapped round his breathing, stifled him. One hung
In a strange brace
That moved his dead leg gently. And no light
Out of that blaze, where Hitler in
His burning concrete died, lit the cramped face

Of a boy paralyzed. I in that war
Lay, with cold steel on wrists
Recording how my heart beat, saved, and one
With the men dying. Dark amidst the mists
Across the seas,
Each night in France, those armies gripped and tore
Each other's guts out, and no sun
Arched in at dawn through stiff windows to ease

Men left in pain. Sisters, on morning rounds,
Brought laundered sheets and screens
Where they were needed. And when doctors came,
In clean coats with their talk and their machines,
Behind their eyes,
Moving to help, what was there? To the sounds
Of distant gunfire, in our name,
So many men walked into death. What lies

And festers is the wastage. Here, the beast
Still breathes its burning stone
And claws the entrails. And those hours of cold
When I lay waking, hearing men alone
Fight into death,
Swim back and grip. And I feel rise like yeast
A sense of the whole world grown old
With no one winning. And I fight for breath.

—George MacBeth

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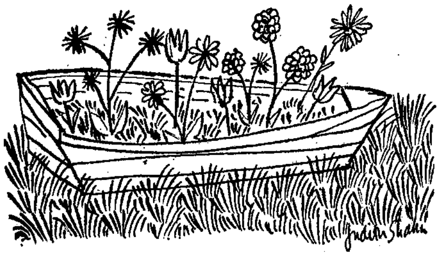
Leonard moved in with his parents for the time being. The following week, he went to Boston to do a story on a basketball coach. His hotel room there overlooked Commonwealth Avenue, and toward evening he would stand at the window, saying, "Is awareness enough?" Below, on the mall, were statues of statesmen and generals and so forth, so green and worn in the serene residue of light they might well have been erected on the bottom of the sea, great, slow groupers, nibbling at their pommels and at the blank bronze pages of their open books.

The day before he left Boston, Leonard got a message to call a Mr. Gross in New York. Mr. Gross turned out to be Margery's lawyer and wanted to discuss terms of settlement.

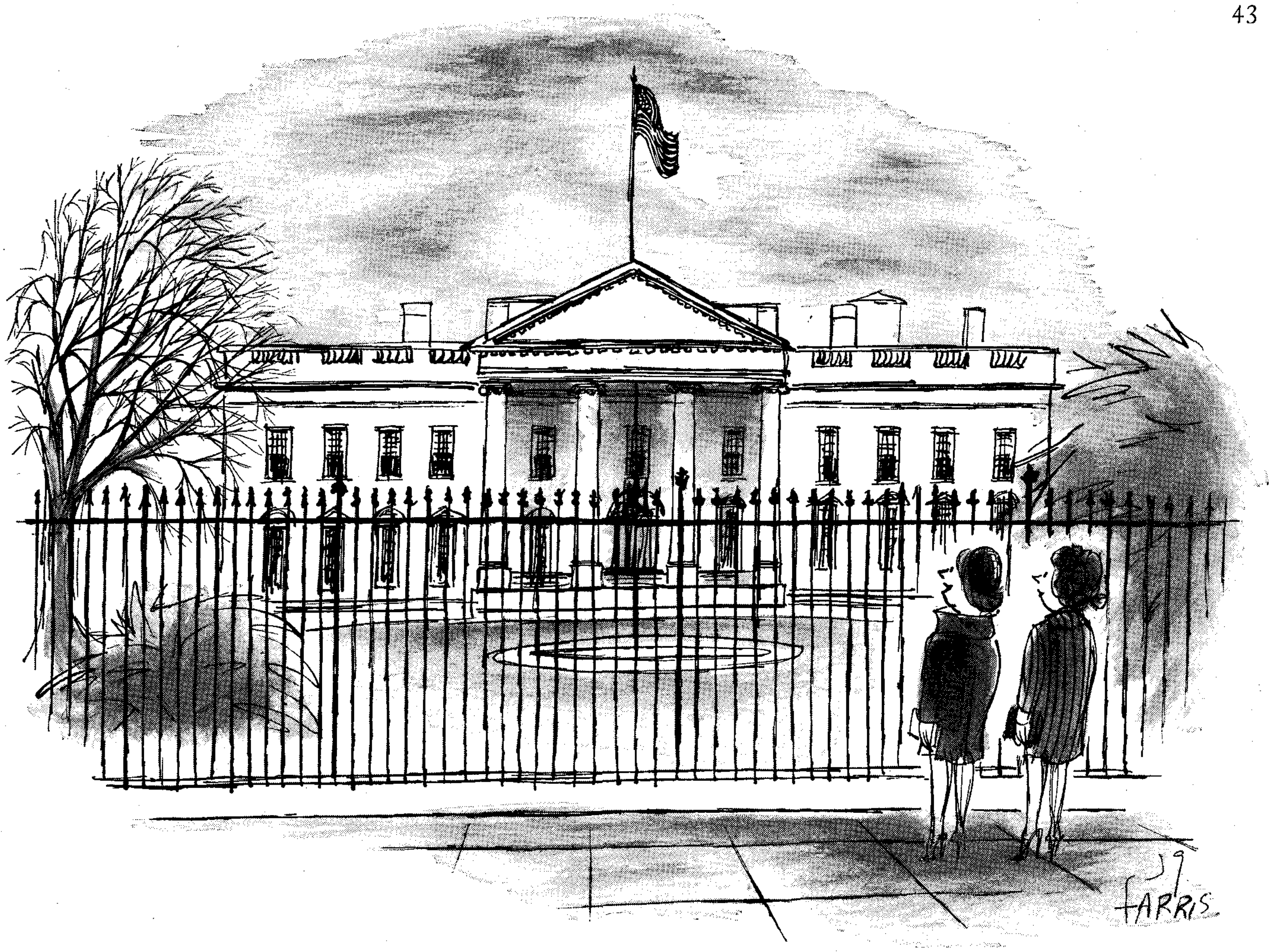
Several weeks later, when Leonard was in Tampa interviewing a lady golfer, Mr. Gross phoned him at his motel on Dale Mabry Boulevard, where painted snow lay heaped on the letters of the air-conditioning signs. Mr. Gross wanted to know when Leonard was returning, for he had to sign the separation agreement and a power of attorney for the Mexican lawyer. After speaking to Mr. Gross, Leonard went down to the heated pool and leafed through his often incomprehensible notes, searching for leads and enders.

THE day Margery left for El Paso, she called Leonard at his office and asked him if he would feed Baby and Butter while she was gone. "I'd have asked someone else," she said, "but you're the only person I can trust, and they love you." She added that she would leave the key under the doormat. Leonard said it wasn't necessary, as he still seemed to have his.

Late that afternoon, on the crosstown bus, slowly heading for the apartment, he wondered what sort of note Margery would have left him. He decided it would be jocular, and began framing a suitably dispassionate reply. The discovery that there wasn't any note, merely a can of cat food on top of the piano, and the sight of Baby, asleep in her accustomed place on the piano bench, brought Leonard, unexpectedly, to the verge of tears.



Baby jumped off the piano bench, and Leonard, holding the can of cat food much in the manner, he thought, that Adam used to be depicted, eyes turned to Heaven, with the unbitten apple, sat down. Open upon the piano was sheet music, its covers bordered with abundant laurel—"Salve, O Rosa, Amabil Fior," evidently the last piece Margery had played. If Leonard had ever heard it, he could not remember how it went. Above his head, the dusty chandelier hung from its leafy canopy, the crystals as obscure as cocoons. "From time to time, I would climb the ladder and polish them with vinegar," Leonard said gravely, under his breath, as though reading from his autobiogra-



*"If it were mine, I'd paint it charcoal gray with white trim."*

• •

phy. Looking for Butter in her favorite places, Leonard saw, on either end of the mantelpiece, the gilded chevaliers still drawing their swords, and on the sills of the high windows, through which now shone faintly ecclesiastical light, the sweet-potato vines he and Margery had planted and the Jerusalem cherry he had got for her at the Grand Union on their first wedding anniversary. "After its original fruit had fallen," Leonard murmured, on his hands and knees, peering under the couch, "it had never borne more."

After abandoning the search for Butter, Leonard sat on the couch with Baby in his lap. In the fireplace before him was a vase of dried plume celosia; remains of gastropods were embedded in the marble top of the coffee table, upon which were an empty ashtray from a restaurant in Mayfair and half a cup of cold coffee. "Love never altered this room, Jack Donne of the Town," Leonard told the cat.

Then Margery phoned.

"Why are you crying?" she said.

"I can't find Butter," he said.

"Don't worry. She always turns up."

"Did Mr. Gross get you a room at the El Paso Hilton?"

"Yes."

"Does it look out on a little park?"

"Why?"

"There's an alligator in a fountain down there. I used to see it from my window. You've always been fond of dumb animals."

"Why are you always looking out of windows?"

"I once did a story in El Paso—the Sun Kings. It's a baseball team. Whatever happened to Jimmy?"

"I don't know. I went into a coffee shop to try to lose him, but he kept waiting for me on the sidewalk. He wouldn't go away. Then I found that in the back there was another way out."

"I didn't mean that you had to get rid of him right away."

"I was trying to please you, Leonard," she said.

Butter materialized on the mantelpiece.

"Margery, Butter's back," Leonard said.

"I'll be along, too," she said.

"You're not going to Juárez?"

"I'm still at the East Side Airlines Terminal. I have a feeling I'm going to schneider you."

"Play and weep."

"Wait up."

"I may not be here," he said.

"Oh."

"I've got to go home and get my toothbrush."

"For one night, Leonard, put the toothpaste on your finger."

"I'll buy one at the drugstore. It's nearer."

"How could I have ever left you?" she said.

But Leonard didn't leave. He went into the bathroom and filled Margery's water pistol. Then he stood by the front door with his back against the wall, holding the gun before his heart, the barrel pointing up, like a melancholy duellist at the point of turning, and waited, trembling, for his wife.

—GILBERT ROGIN

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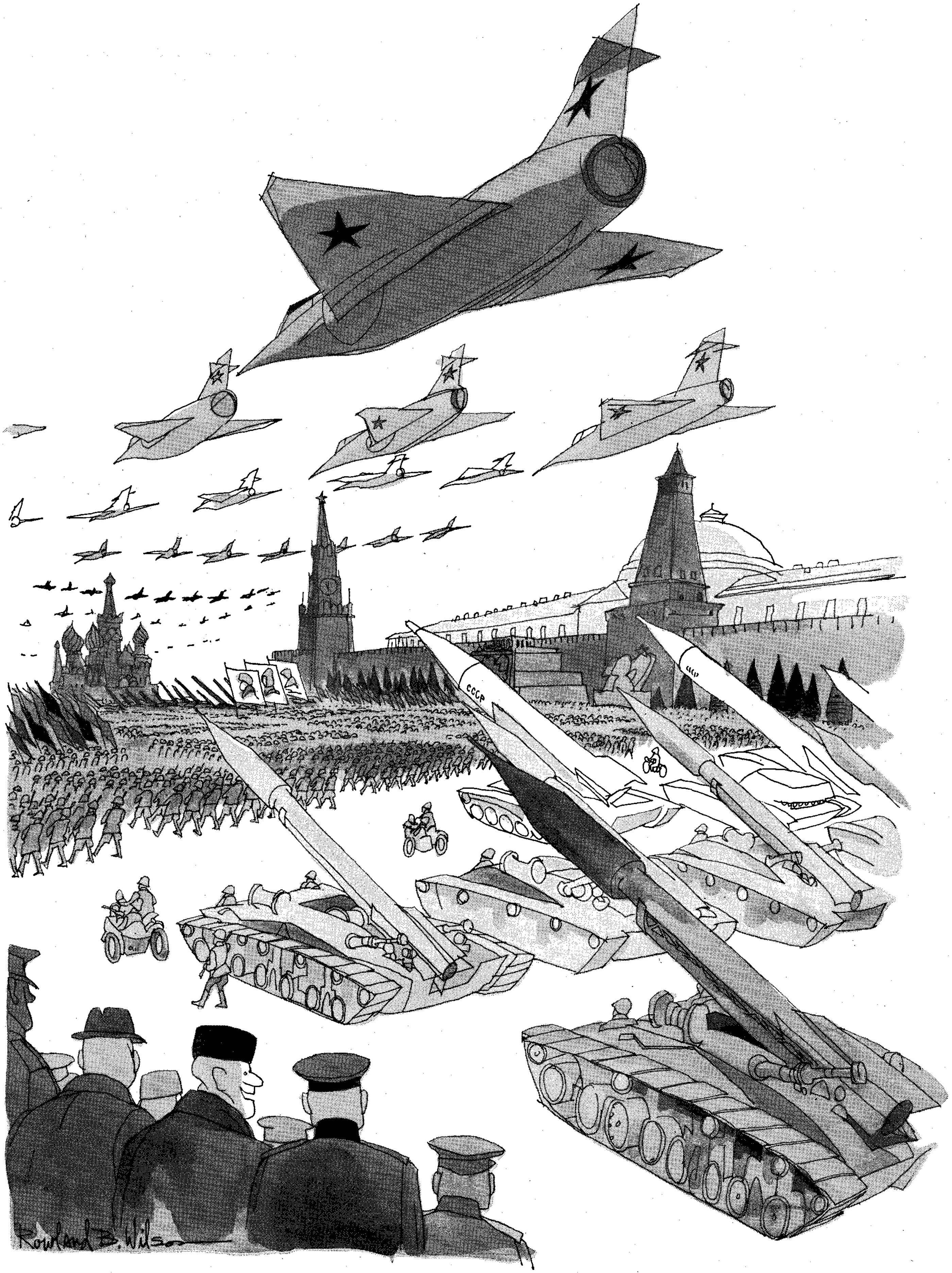
1:15 (4) Great, Great Show: "Homecoming" (1948), Clark Gable. Cheap synthetic chunk of romance.—*The Times.*

Now you've got us all confused.


CCCP
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Rowland B. Wilson

"I love a parade!"

# THE CORKERYS

May MacMahon was a good-looking girl, the only child of Jack MacMahon, the accountant, and his wife, Margaret. They lived in Cork, on Summerhill, the steep street that led from the flat of the city to the heights of Montenotte. She had always lived the life of a girl of good family, with piano lessons, dancing class, and crushes on her school friends' brothers. Only occasionally did she wonder what it was all about, and then she invariably forgot to ask her father, who would certainly know. Her father knew everything, or almost everything. He was a tall, shy, good-looking man who seemed to have been expecting martyrdom from his earliest years and drinking Irish whiskey to endure it. May's mother was small and pretty and very opinionated, though her opinions varied, and anyway did not last long. Her father's opinions never varied, and lasted forever.

When May became friendly with the Corkery family, it turned out that he had always had strong opinions about them as well. Mr. Corkery, a mild, inarticulate solicitor, whom May remembered going for lonely walks for the good of his health, had died and left his family with very limited means, but his widow had good connections and managed to provide an education (mostly free) for all six children. Of the boys, the eldest, Tim, was now a Dominican, and Joe, who came next in line, was also going in for the priesthood. The Church was in the family's blood, because Mrs. Corkery's brother was the Dean and her sister was Mother Superior of the convent of an enclosed order outside the city. Mrs. Corkery's nickname among the children was "Reverend Mother," and they accused her of imitating her sister, but Mrs. Corkery only sniffed and said if everybody became priests and nuns there would soon be no Church left. Mrs. Corkery seemed to believe quite seriously that the needs of the Church were the only possible excuse for sex.

From knowing the Corkerys May began to realize at last what life was about. It was no longer necessary to ask her father. Anyway he wouldn't know. He and her mother were nice but commonplace. Everything they said and did was dull and predictable, and even when they went to Mass on Sunday they did so only because everyone else did it. The Corkerys were rarely dull and never predictable. Though their whole life seemed to center on the Church, they were not in the least pietistic. The Dean fought with Mrs. Corkery; Father Tim fought with Joe; the sisters fought with their brothers, who, they said, were getting all the attention, and fought one another when their brothers were not available. Tessie, the eldest girl, known as "The Limb of the Devil," or just "The Limb," was keeping company with a young stockbroker who told her a lot of dirty stories, which she repeated with great gusto to her brothers, particularly to Father Tim. This, however, was for family reasons, because they all agreed that Tim was inclined to put on airs.

And then The Limb astonished everybody by entering the convent where her aunt was Mother Superior. May attended the reception in the little convent chapel, which struck her to the heart by its combination of poverty and gentility. She felt that the ceremony might have been tolerable in a great cathedral with a choir and thundering organ, but not in that converted drawing room, where the nuns knelt along the side walls and squeaked like mourners. The Limb was laid out on the altar and first covered with roses as though she were dead; then an old nun clipped her long black hair with a shears. It fell and lay at her head as though it too had died. May drew a quick breath and glanced at Joe, who was kneeling beside her. Though he had his hand over his face, she knew from the way his shoulders moved that he was crying. Then she cried, too.

For a full week the ceremony gave her the horrors every time she remembered it, and she felt she should have nothing more to do with such an extraordinary family. All the same, a week with her parents was enough to make her realize the attraction of the Corkerys even more than before.

"Did it scare you, May?" Rosie, the second girl, asked with a wicked grin. "Cripes, it put the fear of God into me. I'm not having any of that *de profundis* stuff; I'm joining a decent missionary order." This was the first May had heard of Rosie's vocation. Inside a year, she, too, was in a convent, but in Rome, and "having a gas time," as she casually reported home.

They really were an extraordinary family, and the Dean was as queer as any of them. The Sunday following the ceremony May was at dinner there, and he put his hand firmly on her shoulder as though he were about to yank off her dress, and gave her a crooked smile that would have convinced any reasonable observer that he was a sex maniac, and yet May knew that almost every waking moment his thoughts were concentrated on outwitting the Bishop, who seemed to be the greatest enemy of the Church since Nero. The Bishop was a Dominican, and the Dean felt that a monk's place was in the cloister.

"The man is a bully!" he said, with an astonishment and grief that would have moved any audience but his own family.

"Oh, now, Mick!" said Mrs. Corkery placidly. She was accustomed to hearing the Bishop denounced.

"I'm sorry, Josephine," the Dean said with a formal regret that rang equally untrue. "The man is a bully. An infernal bully, what's more. I'm not criticizing you or the order, Tim," he said, looking at his nephew over his spectacles, "but monks simply have no place in ecclesiastical affairs. Let them stick to their prayers is what I say."

"And a queer way the world would be only for them," Joe said. Joe was going for the secular priesthood himself, but he didn't like to see his overwhelming uncle get away with too much.

"Their influence on Church history has been disastrous!" the Dean bellowed, reaching for his cigarette case. "Always, or almost always, disastrous. That man thinks he knows everything."

"Maybe he does," said Joe.

"Maybe," said the Dean, like an old bull who cannot ignore a dart from any quarter. "But as well as that, he interferes in everything, and always publicly, always with the greatest possible amount of scandal. 'I don't like the model of that church;' 'Take away that statue;' 'That painting is irreverent.' Begob, Joe, I don't think even you know as much as that. I declare to God, Josephine, I believe if anyone suggested it to him that man would start inspecting the cut of the schoolgirls' panties." And when everyone roared with laughter, the Dean raised his head sternly and said, "I mean it."

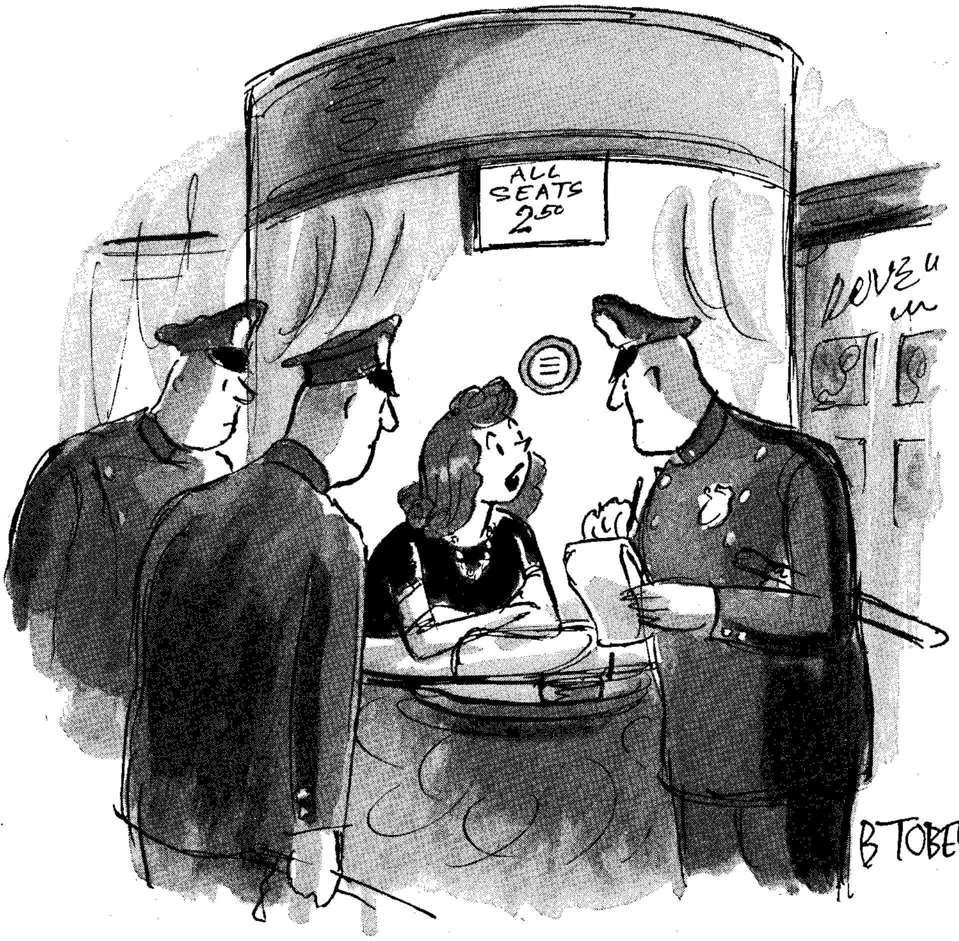
Peter, the youngest boy, never got involved in these family arguments about the Bishop, the orders, or the future of the Church. He was the odd man out. He was apprenticed in his father's old firm and would grow up to be owner or partner. In every Irish family there is a boy like Peter whose task it is to take on the family responsibilities. It was merely an accident that he was the youngest. What counted was that he was his mother's favorite. Even before he had a mind to make up, he knew it was not for him to become too involved, because someone would have to look after his mother in her old age. He might marry, but it would have to be a wife who suited her. He was the ugliest of the children, though with a monkey ugliness that was almost as attractive as Father Tim's film-star looks and Joe's ascetic masculine fire. He was slow, watchful, and good-humored, with high cheekbones that grew tiny bushes of hair, and he had a lazy malice that could often be as effective as the uproarious indignation of his brothers and sisters.

May, who saw the part he had been cast for, wondered whether she couldn't woo Mrs. Corkery as well as another girl.

After Rosie there was Joe, who was ordained the following year, and then Sheela did what seemed—in that family, at least—the conventional thing and went into the same convent as Tessie.

It was an extraordinary family, and May was never quite able to understand the fascination it had for her. Partly, of course—and this she felt rather than understood—it was the attraction of the large family for the only child, the sheer relief of never having to wonder what you were going to play next. But beside this there was an attraction rather like that of a large theatrical family—the feeling that everything was related to a larger imaginative world. In a sense, the Corkerys always seemed to be playing.

She knew that her own being in love with Peter was part of her love affair with the family as a whole, the longing to be connected with them, and the teasing she got about Peter from his brothers and sisters suggested that they, too, recognized it and were willing to accept her as one of themselves. But she also saw that her chance of ever marrying Peter was extremely slight, because Peter was not attracted by her. When he could have been out walking with her he was out walking with his friend Mick MacDonald, and when the pair of them came in while she was in the house, Peter behaved to her as though she were nothing more than a welcome stranger. He was always polite, always deferential—unlike Tim and Joe, who treated her as though she were an extra sister, to be slapped on the bottom or pushed out of the way as the mood struck them.



*"Well, he was tall and dark, with a somewhat raffishly Continental air, a sensuous yet at the same time humorous mouth, and eyes at once penetrating and evasive."*

May was a serious girl; she had read books on modern psychology, and she knew that the very quality that made Peter settle for a life in the world made him unsuitable as a husband. It was strange how right the books were about that. He was dominated by his mother, and he could flirt with her as he never flirted with May. Clearly, no other woman would ever entirely replace his mother in his heart. In fact (May was too serious a girl not to give things their proper names), Peter was the very type of the homosexual—the latent homosexual, as she learned to call it.

Other boys *wanted* to go out with her, and she resented Peter's unfailing courtesy, though in more philosophic spells she realized that he probably couldn't help it, and that when he showed his almost boyish hero worship of Mick MacDonald before her it was not his fault but Nature's. All the same, she thought it very uncalled-for on the part of Nature, because it left her no particular interest in a world in which the only eligible young man was a queer. After a year or two of this, her thoughts turned more and more to the quiet convent where the Corkery girls contentedly carried on their simple lives of meditation and prayer. Once or twice she dropped a dark hint that she was thinking of becoming a nun herself, but each time it led to a scene with her father.

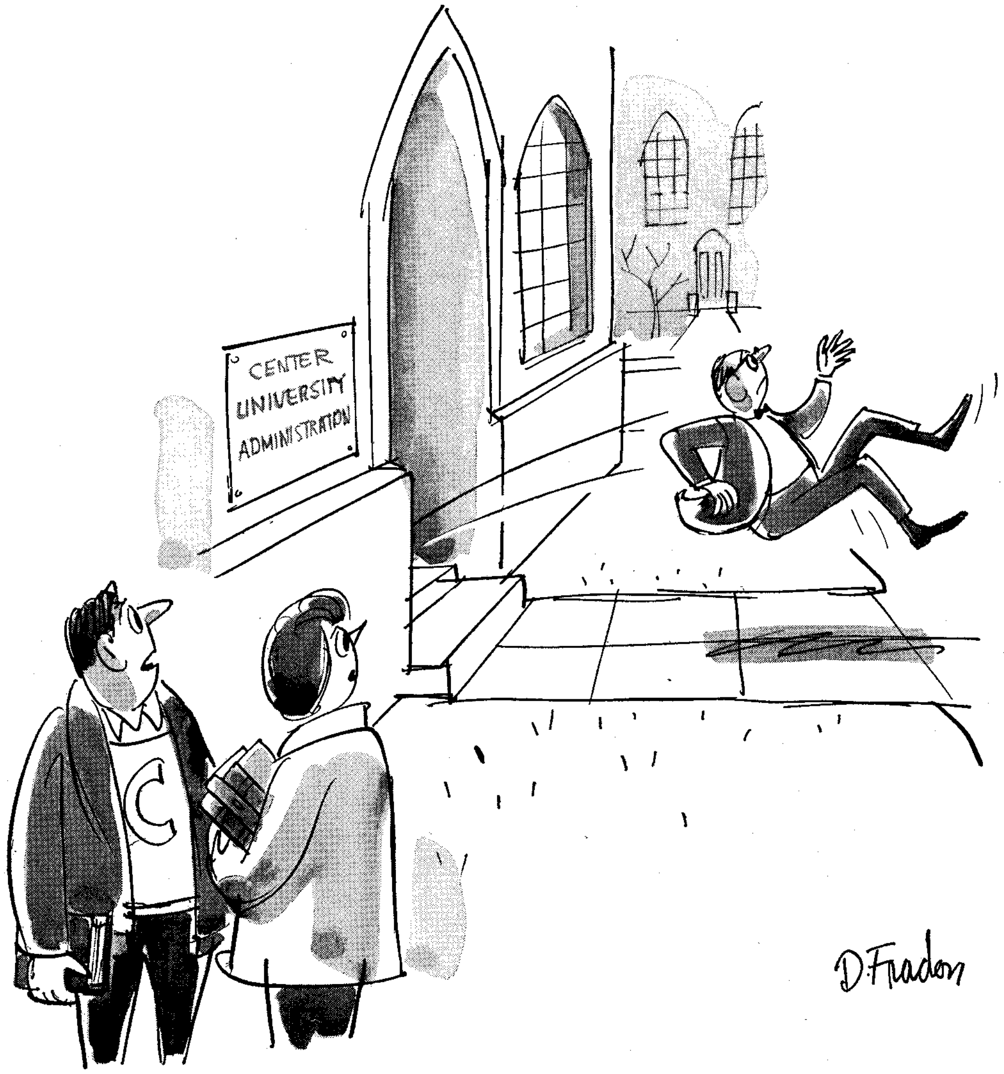
"You're a fool, girl!" he said harshly, getting up to pour himself an extra drink. May knew he didn't altogether resent being provoked, because it made him feel entitled to drink more.

"Now, Jack, you must not say things like that," her mother said anxiously.

"Of course I have to say it. Look at her! At her age! And she doesn't even have a boy!"

"But if there isn't a boy who interests her!"

"There are plenty of boys who'd interest her if only she behaved like a natural girl," he said gloomily. "What do you think a boy wants to do with a girl? Say the Rosary? She hasn't behaved naturally ever since she got



*"Gee, I thought he had tenure!"*

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friendly with that family—what's their name?"

"Corkery," Mrs. MacMahon said, having failed to perceive that not remembering the Corkerys' name was the one way the poor man had of getting back at them.

"Whatever their name is, they've turned her into an idiot. That's no great surprise. They never had any brains to distribute, themselves."

"But still, Jack, you will admit they've got on very well."

"They've got on very well!" he echoed scornfully. "In the Church! Except that young fellow, the solicitor's clerk, and I suppose he hadn't brains enough even for the Church. They should have put him in the friars."

"But after all, their uncle is the Dean."

"Wonderful Dean, too," grumbled Jack MacMahon. "He drove me out of twelve o'clock Mass, so as not to listen to his drivel. He can hardly speak decent English, not to mind preaching a sermon. 'A bunch of baloney!' " he quoted angrily. "If we had a proper bishop, instead of the one we have, he'd make that fellow speak correctly in the pulpit at least."

"But it's only so that his congregation will understand him, Jack."

"Oh, his congregation understands him only too well. Himself and his tall hat and his puffed-up airs! Common, that's what he is, and that's what all the family are, on both sides. If your daughter wants to be a nun, you and the Corkerys can arrange it between you. But not one penny of my money goes into their pockets, believe me!"

May was sorry to upset him, but for herself she did not mind his loathing of the whole Corkery family. She knew that it was only because he was fond of her and dreaded being left without her in his old age. He had spoiled her so long as she was not of an age to answer him back, and she guessed he was looking forward to spoiling his grandchildren even worse because he would not live long enough to hear them answer him back. But this, she realized, was what the Corkerys had done for her—made all that side of life seem unimportant.

She had a long talk with Mother Agatha, Mrs. Corkery's sister, about her vocation, which confirmed her in her resolution. Mother Agatha was very unlike her sister, who was loud-voiced and humorous. The Mother Superior was pale, thin, cool, and with the slightest trace of an ironic wit that might have passed unnoticed by a stupider girl. But May noticed it, and realized that she was being observed very closely indeed.

She and her mother did the shopping for the trousseau, but the bills and parcels were kept carefully out of her father's sight. Drunk or sober, he refused to discuss the matter at all. "It would only upset him just now, poor man," her mother said philosophically. He was drinking heavily, and when he was in liquor he quarrelled a lot with her mother about little things. With May he avoided quarrels, or even arguments, and it struck her that he was training himself for a life in which he would no longer have her to quarrel with. On the day of the reception he did not drink at all, which pleased her, and was icily polite to everybody, but when, later, she appeared behind the parlor grille, all in white, and the sun caught her, she saw his face in the darkness of the parlor, with all the life drained out of it, and suddenly he turned and left without a word. It was only then that a real feeling of guilt sprang up in her at the thought of the miserable old age that awaited him—a man like him, who loved young creatures who could not answer him back, and who would explain to them unweariedly about the sun and moon and geography and figures. She had answered him back in a way that left him with nothing to look forward to.

ALL the same, there was something very comforting about the life of an enclosed order. It had been organized a long, long time before, by people who knew more about the intrusions of the outside world than May did. The panics that had seized her about her ability to sustain the life diminished and finally ceased. The round of duties, services, and mortifications was exactly what she had needed, and little by little she felt the last traces of worldliness slip from her—even the very human worry about the old age of her father and mother. The convent was poor, and not altogether from choice. Everything in the house was mean and clean and cheerful, and May grew to love the old drawing room that had been turned into a chapel, where she knelt, in her own place, through the black winter mornings when at home she would still be tucked up comfortably in bed. She liked the rough feeling of her clothes and the cold of the floor through her sandals, though mostly she liked the proximity of Tessie and Sheela.

There were times when, reading the lives of the saints, she wished she had lived in more heroic times, and she secretly invented minor mortifications for herself to make sure she could endure them. It was not until she had been in the convent for close on a year that she noticed that the minor mortifications were liable to be followed by major depressions. Though she was a clever woman, she did not try to analyze this. She merely lay awake at night and realized that the nuns she lived with—even Tessie and Sheela—were not the stuff of saints and martyrs but ordinary women who behaved in religion very much as they would have behaved in marriage, and who followed the rule in the spirit in which her father went to Mass on Sundays. There was nothing whatever to be said against them, and any man who had got one of them for a wife would probably have considered himself fortunate, but all the same, there was something about them that was not quite grown-up. It was very peculiar and caused her great concern. The things that had really frightened her about the order when she was in the world—the loneliness, the austerity, the ruthless discipline—now seemed to her meaningless and harmless. After that she saw with horror that the great days of the Church were over, and that they were merely a lot of perfectly commonplace women play-acting austerity and meditation.

"But my dear child," Mother Agatha said when May wept out her story to her, "of course we're only children. Of course we're only play-acting. How else does a child learn obedience and discipline?"

And when May talked to her about what the order had been in earlier days, that vague, ironic note crept into Mother Superior's voice, as though she had heard it all many times before. "I know, Sister," she said, with a nod. "Believe me, I do know that the order was stricter in earlier times. But you must remember that it was not founded in a semi-arctic climate like ours, so there was less chance of the sisters' dying of double pneumonia. I have talked to half the plumbers in town, but it seems that central heating is not understood here. . . . Everything is relative. I'm sure we suffer just as much in our very comfortable sandals as the early sisters suffered in their bare feet, and probably at times rather more, but at any rate we are not here for the sole purpose of suffering mortification, whatever pleasures it may hold for us."

Every word Mother Agatha said made perfect sense to May while she was saying it, and May knew she was being ungrateful and hysterical, but when the interview was over and the sound of her sobs had died away, she was left with the impression that Mother Agatha was only another commonplace woman, with a cool manner and a sarcastic tongue, who was also acting the part of a nun. She was alone in a world of bad actors and actresses, and the Catholicism she had known and believed in was dead.

A few weeks later she was taken to a private nursing home. "Just for a short rest, Sister," as Mother Agatha said. "It's a very pleasant place, and you will find a lot of other religious there who need a rest as well."

THERE followed an endless but timeless phase of weeping and confusion, when all May's ordinary life was broken up and strange men burst into her room and examined her and asked questions she did not understand and replied to questions of hers in a way that showed they had not understood them either. Nobody seemed to realize that she was the last Catholic in the world; nobody understood her tears about it. Above all, nobody seemed to be able to hear the gramophone record that played continuously in her head, and that stopped only when they gave her an injection.

Then, one spring day, she went into the garden for a walk and a young nurse saw her back to her room. Far ahead of them, at the other end of a long, white corridor, she saw an old man with his back to her, and remembered that she had seen his face many times before and had perceived, without paying attention to, his long, gloomy, ironic face. She knew she must have remembered him, because now she could see nothing but his back, and suddenly the words "Who is that queer old man?" broke through the sound of the gramophone record, surprising her as much as they seemed to surprise the young nurse.

"Oh, him!" the nurse said, with a smile. "Don't you know him? He's here for years."

"But why, Nurse?"

"Oh, he doesn't think he's a priest, and he is one really, that's the trouble."

"But how extraordinary!"

"Isn't it?" the nurse said, biting her lower lip in a smile. "Cripes, you'd think 'twas something you wouldn't forget. He's nice, really, though," she added gravely, as though she felt she had been criticizing him.

When they reached May's room, the young nurse grinned again, in a guilty way, and May noticed that she was ex-

## SUNKEN FOREST

Where the water ran
there is now nothing. Shadow of leaf and stone
drown in that darkness; are equal shadow
where the bright scattered sun
fails at the water's surface, and the spell
is not cast. On the reeded shores
gray skeletons collapse to the still water,
the bones of trees entangled; out farther,
like broken pikes, the tops of dead pines
totter and ruin in the unseen wind.

The odor is
of patience.

Of sleep. This is a map
of sleep. The spell
not cast. An old man, an old house filled with rooms,
most in darkness. Tomorrow the same.

—EDWARD WEISMILLER

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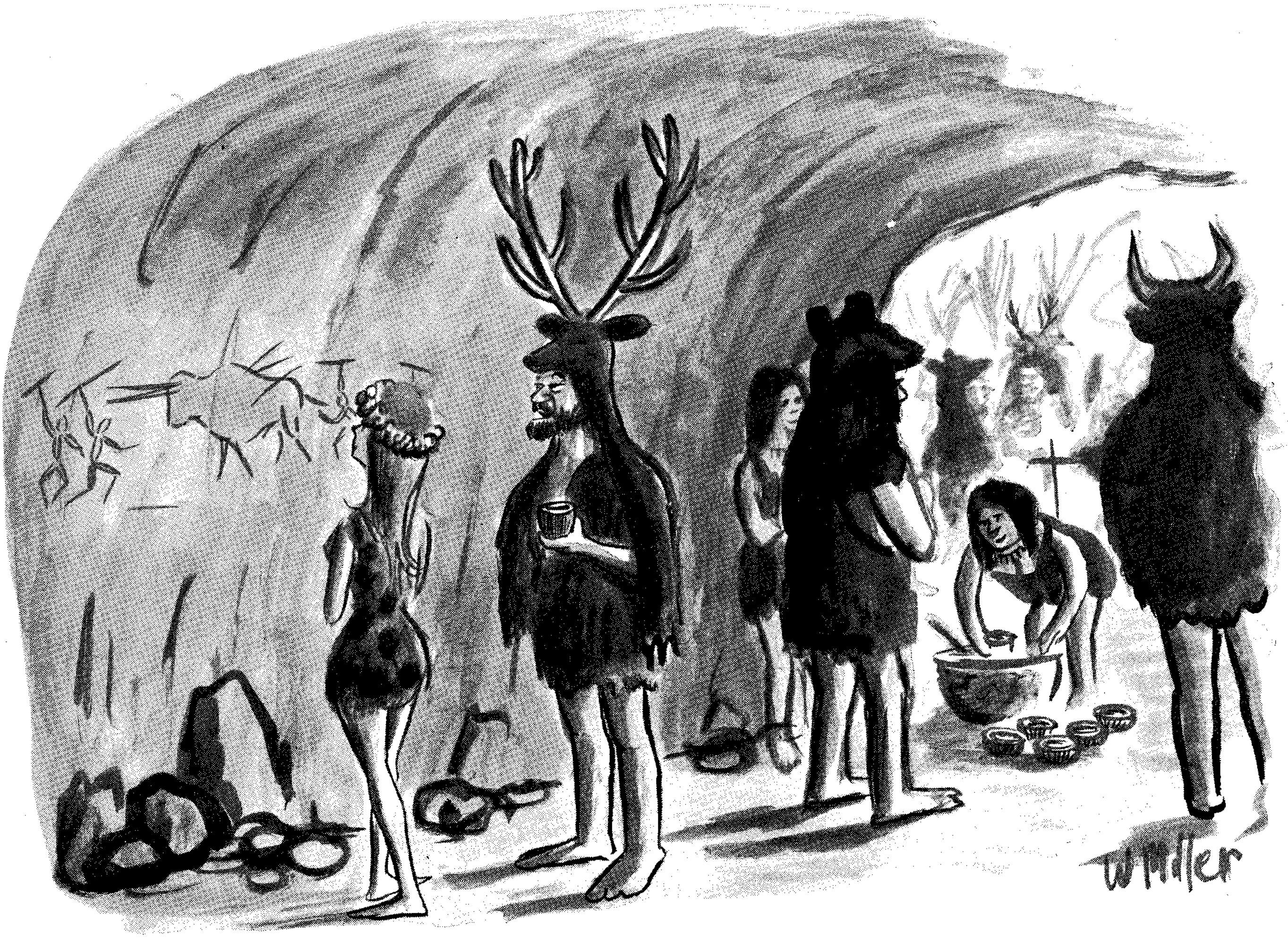

*"I'll grant you his work has a certain naïve immediacy."*

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travagantly pretty, with small, gleaming front teeth.

"*You're* getting all right, anyway," she said.

"Oh, really?" May said vaguely, because she knew she was not getting all right. "Why do you think that, Nurse?"

"Oh, you get to spot things," the nurse said with a shrug, and left May uncomforted, because she didn't know if she really did get well how she could face the convent and the other nuns again. All of them, she felt, would be laughing at her. Instead of worrying about the nuns, she went into a mournful daydream about the old priest who did not think he was a priest, and next day, when her father called, she said intensely, "Daddy, there's a priest in here who doesn't believe he's a priest—isn't that extraordinary?" She did not hear the tone of her own voice or know how reasonable it sounded, and so she was surprised when her father looked away and started fumbling mechanically in his jacket pocket for a cigarette.

"Well, you don't have to think you're a nun either," he said, with an unsteady voice. "Your mother has your own room ready for you when you come home."

"Oh, but Daddy, I have to go back to the convent."

"Oh, no you don't. No more convents for you, young lady! That's fixed up already with Mother Superior. It was all a mistake from the beginning. You're coming straight home to your mother and me."

Then May knew she was really going to get well, and she wanted to go home with him at once, not to go back up the stairs behind the big iron door where there was always an attendant on duty. She knew that going back home meant defeat, humiliation, and despair, but she no longer cared even about that. She just wanted to take up her life again at the point where it had gone wrong, when she had first met the Corkerys.

HER father brought her home and acted as though he had rescued her from a dragon's den. Each evening, when he came home from work, he sat with her, sipping at his drink and talking quietly and comfortably. She felt he was making great efforts to assure that she felt protected and relaxed. Most of the time she did, but there were spells when she wanted her mother to put her back in the nursing home.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," her mother said characteristically. "It would upset your poor father too much."

But she did discuss it with the doctor—a young man, thin and rather unhealthy-looking, who looked as though he, too, was living on his nerves—and he argued with May about it.

"But what am I to do, Doctor, when I feel like this?" she asked plaintively.

"Go out and get jarred," he said briskly.

"Get what, Doctor?" she asked feebly.

"Jarred," he repeated without embarrassment. "Stoned. Polluted. Drunk. I don't mean alone, of course. You need a young fellow along with you."

"Oh, not that again, Doctor!" she said, and for some reason her voice came out exactly like Mother Agatha's—which was not how she intended it to sound.

"And some sort of a job," he went on remorselessly. "There isn't a damn thing wrong with you except that you think you're a failure. You're not, of course, but as a result of thinking you are you've scratched the surface of your mind all over, and when you sit here like this, looking out at the rain, you keep rubbing it so that it doesn't heal. Booze, lovemaking, and hard work—they keep your hands away from the sore surface, and then it heals of its own accord."

She did her best, but it didn't seem to heal as easily as all that. Her father got her a job in the office of a friend, and she listened, in fascination, to the chatter of the other secretaries. She even went out in the evening with a couple of them and listened to their common little love stories. She knew if she had to wait until she talked like that about fellows in order to be well, her case was hopeless. Instead, she got drunk and told them how she had been for years in love with a homosexual, and, as she told it, the story became so hopeless and dreadful that she sobbed over it herself. After that she went home and wept for hours, because she knew that she had been telling lies, and betrayed the only people in the world whom she had really cared for.

Her father made a point of never referring at all to the Corkerys, the convent, or the nursing home. She knew that for him this represented a real triumph of character, because he loathed the Corkerys more than ever for what he believed they had done to her. But even he could not very well ignore the latest development in the saga. It seemed that Mrs. Corkery herself had decided to become a nun. She announced placidly to everyone that she had done her duty by her family, who were now all comfortably settled, and that she felt free to do what she had always wanted to do anyhow. She discussed it with the Dean, who practically excommunicated her on the spot. He said the family would never live down the scandal, and Mrs. Corkery told him it wasn't the scandal that worried him at all but the loss of the one house where he could get a decent meal. If he had a spark of manliness, she said, he would get rid of his housekeeper, who couldn't cook, was a miserable sloven, and ordered him about as if he were a schoolboy. The Dean said she would have to get permission in writing from every one of her children, and Mrs. Corkery replied calmly that there was no difficulty whatever about that.

May's father didn't really want to crow, but he could not resist pointing out that he had always said the Corkerys had a slate loose.

"I don't see anything very queer about it," May said stubbornly.

"A woman with six children entering a convent at her age!" her father said, not even troubling to grow angry with her. "Even the Dean realizes it's mad."

"It *is* a little bit extreme, all right," her mother said, with a frown, but May knew she was thinking of her.

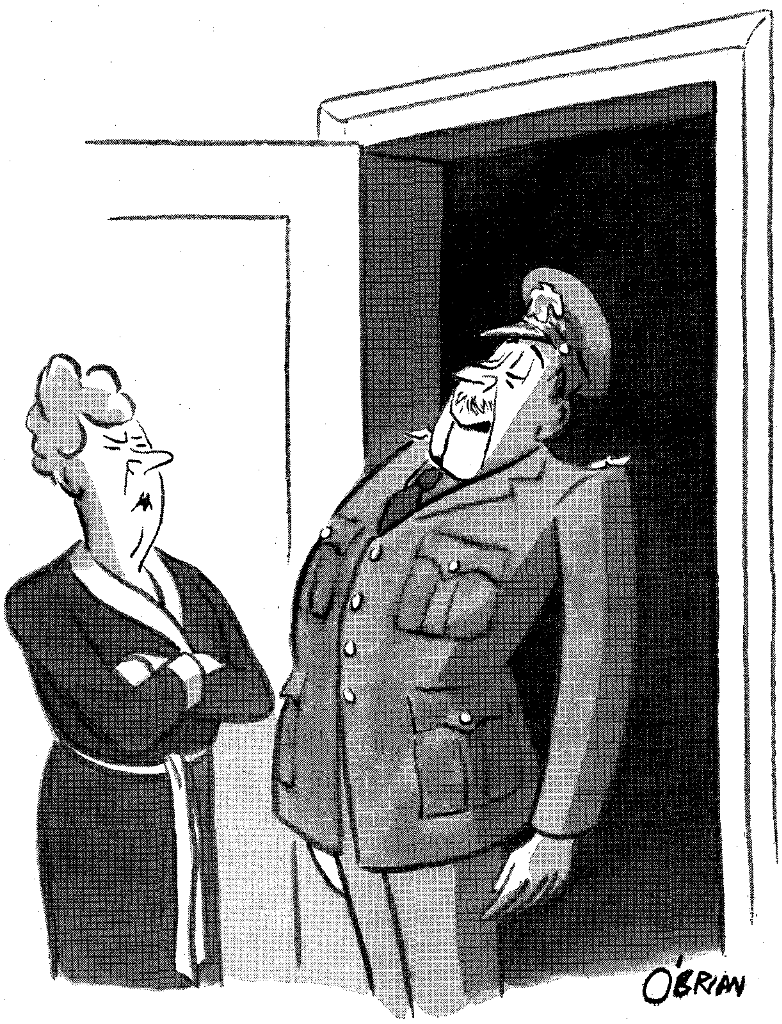
May had the feeling that Mrs. Corkery would make a very good nun if for no other reason than to put her brother and Mother Agatha in their place. And of course, there were other reasons. As a girl she had wanted to be a nun, but for family reasons it was impossible, so she had become a good wife and mother, instead. Now, after thirty years of pinching and scraping, her family had grown away from her and she could return to her early dream. There was nothing unbalanced about that, May thought bitterly. *She* was the one who had proved unbalanced.

For a while it plunged her back into gloomy moods, and they were made worse by the scraps of gossip that people passed on to her, not knowing how they hurt. Mrs. Corkery had collected her six letters of freedom and taken them herself to the Bishop, who had immediately given in. "Spite!" the Dean pronounced gloomily. "Nothing but spite—all because I don't support his mad dream of turning a modern city into a medieval monastery."

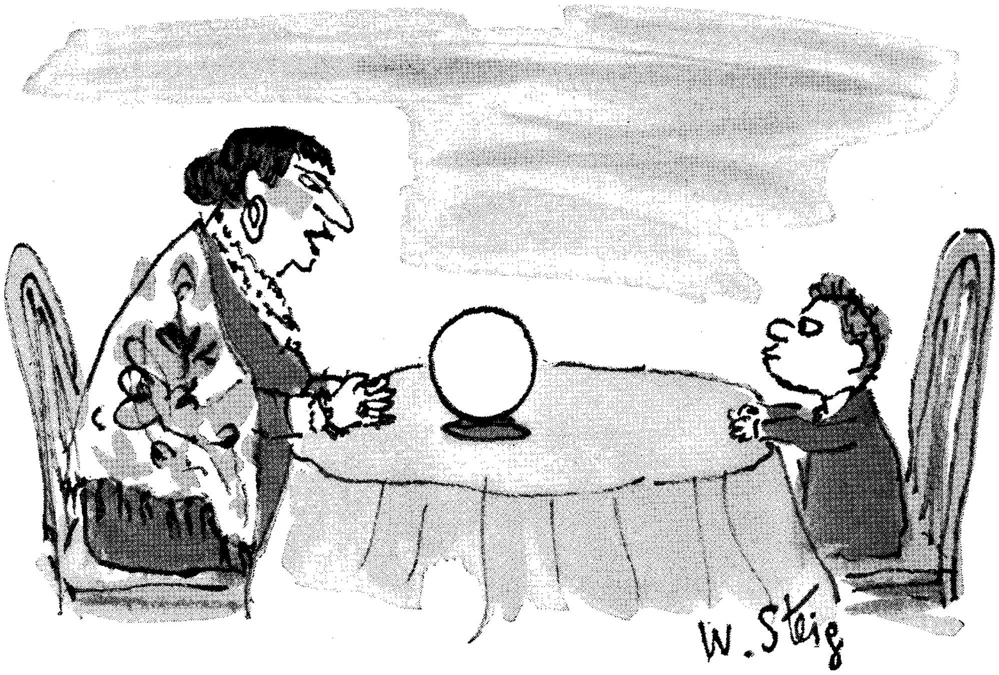
On the day of Mrs. Corkery's reception, May did not leave the house at all. It rained, and she sat by the sitting-room window, looking across the city to where the hills were almost invisible. She was living Mrs. Corkery's day through—the last day in the human world of an old woman who had assumed the burden she herself had been too weak to accept. She could see it all as though she were back in that mean, bright little chapel, with the old woman lying out on the altar, covered with roses like a corpse, and an old nun shearing off her thin gray locks. It was all so intolerably vivid that May kept bursting into sudden fits of tears and whimpering like a child.

ONE evening a few weeks later, she came out of the office in the rain and saw Peter Corkery at the other side of the street. She obeyed her first instinct and bowed her head so as not to look at him. Her heart sank as he crossed the road to accost her.

"Aren't you a great stranger, May?" he asked, with his cheerful grin.



*"James A. Morrissey, Colonel, U.S. Army, 09256."*



*"You will settle on Mars, marry a beautiful Martian woman, have many children, and be very happy."*

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"We're very busy in the office these days, Peter," she replied, with false brightness.

"It was only the other night Joe was talking about you. You know Joe is up in the seminary now?"

"No. What's he doing?"

"Teaching. He finds it a great relief after the mountains. And, of course, you know about the mother." This was it!

"I heard about it. I suppose ye're all delighted?"

"*I* wasn't very delighted," he said, and his lips twisted in pain. "'Twas the most awful day I ever spent. When they cut off her hair—"

"You don't have to remind me."

"I disgraced myself, May. I had to run out of the chapel. And here I had two nuns after me, trying to steer me to the lavatory. Why do nuns always think a man is looking for a lavatory?"

"I wouldn't know. I wasn't a very good one."

"There are different opinions about that," he said gently, but he only hurt her more.

"And I suppose you'll be next?"

"How next?"

"I was sure you had a vocation, too."

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "I never really asked myself. I suppose, in a way, it depends on you."

"And what have I to say to it?" she asked in a ladylike tone, though her heart suddenly began to pant.

"Only whether you're going to marry me or not. Now I have the house to myself and only Mrs. Maher looking after me. You remember Mrs. Maher?"

"And you think I'd make a cheap substitute for Mrs. Maher, I suppose?" she asked, and suddenly all the pent-up anger and frustration of years seemed to explode inside her. She realized that it was entirely because of him that she had become a nun, because of him she had been locked up in a nursing home and lived the life of an emotional cripple. "Don't you think that's an extraordinary sort of proposal—if it's intended to be a proposal."

"Why the hell should I be any good at proposing? How many girls do you think I've proposed to?"

"Not many, since they didn't teach you better manners. And it would never occur to yourself to say you loved me. Do you?" she almost shouted. "Do you love me?"

"Sure, of course I do," he said, almost in astonishment. "I wouldn't be asking you to marry me otherwise. But all the same—"

"All the same, all the same, you have reservations!" And suddenly language that would have appalled her to hear a few months before broke from her, before she burst into uncontrollable tears and went running homeward through the rain. "God damn you to Hell, Peter Corkery! I wasted my life on you, and now in the heel of the hunt all you can say to me is 'All the same.' You'd better go back to your damn pansy pals, and say it to them."

She was hysterical by the time she reached Summerhill. Her father's behavior was completely characteristic. He was the born martyr and this was only another of the ordeals for which he had been preparing himself all his life. He got up and poured himself a drink.

"Well, there is one thing I'd better tell you now, daughter," he said quietly but firmly. "That man will never enter this house in my lifetime."

"Oh, nonsense, Jack MacMahon!" his wife said in a rage, and she went and poured herself a drink, a thing she did under her husband's eye only when she was prepared to fling it at him. "You haven't a scrap of sense. Don't you see now that the boy's mother only entered the convent because she knew he'd never feel free while she was in the world?"

"Oh, Mother!" May cried, startled out of her hysterics.

"Well, am I right?" her mother said, drawing herself up.

"Oh, you're right, you're right," May said, beginning to sob again. "Only I was such a fool it never occurred to me. Of course, she was doing it for me."

"And for her son," said her mother. "And if he's anything like his mother, I'll be very proud to claim him for a son-in-law."

She looked at her husband, but saw that she had made her effect and could now enjoy her drink in peace. "Of course, in some ways it's going to be very embarrassing," she went on peaceably. "We can't very well say 'Mr. Peter Corkery, son of Sister Rosina of the Little Flower' or whatever the dear lady's name is. In fact, it's very difficult to see how we're going to get it into the press at all. However, as I always say, if the worst comes to the worst, there's a lot to be said for a quiet wedding. . . . I do hope you were nice to him, May?" she asked.

It was only then that May remembered that she hadn't been in the least nice and, in fact, had used language that would have horrified her mother. Not that it would make much difference. She and Peter had travelled so far together, and by such extraordinary ways.

—Frank O'Connor (1903-1966)

•

Two Japanese style Japanese girls to work full or part time Japanese restaurant.—*Adv. in the Monterey Peninsula Herald.*

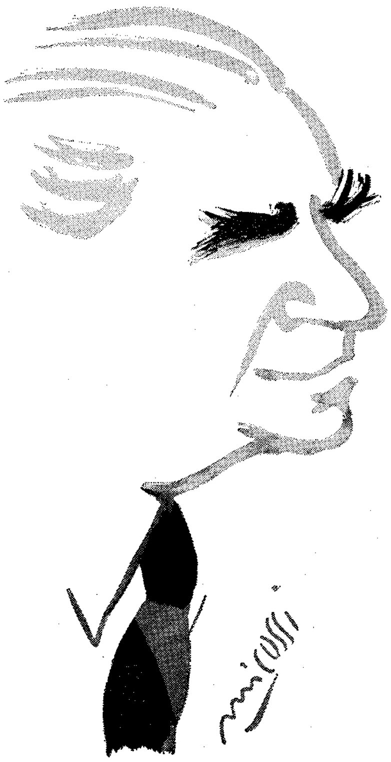
Sort of a Japanese-style Japanese restaurant?

# PROFILES

## AN ABSTRACT ART

THE first time I saw Raffaele Mattioli—rising to greet me from behind a large desk, and dismissing a blue-uniformed usher, who had shown me into his office in Milan—I found myself wondering why he looked familiar. Then it came to me. He is a big, powerfully built man, and his face—with full lips, a Roman nose, and dark eyes set deep under thick eyebrows and a broad forehead—had instantly called to my mind one of the timeless old men who live in Michelangelo's frescoes. I felt that I was in the presence of a Renaissance patriarch on temporary loan to the twentieth century. My impression was not altogether preposterous, for, like the great figures of the Renaissance, Mattioli is a man of varied interests and accomplishments. Readers of poetry know him for his translations into Italian of many sonnets of Shakespeare and of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." As owner of the distinguished firm of Casa Riccardo Ricciardi, which issues Italian classics in beautiful editions, he occupies an important position in the publishing world. He has attained considerable stature in academic circles as an economist and historian. And a vineyard he has developed over the years (he gave it to his daughter after her marriage a few years ago) is known throughout Tuscany for the high quality of its Chianti. It is no secret that a great many wines being sold today as Chianti are not actually made from the grapes of the district, but Mattioli's Chianti is; he is proud of his wine, and most of it is sold to a venerable firm in England whose standards in such matters are as high as his own. Mattioli seems to have excelled at every activity he has ever embarked on, and he got into the one he is best known for almost by accident, at another man's suggestion. He is many things to many people in Italy, but principally he is the chairman of the board of directors of what is generally recognized in financial circles the world over as Italy's foremost banking establishment. This is the Banca Commerciale Italiana, or B.C.I., whose destiny he has guided for more than three decades.

It has been said that Mattioli proves Stendhal to have been right when he wrote that "a good philosopher can always become a good banker." Mattioli would be the first to point out that the converse hardly holds true. He himself doesn't look like a banker, nor does he behave like one or talk like one. He has no use for the pomposity in which some of his international colleagues indulge, and even on fairly formal occasions he will appear in a baggy flannel suit, a colored shirt, a tie with a thick knot, and a wide-brimmed hat of the *fin-de-siècle* Montmartre variety. His private office at the bank's headquarters, in Milan, is a large, wood-panelled chamber that seems always to be in a state of majestic disorder. I have never seen such an office in any other bank. There are books everywhere—on shelves along the walls, on a round table in the middle of the room, on almost all the chairs, on the floor, and on the desk, where they are carelessly flung down on top of balance sheets and confidential reports. Some of the books are on banking, finance, or economics, but most of them are works of poetry, history, or philosophy. The windows of the room look out on the Piazza della Scala, which is dominated by Magni's monument to Leonardo da Vinci. Mattioli called my attention to the fine views he has, right from his desk, of the Teatro alla Scala, which he naturally characterized as the world's greatest opera house, and of the beautiful Palazzo Marino, which was built for a wealthy Genoese banker by Galeazzo Alessi in the sixteenth century and is now the seat of Milan's municipal government. He also informed me that the world's greatest composer of operas, Giuseppe Verdi, had died nearby in the Grand Hôtel, while people wept in the streets below, and he said that only a few steps from the Piazza, through the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, is the Duomo, which is one of the three largest churches in Europe. The bank's location obviously delights Mattioli, and he expressed deep satisfaction that Italy's great powers—the Church, music, art, politics, and finance—are neighbors in what he calls a microcosm of the whole country.



*Raffaele Mattioli*

Mattioli's home, I learned, is a large apartment just around the corner from the bank in an old *palazzo* on a street that bears the name of one of his favorite writers, Alessandro Manzoni. And when Mattioli is neither at home nor at his bank, he is apt to be at his publishing house, which is conveniently situated just a few doors away. In fact, all three buildings are in the same block, so days can go by in which he doesn't need to cross a street, and, Milan's traffic being what it is, this is another source of satisfaction to him. I gathered that Mattioli's daily routine is as unorthodox as everything else about the man. He told me that he rarely gets to the bank in the morning before eleven. At one, he walks home for a quiet lunch with his wife, and after that he takes a siesta. He returns to his office at around five in the afternoon, and stays until ten or later. Those hours in which the bank is empty except for night watchmen are the time to do some really constructive banking, he said enthusiastically.

EVEN a brief conversation with Mattioli reveals that he is fond of paradox, and leads to the suspicion that he enjoys confusing people. He is an expert practitioner of the art of irony, which has always been highly regarded in the country of Goldoni, Machiavelli, and Pirandello. Friends of his have told me that they are often unable to tell whether he means what he is saying. A good many people, it appears, are often unable to understand him at all, but this doesn't appear to bother him. In a recent annual report, he included a statement about the bank's responsibilities in the management of credit that may be translated, "Ours is a practical activity of a purely intellectual kind; it seeks to reconcile an abstraction of a mechanical order with a reality of a biological order." Some of his associates asked him if he would clarify this a little, since some recipients of the report might find it rather cryptic. Mattioli replied that those who didn't understand it should simply reread it until they did.

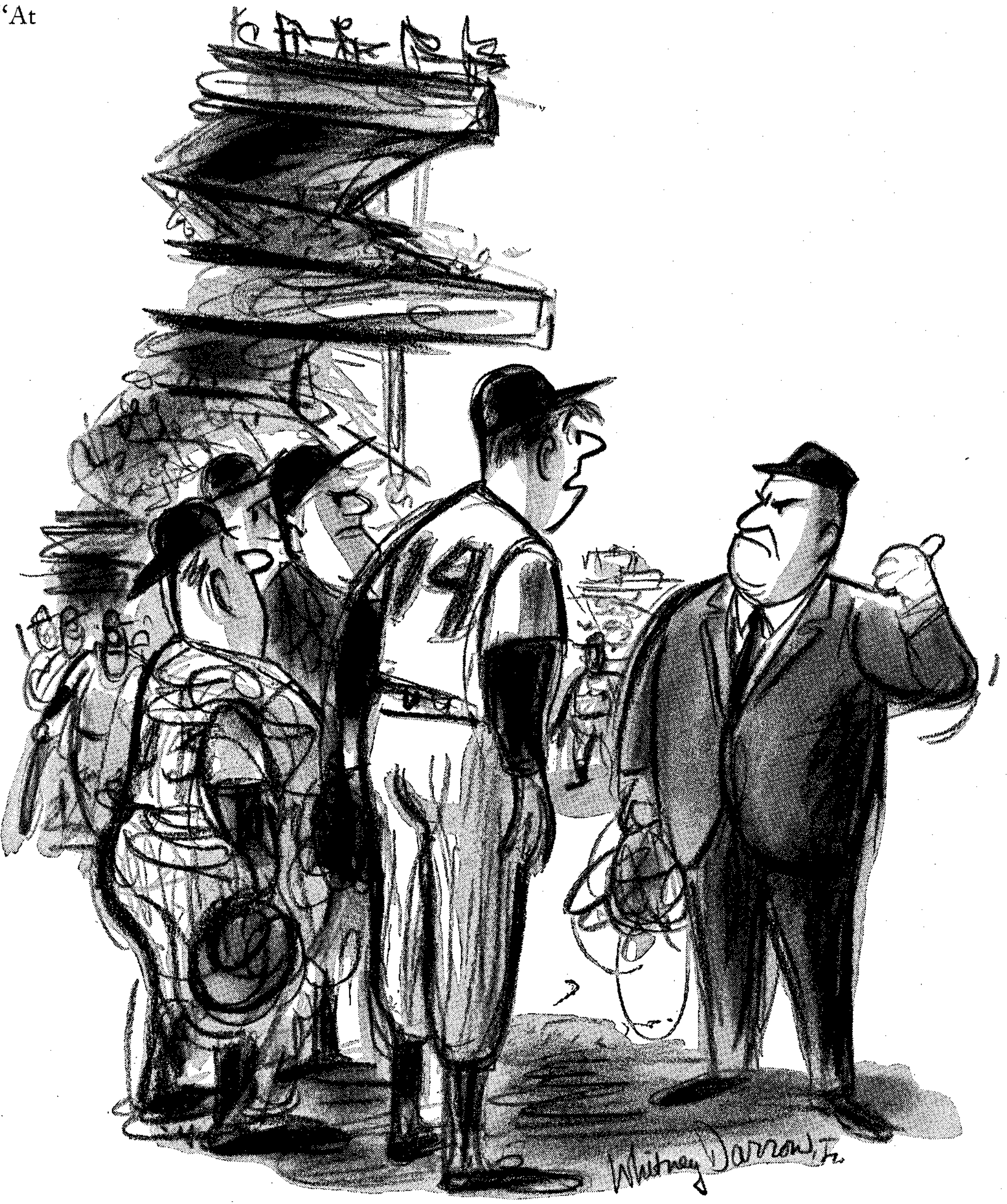
When I remarked on how unusual it was to find a banker who translated poetry, Mattioli's face took on an expression of sardonic merriment, and his voice took on a histrionic resonance. "I see no difference whatever between a poem and a balance sheet," he said. Our conversation was in English, for the most part, but Mattioli, who is at ease in French and German as well as Italian, borrowed freely from any of these languages when it suited his purpose. His hands were in constant motion as he developed the theme. "At best, each is a work of art, and I approach both in the same way. When I look at either a poem or a balance sheet, I try to see the center of gravity, the focal point. I read and I judge. How are things grouped around the center? Is there a natural equilibrium? What is the weight of the various components? Will the foundations support them? I ask myself these questions whether I am studying a profit-and-loss statement, a Shakespeare sonnet, the Gothic structure of the Duomo, or the fugue at the end of Verdi's 'Falstaff.' One always looks for the source of truth—wasn't it Mommsen who said that? It applies to history, philosophy, poetry—and also to banking, which is a little of everything."

Mattioli's face suddenly became almost solemn, and, lowering his voice, he said, "A banker must always remain in command of money. If he ever permits money to take command of him, he's in trouble. And a banker should never forget the words of Cardinal Borromeo—that there can be no authority without service to other people." He paused—it was a calculated pause, I thought—and then, smiling ironically, continued, "To say that we are at the service of our country is to utter a cliché with a faint trace of self-glorification. But, if I may invoke another authority, a banker's work, like a government's, should be 'of the people, by the people, for the people.' "

Mattioli went on to say that although he deplores the tendency of bankers to calculate all transactions in terms of profit, he does not regard his own approach to questions of finance as a romanticized one. A prominent Wall Street investment banker, he said, had confided that he saw himself in the role of "one empowered to convert dreams into reality with the help of a little money." Mattioli smiled. "That's not the way I look at it," he assured me. "To me, banking is an abstract art in an abstract world."

More specifically, Mattioli sees the function of a banker as that of a mediator between two distinct but interdependent economic entities—deposits and loans. This is much more than a simple exercise in arithmetic, because granting credit in effect creates new capital and stimulates the formation of new deposits in the banking system; no money is actually drawn out of a depositor's account when a bank uses his savings as the basis of a loan, which may then be invested in a business that brings in money to other people. "The management of credit is a great responsibility," Mattioli declared. "It's certainly no job for a bureaucrat. It takes imagination, and a thorough understanding of the fact that a bank exists to lend money and that money is lent to be used." For many years, the Banca Commerciale Italiana was known as the bank of big business in Italy—"the licensed breeder of pachyderms," as Mattioli put it—but in recent years the emphasis has been shifted and today the average business loan is only about twenty million lire, or thirty thousand dollars.

"Italy's problem of problems is a



*"But I'm the guest on the post-game show 'Kiner's Corner.' "*

very old one—we need more capital," Mattioli told me. "All our other economic problems revolve around it, including the conflict between public enterprise and private initiative—one waits for the other to make a decision, and both of them excuse themselves for doing nothing by asking where the money is to come from, although everyone knows that money put into sound and healthy production makes more money. Everywhere you look, the demand for credit is greater than the available resources. Selecting the right people to get credit among so many possible borrowers is very difficult."

Mattioli takes a characteristically skeptical view of his country's economic growth in the postwar years. "Nearly all the economic-index figures have tripled, but our very prosperity has called attention to a number of serious imbalances, particularly in the fields of education, health services, and communications," he said. "We've got something like full employment for the first time in history, and one unavoidable consequence of that has been an impatient reinforcement of the bargaining power of the trade unions, which, in turn, has affected the stability of our politics. There has been a sharp rise in consumption—a demand for goods that the domestic market cannot satisfy—and the increase in imports has kept us worrying about our balance of payments." Italy's economic situation is further complicated by what Mattioli calls "the paradox of depressed areas." He pointed out that money invested in a depressed region may not really benefit that region very much. Large amounts have been invested in the Mezzogiorno, the impoverished southern part of the Italian peninsula, with the result that many people there are now able to buy radios and washing machines, motorcycles and automobiles, nearly all of which are manufactured in the prosperous northern part of Italy. Consequently, a good deal of the money sent to the south for development purposes is flowing back where it came from. Only about twenty-four per cent of Italy's total population lives in the northern industrial regions of Lombardy, Piedmont, and Liguria, but that twenty-four per cent earns fifty per cent of the national income. To correct this imbalance, the government has initiated a long-term program to improve education, housing, and community development in the Mezzogiorno and to establish refineries, chemical factories, and other industrial enterprises there. Several big northern companies—including the Montecatini chemical company and the Olivetti business-machines company—have expanded into the south. But there is still a great shortage of skilled workers in the region, and Mattioli made it clear to me that he does not consider the problem of the Mezzogiorno even half solved. "There are two ways of helping the development of depressed areas," he said. "One is to hand out direct aid and aid in the form of subsidies, low-interest loans, tax exemptions, and privileged investment quotas. But all this only perpetuates the harmful split between protector and protected. The other way, which is much more difficult, is to make the entire economic system of which the underdeveloped area is a part grow and prosper by modernizing and strengthening its productive equipment and renewing its institutions. Eventually, this method can put Italy into the proper relationship with her Mezzogiorno, Europe into the proper relationship with Italy, the industrial nations of the

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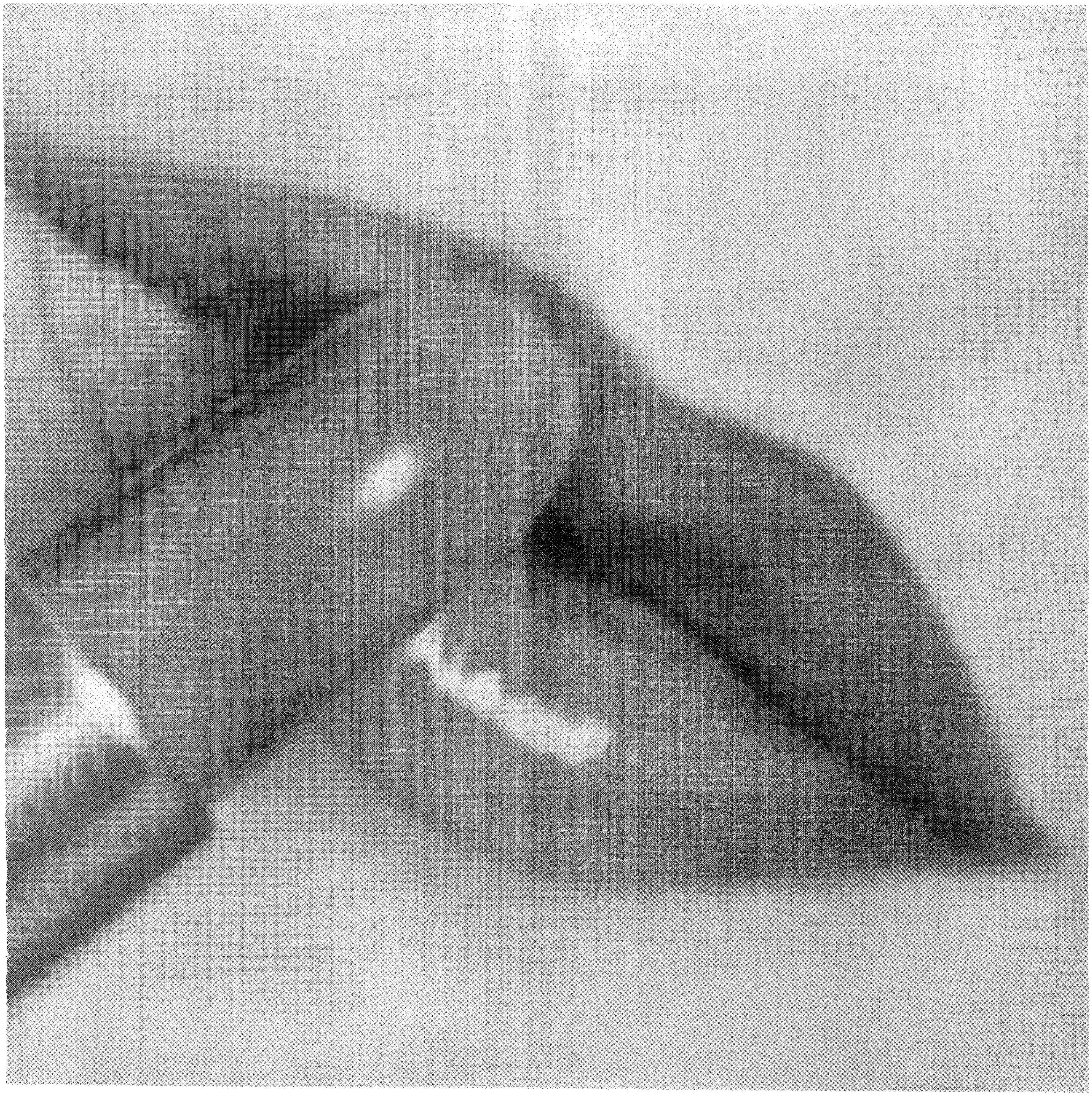

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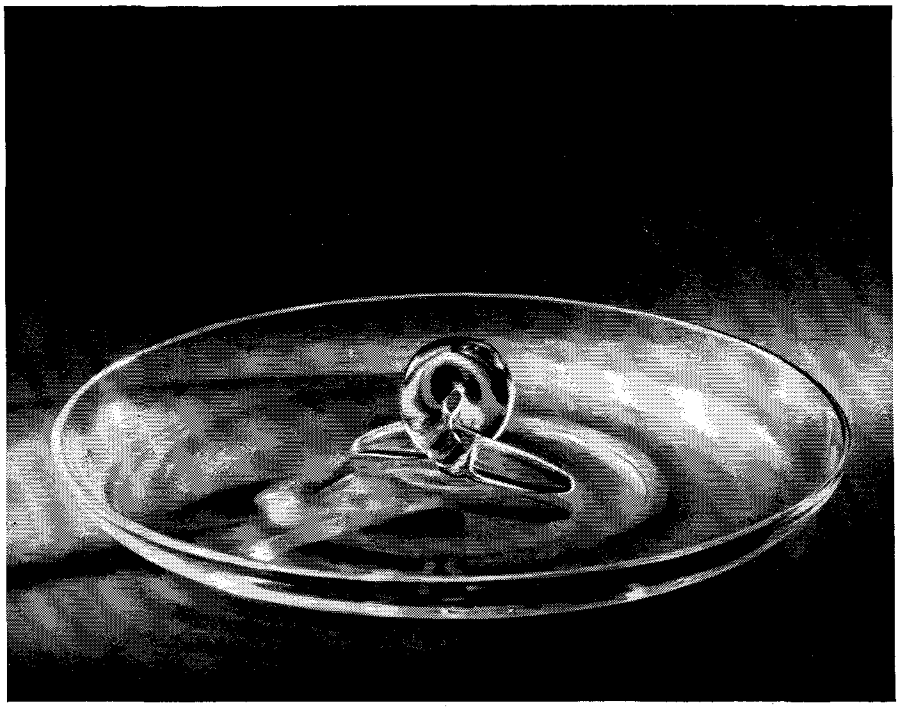

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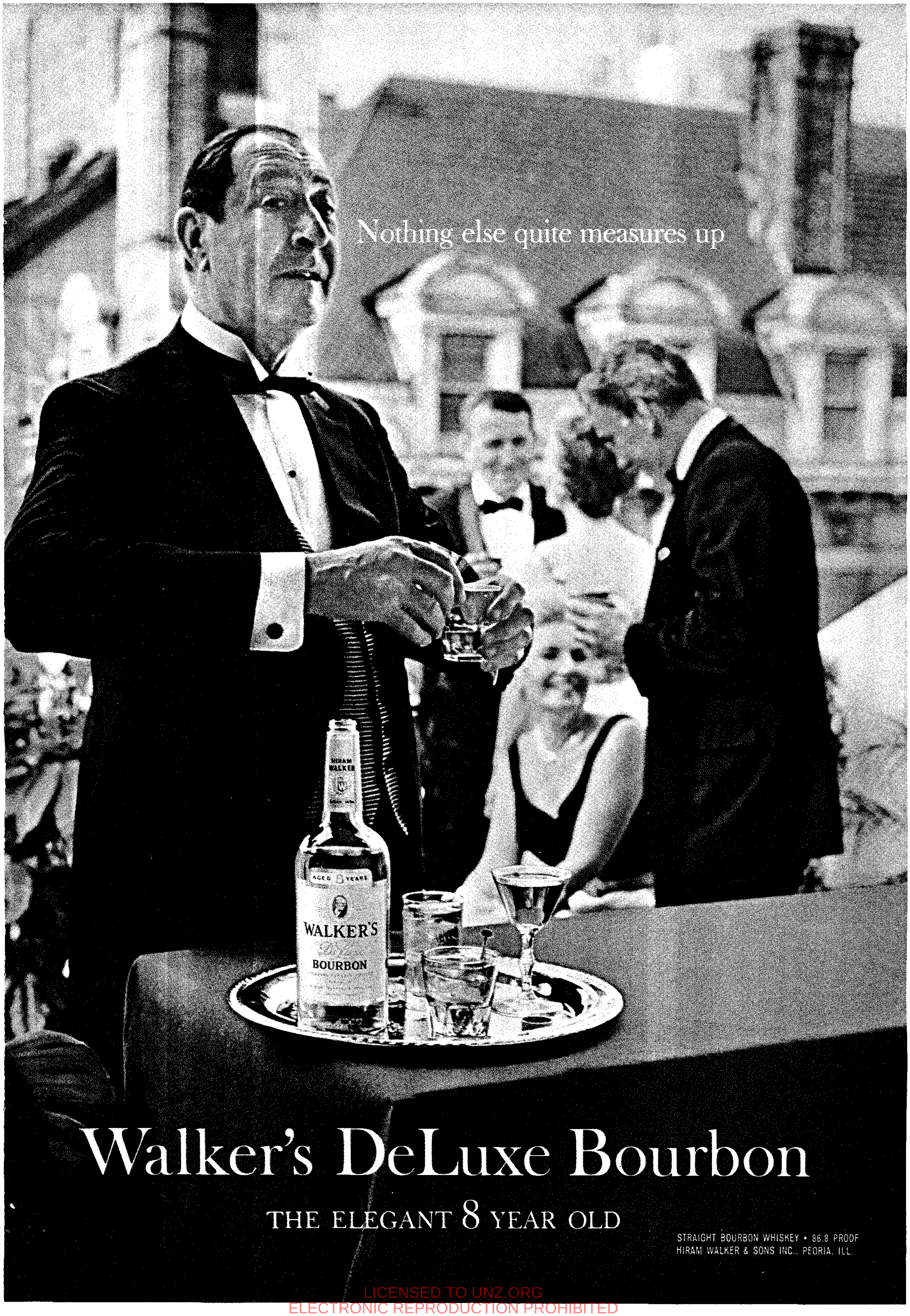
world into the proper relationship with the poverty-stricken areas. The problem is so much more than a mere matter of local maladjustment that it might defeat even Prospero and all the spirits at his command."

Mattioli walked over to a window and stood looking out over the activity in the Piazza. "So I was left rather cold by all the international applause for what some people called 'Italy's economic miracle,'" he said. "We were told that we were the smartest boys in the class, that we had won first prize for our strong currency, our rate of production, the sacks of gold piled up in our vaults. But when admiration is colored by surprise, we must reject it. In a hundred years, will the combined resources of all the nations of the world be sufficient to provide even the minimum of well-being for the swarming population of our planet? That is the miracle we must pray for. And the problems that still beset us right here in Italy are so many that if we don't use our available resources wisely to increase our ability to produce, there will be no miracle. We might as well put up a sign like that one forbidding God to work miracles in the cemetery of Saint-Médard, in Paris—'*De par le Roy défense à Dieu/De faire miracle en ce lieu.*'"

I asked Mattioli how he went about determining the use of the available resources of his bank; that is, how he decided who should get credit.

The question brought a frown to his face. "A great many elementary questions go through my head at the same time," he said. "Naturally, I ask myself if I can trust the man who wants credit—will the money come back? But there are a lot of other matters to consider. Does he submit the elements of a sound proposition? Does he give me all the necessary data? Is he keeping anything back from me, either knowingly or—this is much worse—unknowingly? And, most important of all, what is he going to do with the money? I try to determine both what use he expects to make of it and how it will *really* be working—which may not be the same thing. What will the money produce? Will it merely sustain the client, or will it further his economic growth?" Mattioli is contemptuous of bankers who rely heavily on statistics and computers in making decisions. "Machines can be helpful as long as they are used only for information, but no statistics can replace the singular operations of the human mind," he said. "The great danger with machines is that they ignore the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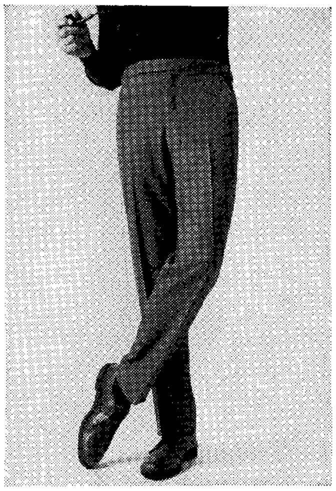
human element. They reduce people to figures, and that makes for trouble. The banker's profession, if exercised conscientiously, calls for hard work and perception, worry and courage, enthusiasm and calm nerves. Admittedly, this is a preposterous mixture of contradictory qualities and emotions. But without them we are nothing but bureaucrats."

Mattioli looked around in a conspiratorial fashion and said, "Bankers like to appear the picture of dignity, the image of noblesse. Don't be fooled. They are merely trying to cover up their inconsistencies and doubts. Between success and bankruptcy there is a margin no wider than a razor's edge. You know, in my younger years, when I worked for the financial press, I used to write amusing articles about bankers. I was like a second-rate music critic. It is easy to be sarcastic about people who compose music, to make fun of those who perform it. Well, today I am a banker, and I myself must write and perform the sort of financial music I used to criticize. That is not so easy." He was silent for a moment, and then went on, "We bankers, like the members of some other professions, are fond of pretending that we know everything. I always try to remember the advice of my father, who told me that a man should never be afraid to admit that he doesn't understand something—particularly if he knows all about it." The recollection caused a beatific smile to illuminate Mattioli's face.

MATTIOLI's father, from whom, it appears, he inherited his predilection for paradox, kept a small general store in the town of Vasto, south of Pescara, in the Abruzzi Apennines, a wild mountain range where the Mezzogiorno begins. Mattioli, who described the Abruzzi to me as being in about the same latitude as Rome but centuries behind it, was born in Vasto on March 20, 1895; he went to school in the town of Chieti, a few miles away, so he had ample opportunity during his childhood and early youth to observe the economic problems of the Mezzogiorno. Although he has spent all of his adult life in the north, he loves to reminisce about village life in Vasto, and at times he has been known to lapse into the dialect of the south, at least long enough to make use of some of the colorful expressions for which that part of the world is noted. (The rich diversity of the Italian peninsula is a source of pride to Mattioli, and his desire to see the economic institutions of all its regions modernized is bal-



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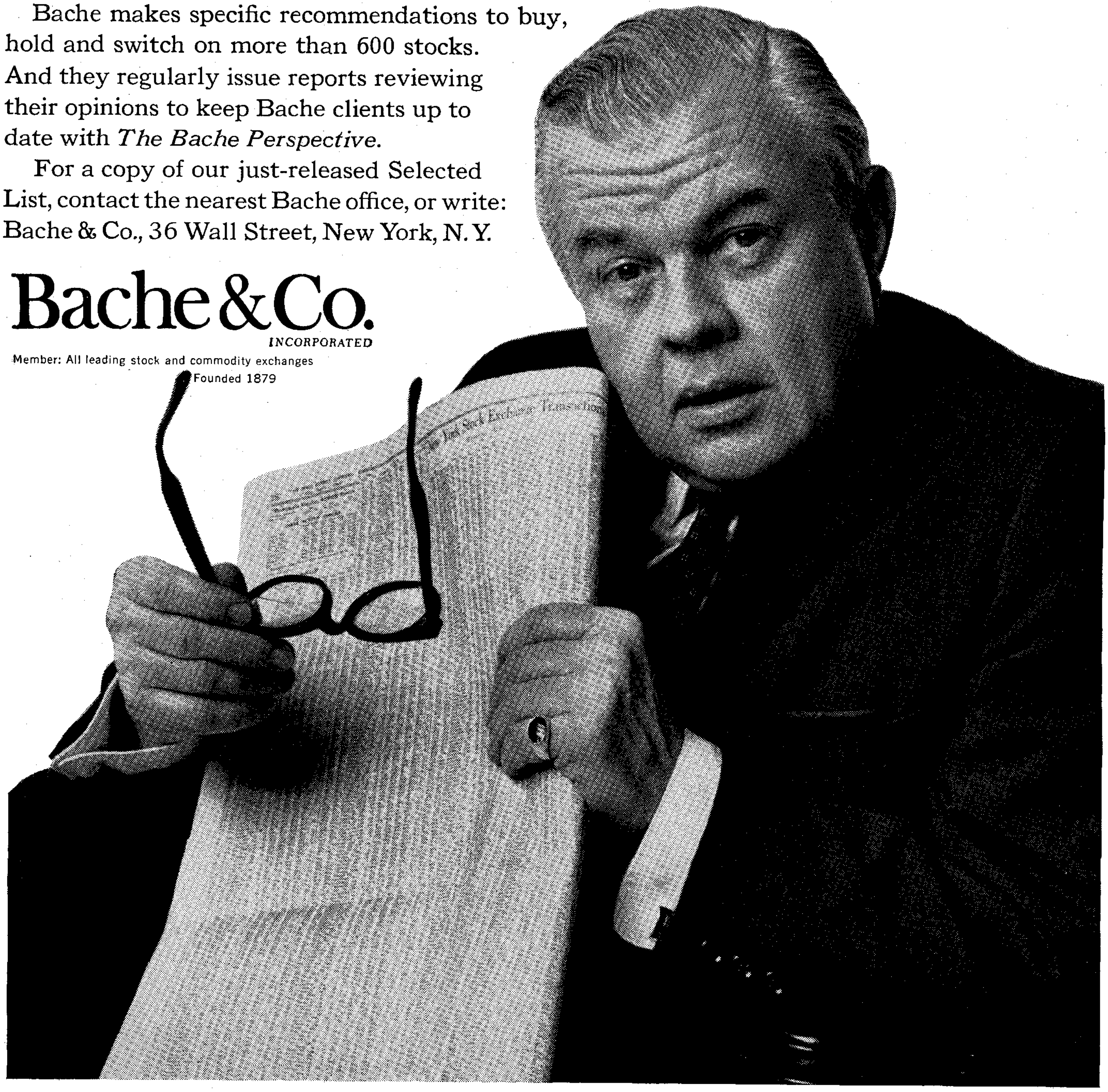

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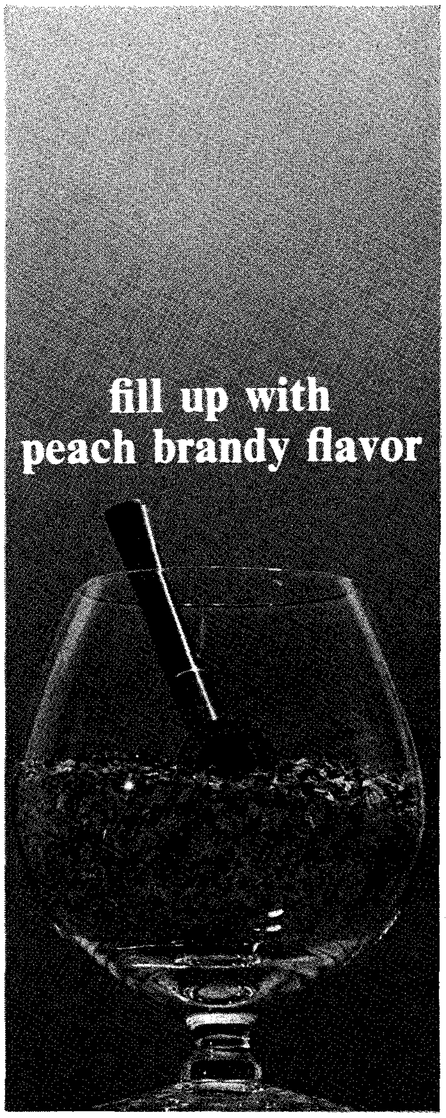
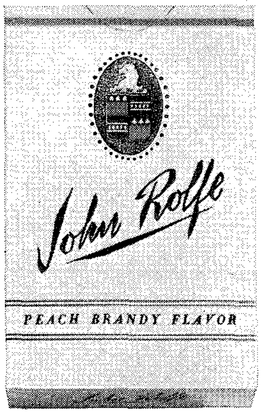
anced by a conviction that the modernization must not entail the imposition of cultural uniformity. In a recent report, he declared that the "essential characteristic of our country, which consists in the subtle diversity of the situation in each area and in each sector . . . should not be eliminated—planning should not mean levelling—but should, on the contrary, be defended, extolled, encouraged, and protected.")

The storekeeper's son from Vasto went north to study at the University of Genoa, and soon decided that he would like to stay in the academic world, studying and teaching economics. "Economics appealed to me because it is part history and part philosophy, and its philosophy, however abstruse, is always connected with the miseries and hopes of humanity," he explained. "And I found that I loved teaching, because when you teach, you are also taught." His ambitions were temporarily diverted by the First World War, during which he served as a junior officer in the Italian Army, was wounded, and was decorated. While the disposition of the Hungarian port of Fiume was being debated at the Paris Peace Conference, Mattioli joined the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio, another native of the Abruzzi, in his melodramatic attempt to seize and hold the city for Italy; Mattioli told me that the ignominious failure of the project strengthened his natural preference for realism over romanticism in the conduct of publice affairs.

When he left Fiume, Mattioli decided to settle in Milan, the commercial and financial center of Italy. At first, he worked on a financial magazine called the *Rivista Bancaria.* (This was the period in which he says he wrote sarcastic articles about bankers.) In 1920, having received a doctorate in economics from the University of Genoa after writing a dissertation on "the stability of money," he was appointed an assistant professor at the Luigi Bocconi Commercial University, in Milan, Italy's foremost center of economic studies. Two years later, a public competition was announced for the post of general secretary of Milan's Chamber of Commerce, and Mattioli decided to take the examination—partly out of intellectual curiosity. "I thought I had had enough theory for a while," he told me. "I wanted to find out whether theory matched practice in economics." Mattioli won the competition and got the job, but almost before he could begin to look into the relationship between theory and practice in economics he was of-





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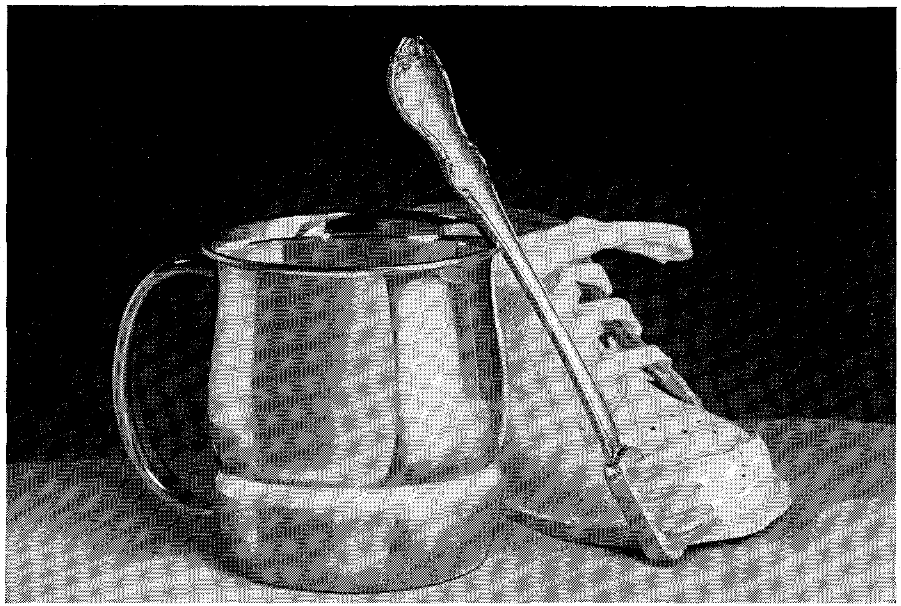
fered an opportunity to conduct his investigation on a much higher level. This opportunity was provided in 1925 by Giuseppe Toeplitz, a native of Poland whose ingenious speculations had made him a legendary figure in European financial circles, and who was at the time the head of the Banca Commerciale Italiana. Mattioli had met Toeplitz several times and had taken a great liking to the man—a round little figure with a goatee and an expansive enthusiasm for good living—and now Toeplitz told him that, after looking around for some time to find just the right person for the job, he had decided to invite Mattioli to become his private secretary. He indicated that the job might have interesting possibilities, since he wanted to start training a successor. Mattioli hesitated. He liked his job with the Chamber of Commerce, which offered him a good deal of freedom. Still planning to devote most of his life to teaching, he wanted to write and do a lot of reading. Working for Toeplitz would mean keeping long, regular hours and adapting himself to the demands of a large business organization. He was only thirty, and he wasn't sure that he was ready to make such a final commitment as the job seemed to require. In explaining to me why he ultimately accepted Toeplitz's offer, Mattioli said that he may have been swayed by the simple fact that for him banking was terra incognita. It didn't remain so for long. Signor Toeplitz's private secretary showed an astonishingly quick grasp of banking matters. Furthermore, according to an old-timer at the bank whom I talked with, right from the first the tall, lean young secretary treated his short, rotund employer "*con deferente superiorità*"—that is, with an air of deferential superiority. "After a couple of years, Mattioli knew more about banking than his boss," my informant said. "Toeplitz remained the gifted amateur, the entrepreneur playing his hunches. Mattioli was a solid pro."

FOR a country with financial houses that can claim to have been open for business since the sixteenth century, the Banca Commerciale Italiana is practically an upstart, having been founded in Milan in 1894. Those who founded it were not Italians. The kingdom of Umberto I had close economic ties with the empire of Wilhelm I, and a group of German bankers who had observed the rapid industrialization of Italy in the last decades of the nineteenth century became convinced that the country could use a new bank. According-



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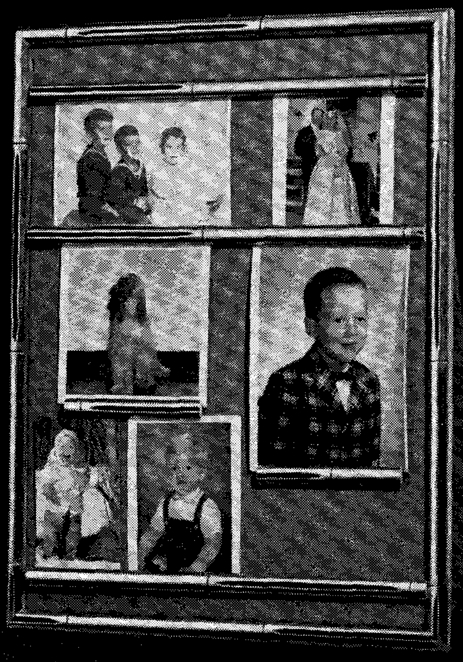

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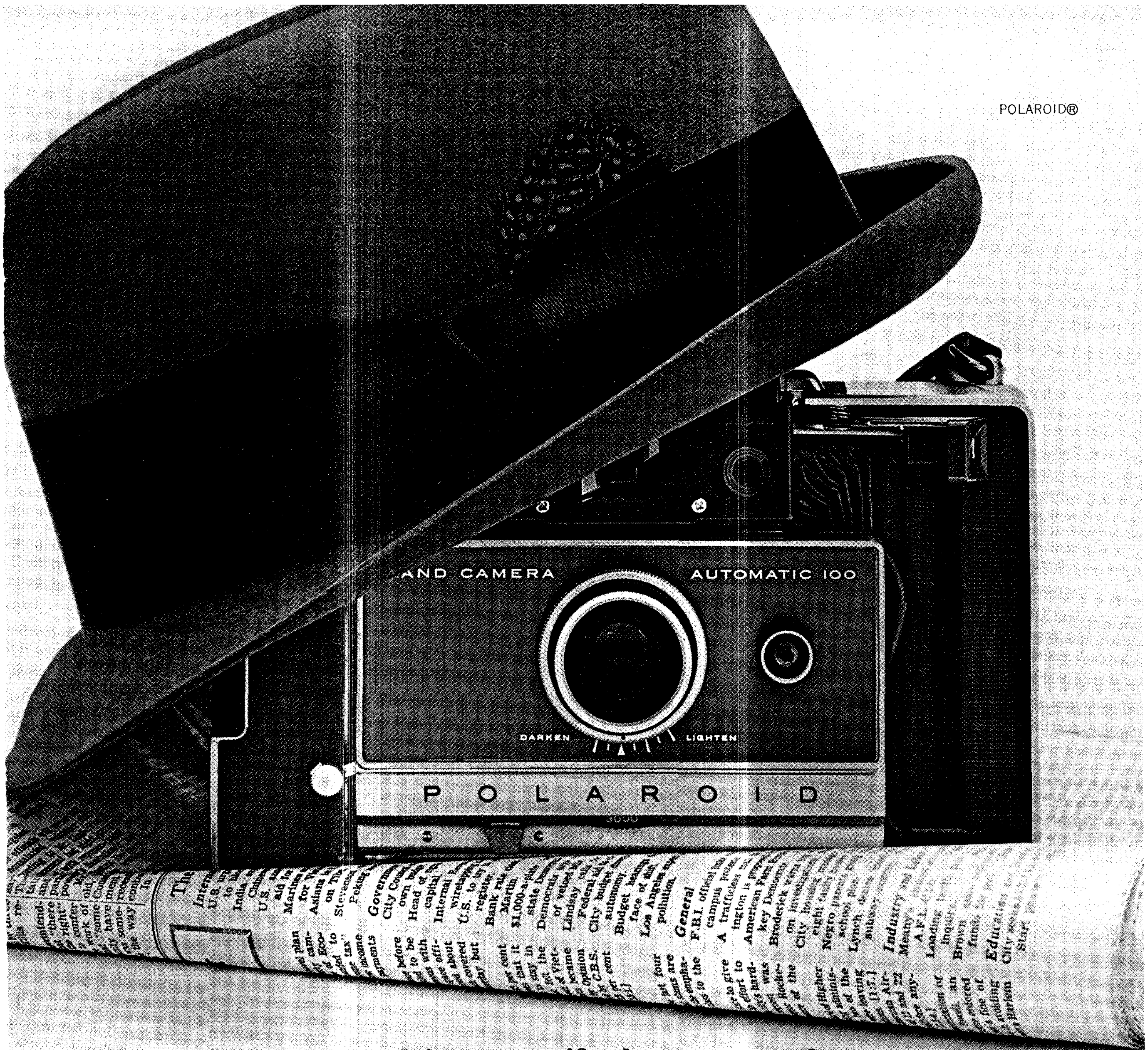

## How to explain to your wife why you went and bought the most expensive automatic Polaroid Color Pack Camera there is, when you could have gotten one that makes pictures just as good and just as fast for less than half the price, big shot.

Start by telling her about the transistorized shutter that lets you shoot black and white pictures *without flash* in a dimly lit room and get perfect time exposures automatically. (You could go into the kids' room at night, for instance, and get pictures of them asleep, with only the night-light on.)

Tell her you'll be able to take beautiful close-ups, too, maybe even win a prize or something, because you can use the close-up and portrait attachments with this camera.

Tell her sure, the economy model will give you color prints in 60 seconds. But *this* camera has a triplet lens. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black and white. A superimposed-image, coupled rangefinder. That should get her. Especially if you say it very fast.

Tell her it's like mink vs. muskrat. Let her stroke the beautiful brushed chrome, the supple leather strap.

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That should do it.

# FATAL!

...WHEN USED ON THE BODY

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ly, the Deutsche Bank, the Disconto Gesellschaft, the Darmstädter Bank, the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft, and the A. Schaaffhausenscher Bankverein became sponsors of a new institution that they named the Banca Commerciale Italiana. Within a few years, however, the young Italian bank had achieved complete independence and was demonstrating its national character by opening branches throughout the peninsula. During the years before the First World War, the bank participated in the financing of Italy's new hydroelectric and textile industries, and of its growing shipyards, railroads, and heavy-machinery plants. The program was an ambitious one, and B.C.I. soon became Italy's leading bank. But in Italy, as elsewhere, not all the economic expansion of the nineteen-twenties was entirely sound. The bank's official history contains the cautious comment "One may now have second thoughts on the policy then pursued, which may not have been wholly in keeping with the tenets of banking orthodoxy." At any rate, in 1931, when the shock waves of the Wall Street crash of 1929 forced the formidable Creditanstalt, the Rothschild family's great bank in Vienna, to suspend payments, disaster quickly spread throughout Europe. In Italy, B.C.I. found itself on the point of failure, for it had billions of lire tied up in what appeared to be irrecoverable claims, and almost no cash on hand to meet the demands of depositors.

Here was a practical lesson indeed for a student of banking philosophy, and after the general collapse Mattioli had a no less instructive opportunity to observe the beginning of a new era in banking, in which the risks bankers could take with depositors' money were to be carefully regulated by law. In the early thirties, the Italian government stepped in to bail out what were legally known as the nation's three "banks of national interest"—the Credito Italiano, the Banco di Roma, and B.C.I.—and the very structure of the big banks was changed. Until that time, B.C.I. had been what the Germans call a "mixed bank," not only holding money on deposit but also carrying out all the customary operations of a merchant bank: financing industry, granting acceptance credit as a means of guaranteeing bills of sale, launching new stock issues, and acting for clients in many investment and commercial activities. After the crisis, B.C.I. was required by law to limit activities to those traditionally associated with commercial banking. As in the United States, where the Glass-Steagall Act of 1933 required

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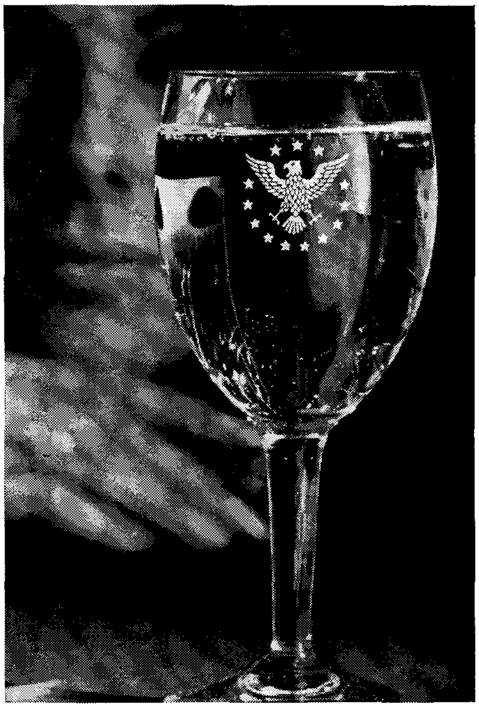

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bankers to choose between merchant banking and commercial banking, Italian bankers were henceforth forbidden to do both. In the course of the banking reorganization in Italy, the government set up and financed a vast central holding company, the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale—or I.R.I.—and this now controls nearly all the shares of the three "banks of national interest." Despite their common ties with I.R.I., they are completely independent in their day-to-day operations and compete freely with one another, and also with several banks that are not controlled by I.R.I. but are owned directly by the state—most notably, the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, which is now the biggest bank in Italy in terms of deposits. B.C.I. now has almost three hundred branches in Italy, and in recent years it has become known as the most dynamic of the Italian banks, in large measure because of the dynamic qualities of its chairman.

AMID the disasters of 1931, Toeplitz announced that he was ready to retire. It was decided that the bank should have two top administrators. Raffaele Mattioli was named to be one of them. The other was an older man named Michelangelo Facconi, and people in the bank were saying:

> "*Con Michelangelo e Raffaello*
> *Certo ogni cosa andrà a pennello.*"

That is, "With Michelangelo and Raphael, everything will go as with a brush"—meaning very smoothly. Given the difficulties facing the bank, that prediction seemed absurdly optimistic, yet, as Mattioli still likes to boast, B.C.I. survived the great crisis with no damage to its depositors. It was touch and go for a long time, but in the end not a single depositor lost a single lira. Facconi retired in 1936, and then Mattioli was sole head of the bank. From the time Mussolini came to power, Mattioli had openly expressed anti-Fascist views, but by now his importance in the financial world had put him beyond the reach of Mussolini's bullies. He gave a number of other anti-Fascists jobs in the bank, and during the war he secretly helped various employees whom he knew to be members of the Italian resistance. One Jewish executive whom I met in Milan told me that shortly before the promulgation of discriminatory racial laws in Italy, he was suddenly transferred to Lima, Peru, to set up a research department for which there seemed to be no pressing need.

According to the banking laws that

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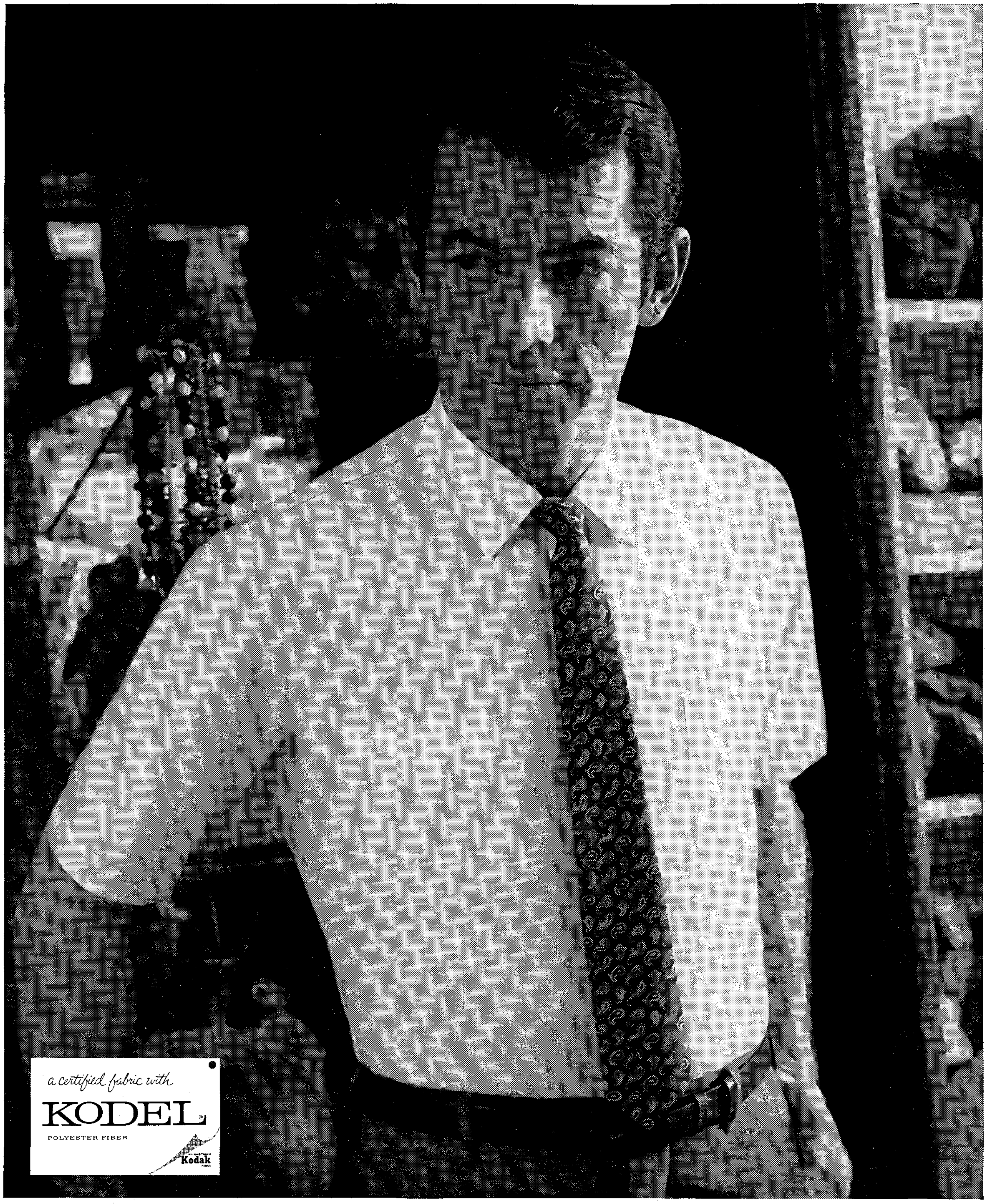

Valuable find for summer: a cool batiste shirt that really holds its shape in spite of humidity. A durable-press finish and a wrinkle-resisting blend of Kodel polyester and cotton give this Springs Mills fabric all-day freshness. Ironing? Forget it. In white and summer pastels. Made to sell for about $6. At fine stores. The ENduRO Stay-Press shirt styled by **ENRO.**

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Mattioli has operated under since the early thirties, B.C.I. must confine its business to the servicing of commercial accounts and the granting of short-term credit—that is, loans to be repaid in no more than twelve months. Under special conditions, it may lend limited amounts for longer periods, but Mattioli's urge to be involved in the financing of new ventures has often required the exercise of great ingenuity. After the Second World War, he helped set up the Banca di Credito Finanziario—better known as Mediobanca, because it grants what is known as "medium" credit (loans to be repaid in from one to five years), together with "financial," or long-term, credit. Mediobanca is controlled by the three "banks of national interest" and, in effect, conducts their merchant-banking operations for them. Despite the legal restrictions imposed on commercial bankers in Italy, much of the work Mattioli does—and certainly the work *he enjoys most—is that of a merchant* banker. B.C.I. is far ahead of any other Italian bank in the field of foreign trade, and Mattioli has assembled a staff of experts well qualified to help Italian merchants and manufacturers expand their businesses nearly anywhere in the world. Mattioli has been particularly active in establishing new contacts for the bank in Latin America, in the Near East, and in the new countries of Africa. S. G. Warburg, a friend of his who is one of London's great merchant bankers, has said, "Mattioli considers it his chief object to advise his clients on, first, their aims and, second, their methods of operation. In these respects, Mattioli is a merchant banker in the best sense of the word, for he serves his clients as consultant and father confessor."

Many large banks maintain special departments to provide business information and advice for their clients, but Mattioli and his associates at B.C.I. prefer a more informal arrangement. "In any sort of conversation, one is giving and taking advice all the time," Mattioli explained to me. "We grant credit, and it is clearly our duty to advise our clients on how to use this credit. No special department is needed for that. People in need of credit come in and want us to look at their plants. So we go and look at their plants, at their machines, at their books. But, above all, we look at the people, and at the relationship between the people and the machines in their plants. This is what really matters. Machines do not make profits. People make profits with the help of machines. The best machinery

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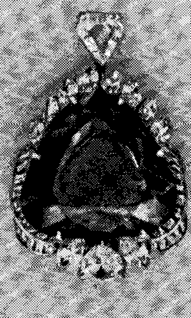

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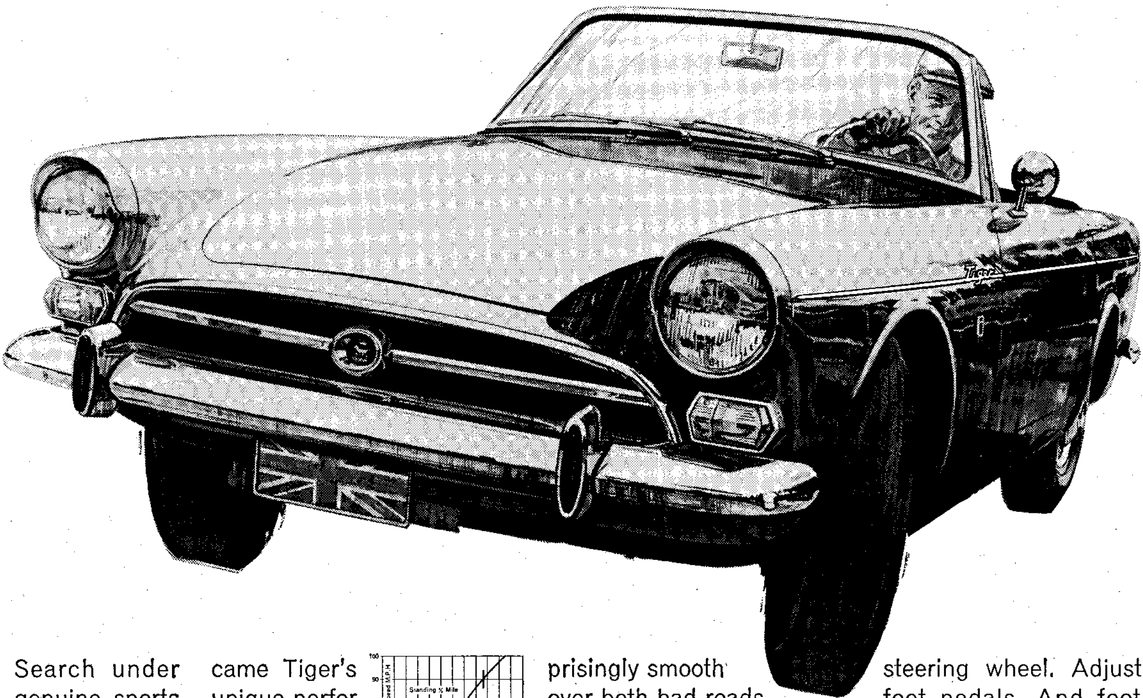
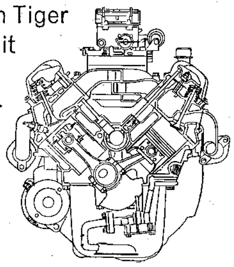
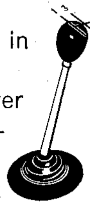


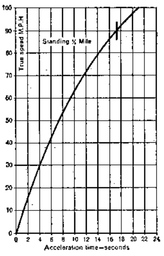
Go ahead. Search under $3600 for a genuine sports car that (1) has 125 m.p.h. capability, (2) does 0 to 60 in 9.2 seconds, (3) turns 100 m.p.h. @ 3900 r.p.m.

There's one—Chrysler's Sunbeam Tiger V-8. And it puts you wheel-to-wheel with the $5500-$7000 jobs.



Tiger's secret? Sunbeam started with a very tough Class F Alpine, built to sell in volume. (100 m.p.h. capability, yet priced under $2500† in the U.S.!) They gave it a potent V-8 power train and modifications to accommodate same, and out came Tiger's unique performance/price proposition.





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Tiger's own four-speed gearbox is close ratioed, starting with 2.32:1 in 1st. With a 2.88 axle and quick clutch, things happen in a hurry here.

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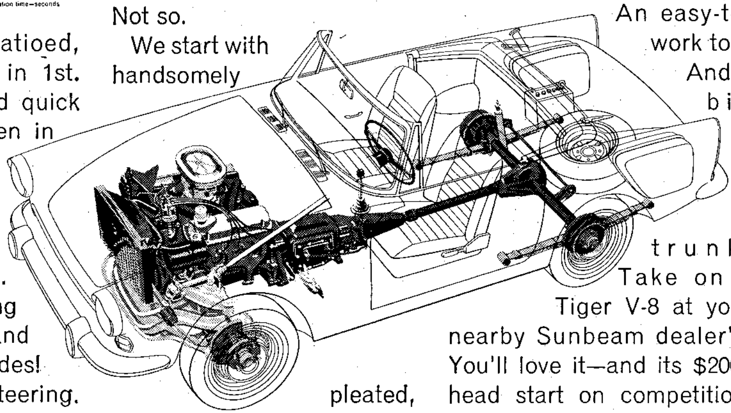
### Comfortable cockpit

With this much punch at the price, you might suspect some short-changing inside. Not so.



We start with handsomely pleated, foam-padded bucket seats. Then make them fully adjustable—with reclining backs.

Then we give you a telescoping steering wheel. Adjustable foot pedals. And footwell ventilation to take the curse off a hot day.

You also get a two-speed heater (standard) for cold days. Plus niceties like a lockable console. A walnut dash. An easy-to-work top. And a big trunk.

Take on a Tiger V-8 at your nearby Sunbeam dealer's. You'll love it—and its $2000 head start on competition.

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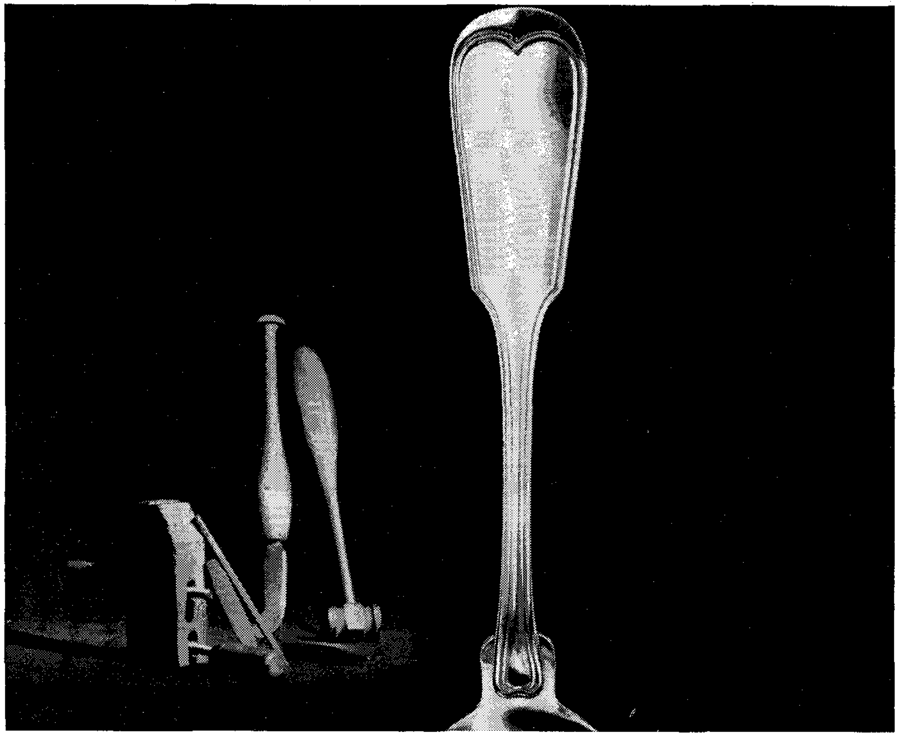

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is useless without the right people handling it."

Mattioli has chosen his own people—those who work with him in the bank—with great care. He does not tolerate any yes men around him, and one of his managing directors confided to me that he always thinks twice before saying that he agrees with the boss, because the consequences can be very unpleasant. "I don't like people who deliberately try to think in my way," Mattioli told me, with some heat. "If I turn out to be right, the other fellow will say he was right, too, but if I am wrong, he will say it was all my fault. Besides, why should I pay a man for thinking the way I do? I can do that for myself. It would be a waste of money." He drives his associates in the bank hard, and they are well aware that Sundays and holidays mean nothing to him. He tends to become even more caustic than usual when any of his executives indicate that they would like to take a vacation. He is likely to tell them that they will have all the time they want when they retire, and recently, when one man broke a leg on the last day of a long vacation, Mattioli proclaimed the accident an act of poetic justice. And he will telephone bank employees after midnight whenever he has a problem on his mind. In spite of such autocratic treatment, all his associates are clearly devoted to him. On the other hand, the wives of some find the chairman's attitude exasperating, and have been heard to mutter that he just likes to have an audience available day and night. Manifestly, there is some truth in this, for most of the important decisions reached in the bank are the result of a lively interaction between Mattioli and his staff. At weekly meetings with his top associates, he systematically challenges any proposals that may be up for consideration. "Sometimes I tell them that I don't understand what they plan to do, and that makes them sit up and think a little harder," he said. "We play a continuous and complicated intellectual game here. A game like that is very healthy for bankers."

Some people have come to feel that Mattioli loves contradiction for the sake of contradiction. After a long and inconclusive conference with him, a prominent American banker once told him, "You know, you're so dead set against any kind of orthodoxy that I don't think you care what you do as long as it's unorthodox." After telling this story with some amusement, Mattioli went on to say that in many ways

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**Caffè Espresso**

Here's a real drink to brighten your outlook! Instant or regular Medaglia d'Oro Espresso is easily brewed in any coffeemaker you own! Serve in demi-tasse cups with a twist of emon peel. Add sugar to taste. Stir with enthusiasm. Now think Via Veneto.

**Caffè Poncino**

Stir a teaspoon of rum into a steaming glass or demi-tasse cup of Medaglia d'Oro Espresso. Add twist of lemon peel, sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather, Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow! You'll find it perfect for entertaining or intimate family gatherings. Medaglia d'Oro also adds dash to other liqueurs. Splash it with Calvados, Anisette, Cointreau, Curaçao, Kümmel, Ouzo. And now, think the Appian Way.

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MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE
MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE

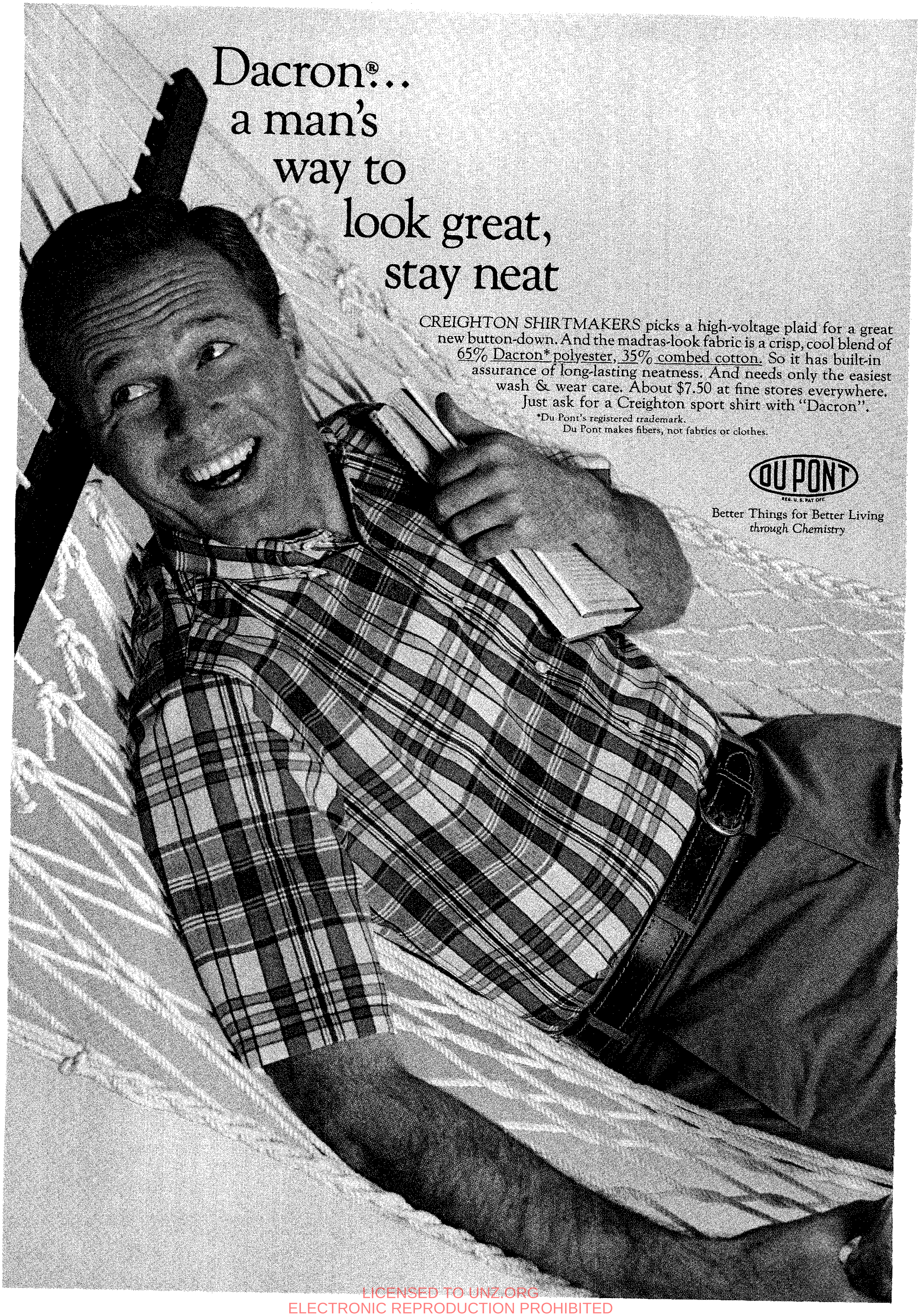
**Cappuccino**

Néapolitan style: Serve piping hot Medaglia d'Oro Espresso Coffee in demi-tasse cups with a topping of warm (not boiled) milk. A continental favorite. Cappuccino Capri: Top steaming hot Espresso with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated orange peel, cinnamon. And for the Cappuccino Bravo, add Anisette. Think La Dolce Vita.

**Café Soirée**

Prepare Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 tsps. sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 curl orange peel. Add Medaglia d'Oro, heat (don't boil). Add 4 ounces rum, strain, serve. Top with unsweetened whipped cream. Think finale.

P.S. You can make all of these recipes with Instant or Regular Medaglia d'Oro. / S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. Palisades Park, N. J. Established 1899



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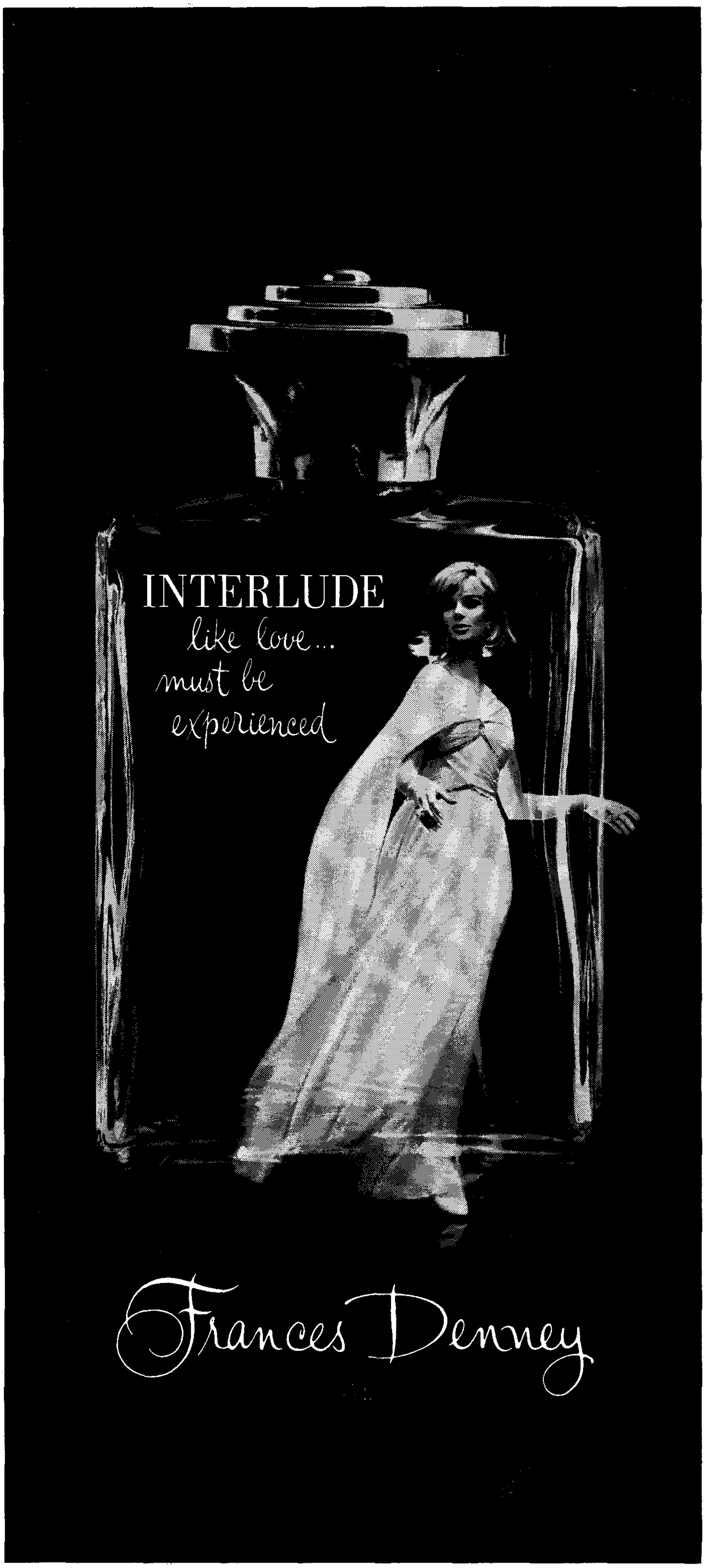
he envies the international bankers he deals with, including his friend Warburg. "What a pity that the Italian money market is so small!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes I think I have it in me to do big things."

Although Mattioli certainly has done some big things, his point about the Italian money market is well taken, for despite the fact that the Medicis were among the first great financiers, as we have come to understand the term, Italy's financial practices today are quite unsophisticated by modern standards. The shares of only about a hundred and twenty firms are listed on the Milan stock exchange, and of these only about half are actively traded. Many large Italian businesses are still owned by the descendants of the people who founded them, and very few mergers or amalgamations take place in the private sector of the economy. A long history of poverty has made those Italians who do possess capital extremely wary about taking any sort of risk with it. The only bank that many of them will trust to keep their money for them is a savings bank, and as a result the volume of deposits that a commercial bank like B.C.I. has at its disposal is rather drastically limited. In a tone of some irritation, Mattioli remarked, "The depositor doesn't seem to realize that his most effective safeguard is not the bank's own resources but the soundness of its judgment in making advances."

When it comes to soundness of judgment, Mattioli's own record is unrivalled, yet he is by no means timid about taking chances on men with new ideas. As he sees it, the unorthodox investment often proves to be the soundest investment of all. That certainly held true for B.C.I.'s association with the brilliant industrialist Enrico Mattei, who first approached Mattioli at the end of the Second World War. Mattei, who had been assigned to liquidate the oil interests that the Italian government had acquired under Mussolini, decided to expand instead when his engineers discovered natural gas in the Po Valley, and he needed money. After sizing up the situation and the man, Mattioli lent him a billion lire. The venture was a spectacular success. By 1962, when Mattei died, he had transformed the government-controlled monopoly called the Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi, which he ran much in the manner of a *condottiere*, into one of the world's leading oil-and-natural-gas enterprises; the empire that Mattei built now includes refineries and distribution systems on four continents



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| Atlanta to Chicago | $1.30 | 65¢ |
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Three minutes, station-to-station, plus tax.

and is worth two billion dollars. Mattioli's bank currently has a considerable stake in two giant pipelines that are being built by the Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi—the five-hundred-and-forty-six-mile Central Europe Pipeline, which will ultimately carry twelve million tons of crude oil annually from Genoa to Switzerland and Germany, and the Trans-Alpine Pipeline, linking the port of Trieste with refineries some three hundred miles away in Germany, which will be able to carry more than forty million tons of crude oil a year. Mattioli's eyes gleamed as he described the gigantic projects, and, in response to a comment from me, he conceded that even an Italian banker can sometimes do big things.

"MONEY means nothing unless it is being used," Mattioli remarked at one point. "I use one man's money as the basis of a loan so that another man can make something. This is my responsibility and at the same time my wealth—for banking has not made me rich. But I have three sons and a daughter, and I have given them a good education. They have given me grandchildren. I have enough to eat and my books. What else do I need? My work, and I have work that makes me happy."

There can be no doubt about that. Indeed, as far as I could determine, no division exists between Mattioli's work and his play, and, just as he may spend an evening studying a banking problem at home, so he is apt to spend an hour or two in the afternoon listening to music in his office. Once, as I sat with him listening to a Bach cantata that was coming full blast out of a large radio he keeps there, a piece of paper was placed on his desk by a tiny, fragile-looking man in his late seventies, who had previously been introduced to me as Valentino Bona, his private secretary. (A White Russian émigré, Bona is able to handle correspondence in a dozen languages, by Mattioli's reckoning, and is said to be the only man in the bank who can occasionally establish some order in the chairman's office.) Bona made signs indicating that the paper concerned a matter of great urgency, but Mattioli made a spiralling upward motion with his right hand to express impatience at the interruption, and then, having hardly glanced at the message, told Bona to pull up a chair and do some real work. "Immerse yourself in the music!" he thundered. The three of us sat there for fifteen or twenty minutes, working on Bach.

Aside from music, Mattioli has few

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hobbies, though he says he is fond of films, especially American Westerns. One thing he unquestionably likes is books; in fact, toward them he reveals an attitude that might be taken for avarice. He loves beautiful editions, and he has taken a personal hand in the design of the typography and binding of the masterpieces of Italian literature that have been put out by his publishing house. He is an enthusiastic collector of rare editions, and specializes in the works of early writers on economics. Shortly after the last war, Mattioli discovered a rare edition of "Responsio ad Paradoxa Malestretti," by the sixteenth-century French political philosopher Jean Bodin, who was concerned to demonstrate that the amount of money in a country is not in itself an accurate gauge of its wealth. Naturally, Mattioli was delighted with his find, and he proudly showed it to Luigi Einaudi, a fellow-economist and fellow book collector whom he had known since the days when they were both on the faculty of the Luigi Bocconi Commercial University. Einaudi was excited by the very beautiful and rare binding of Mattioli's treasure, and obviously longed to own it. "Nothing makes a bibliophile more attached to a book than the knowledge that another bibliophile covets it," Mattioli once said. When Einaudi became the first elected President of the Italian Republic, on May 11, 1948, Mattioli went to the Quirinal, in Rome, to pay his respects to his old friend. They talked for a while, and Einaudi asked him with studied casualness whether he had ever considered selling his copy of Bodin's "Responsio." "Now less than ever, *Eccellentissimo Presidente*" was the reply. But seven years later, when Einaudi's term ended, Mattioli once more made the journey to the Quirinal to pay his respects, and people noticed that on this occasion the eminent banker presented the President with a small book that seemed to make him very happy. It was the "Responsio." Giving it up must have been quite a sacrifice for Mattioli, but when I mentioned the episode to him, he arranged his features in an expression of classic disdain and said, "Don't let them fool you. Any time my friends start telling you something good about me, always deduct something in advance."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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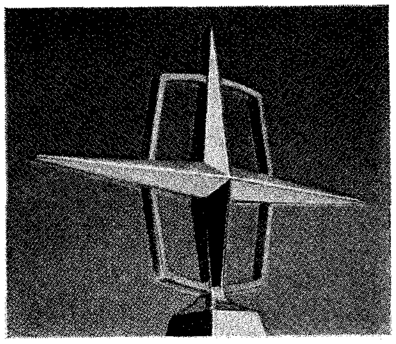
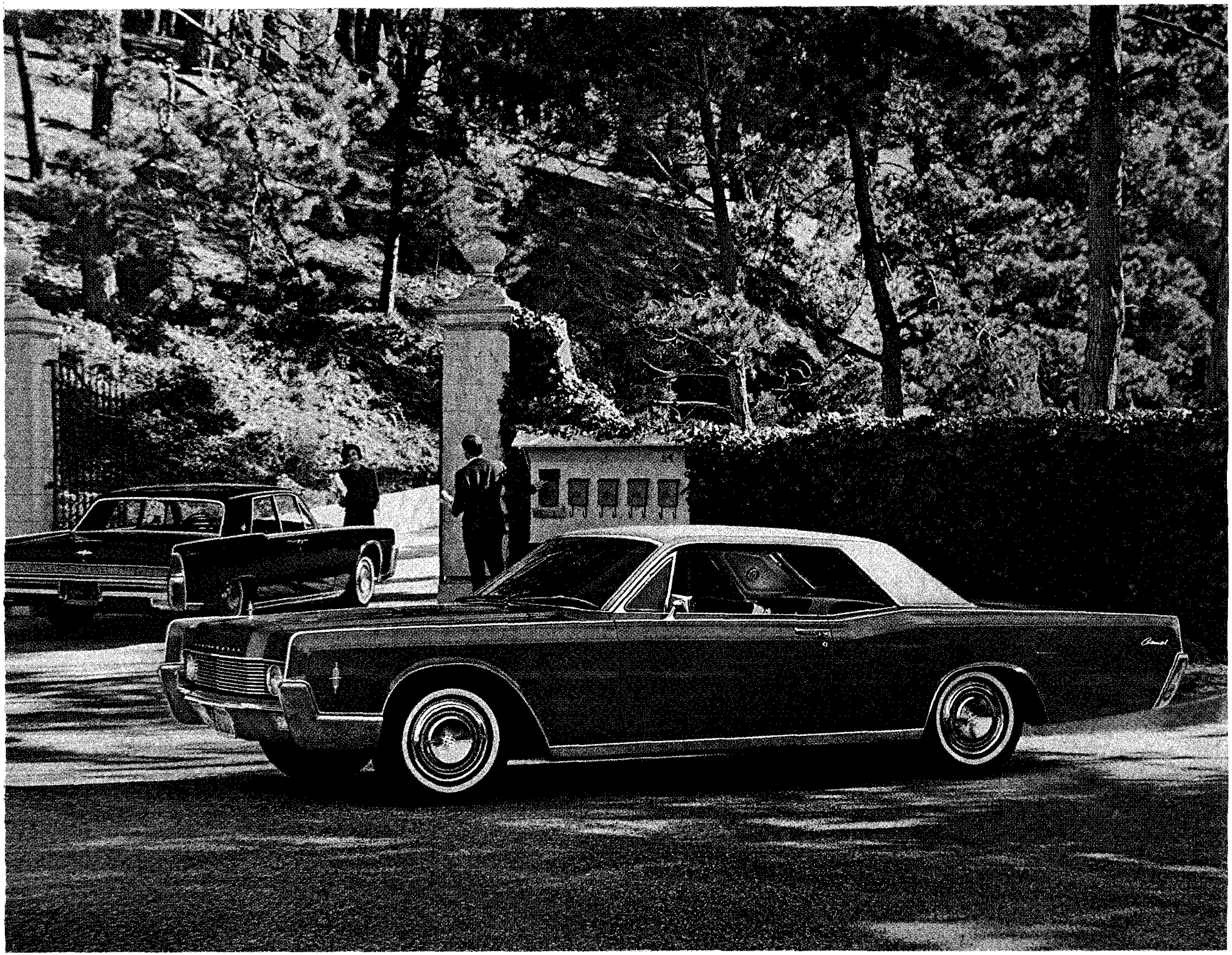
CITY TEACHER SHORTAGE
—*Detroit News.*

Desperate times, desperate measures.



Time treats a Lincoln Continental gently.



Seen in the background, the 1964 Lincoln Continental sedan; in the foreground is the 1966 Continental coupé.

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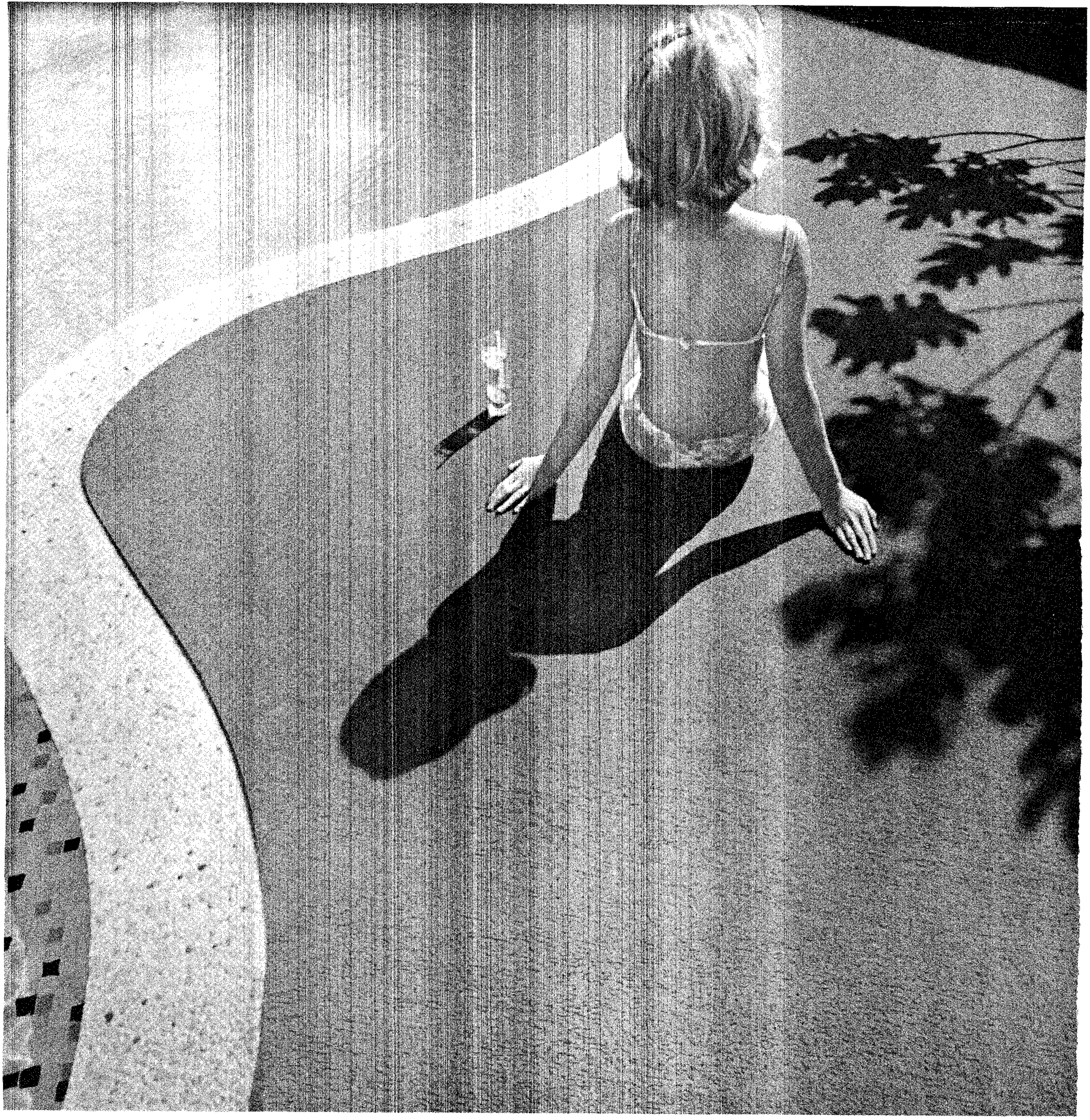

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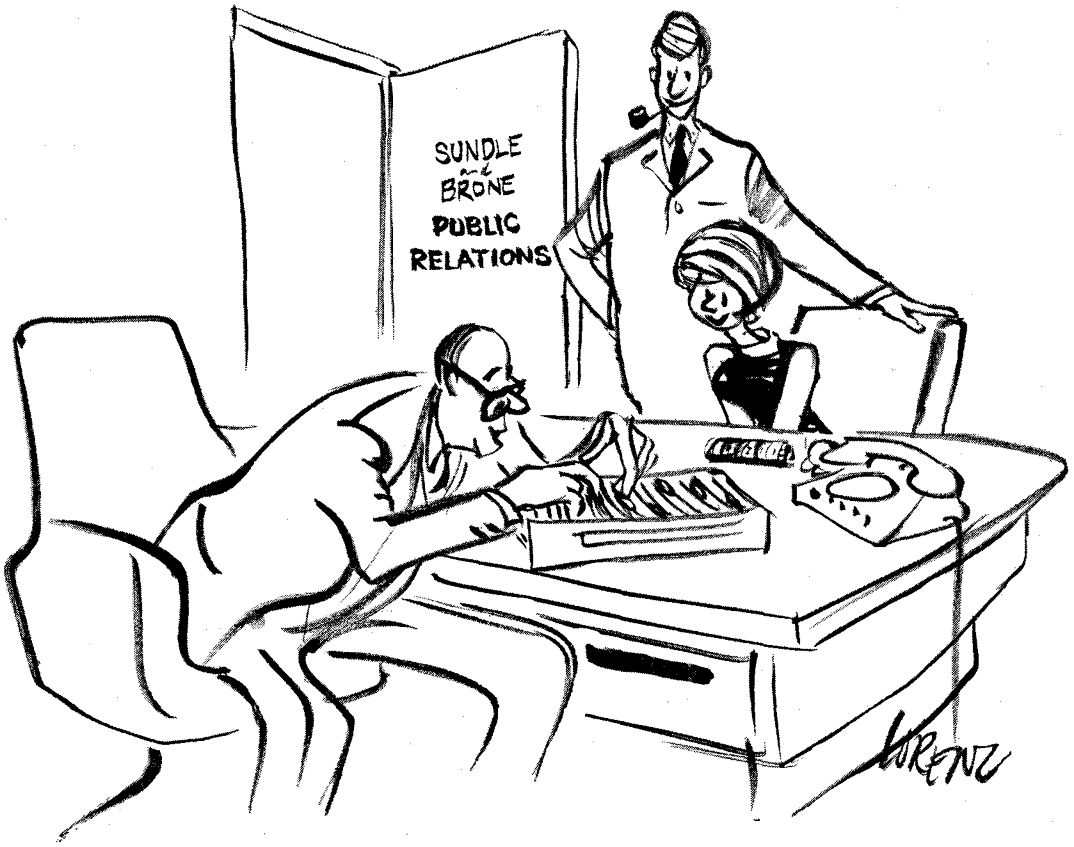
# THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

DURING most of the action of Ronald Ribman's "The Journey of the Fifth Horse," a publisher's reader named Zoditch sits in his seedy room in St. Petersburg, on a platform upstage, reading and mocking the memoir of a man named Nikolai, while the events of the memoir, as Zoditch imagines them, are played out all around on the platforms and ramps that make up Kert Lundell's impressive setting. "The Journey," which will run until April 30th, at the American Place, is, according to the program, "drawn, in part, from the story: 'Diary of a Superfluous Man,' by Ivan Turgenev." Nikolai, an impoverished landowner, is dying of tuberculosis at twenty-nine, attended only by an old servant, her witless grandson, a doctor, and a lawyer, who appears briefly with an anecdote about someone's trying to attach a fifth and unnecessary horse to his carriage. (This lawyer is simply a title-justifier.) Nikolai is convinced that he, too, is unnecessary—that he might as well never have lived, for all that he has meant to anyone. The memoir, written on his deathbed, is a testament to that conviction. As for Zoditch, he is a waspish, spinsterish soul, much given to lip-smacking rhapsodies on punctuation and to wild, absorbing reveries. These reveries and the incidents of his daily routine are acted out along with the events of the memoir. He has had no experience of living at all. His meagre world is populated entirely by his landlady, a neighbor, and his few associates at his St. Petersburg office—a preening showoff named Rubin, whom he envies; his immediate superior, Pandalevski, whom he resents; and his late boss's pretty daughter, whom he fancies himself in love with, in a nutty kind of way, although he can scarcely put words together when he talks to her.

The structure of the show sounds complicated in the telling—there are three tenses: present (Zoditch's activities and fancies), past (Nikolai's deathbed), and pluperfect (Nikolai's reminiscences)—but it is clear enough in performance. It may even be a bit too explicit, tending to make what would have been more satisfying as quiet irony into obvious, theatrical irony, but that's show business. Several of the supporting actors play double roles. The boss's daughter becomes Elizaveta, a girl whom Nikolai falls in love with; Rubin, Zoditch's complacent rival at the office, becomes the pompous, handsome captain who seduces and then abandons her; Pandalevski becomes the old family friend whom Elizaveta turns to in her misery and decides to marry, even though Nikolai has forgiven her and wants to marry her himself. This double casting may also be somewhat misleading, implying that Nikolai's story comes to us entirely filtered through the mind of Zoditch, but Mr. Ribman himself is ambiguous about this. Even so, Mr. Ribman and Larry Arrick, the director, manage not only the three periods of time but at least three overlapping and dependent notions: the romantic, suffering young man vs. the cruel world (a bit too nineteenth century for my own taste); the romantic, suffering author vs. the testy, small-minded publisher's lackey (well, perhaps in St. Petersburg); and the similarity of lonely Nikolai and lonely Zoditch (forced).

The script is lively and sad and funny. Most of the comedy is in the hands of Dustin Hoffman, as the nasal, dehydrated Zoditch, a character who seems as withered by the playwright's contempt as he is by his own nature and circumstances. In the first act, in the silence of his lonely room, he has a whopping daydream in which he tells off Pandalevski, throttles Rubin, and then goes off to make some speedy time with the boss's daughter. But even here, Rubin, risen from the dead, beats him to it under the bedclothes, and he is left pounding the bed in jealousy and rage. Mr. Hoffman can make a quiet "ow," when he hits his hand on a stove for emphasis, sound funny. As Nikolai, Michael Tolan strikes the right Wertherish note and somehow avoids being a pain. In the scenes alone with Elizaveta or making conversation with her parents or meeting the faithless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captain's challenge to a duel, he is shy, awkward, and ardent but never ridiculous. As Pandalevski/family friend, Lee Wallace is quietly authoritative and then quietly loving and sympathetic, just as he should be. William H. Bassett makes a satisfactory foppish Rubin/foppish captain, and Susan Anspach is pleasant as both girls. I also enjoyed Martha Greenhouse, as Elizaveta's fussed, innocent mother; Allan Rich, as her father (although I'm not sure that either of them was exactly what Turgenev may have had in mind); and Catherine Gaffigan, as Zoditch's jeering landlady. Mr. Ribman, whose "Harry, Noon and Night" was briefly around last year, seems to be a dramatist, all right, and a lucky one this time in his director, his designer, and his company. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Mrs. E. L. Saunders, Riverview Heights and her sister, Mrs. W. N. Croft, Sunny Acres, have returned from Florida where they spent several weeks. En route they visited an aunt, Mrs. A. C. Pettingeel in Newburyport, Mass. They also visited in Milford, New Jersey with Rev. and Mrs. William Mull, formerly of Sunny Brae, N.B., where Mr. Mull was pastor of Sunny Brae Baptist Church. Accompanied by Mrs. Mull they visited Mrs. Mull's parents in Orlando, Florida. In West Palm Beach they visited a sister, Mrs. Royal Carpenter and Mr. Carpenter. Mrs. Saunders also spent a week with a cousin, Mrs. Emma Tellier in Miami and also visited in St. Petersburgh with Mrs. John Lane who is a guest in the new Presbyterian House there and also was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Ella Hopper. While there she met Mrs. Viola Porter, Broadview Avenue, Moncton, and was her guest at Clearwater, Florida. They also visited cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Cumming in Casselbury, Florida, where they took in the Clermont citrus tower.—*Moncton (N. B.) Transcript.*

Watch for their new book, "Winter in Florida for $1 a Day."

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Spreading the Wealth*

THE three-year-olds struck a bonanza last Saturday in two stakes races with purses running into six figures—the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct and the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie. To the surprise and delight of the racecourse managements who put them on, and feared that both races would suffer from the conflict of dates, each had eleven starters and each was a bang-up contest. Amberoid, who hadn't won in four tries earlier this season, took the Wood comfortably by a couple of lengths from Advocator, who nosed out Buffle for second place. Amberoid collected $74,425 in prize money. In the Gold Cup, Kauai King scored by three lengths over Stupendous, who, in turn, was nine ahead of Quinta. Kauai King's share of the swag was $77,025.

The running of the Wood Memorial was the sort of thing we've seen so often. Sky Guy jumped off in front, followed by Impressive, and for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong they went head and head. Turning into the homestretch, both ran out of gas, and Amberoid, who likes to begin slowly and finish fast, went around them and on to victory. Neither Advocator nor Buffle had the slightest chance of catching him. Amberoid, a dark-bay colt by Count Amber, is owned by Reginald N. Webster and trained by Lucien Laurin; he was confidently ridden by Boland, who let him go his own gait.

My favorite observer reports that it was a soggy afternoon at Bowie and that Kauai King, a dark bay by Native Dancer, dominated the scene in the Gold Cup. He also said that Stupendous, making a futile challenge in the stretch, bore in sharply toward the rail, as he had in the rough-and-tumble Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct the previous Saturday. Michael Ford, who owns Kauai King, has ordered him shipped to Churchill Downs. Well, one thing is certain: If it comes up mud for the Kentucky Derby, which it hasn't since 1958, this fellow can handle it, for Bowie mud has always been something extra. (Tom Rolfe, our best three-year-old last year, was to have run there last Saturday, but was scratched because of the condition of the track.) Needless to say, Amberoid is in the Derby field, too. On the other hand,

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Maybe great Scotch is not your cup of tea.

Eddie Neloy, who trains both Impressive and Stupendous, is quite definite that neither is going to the Run for the Four Roses. It's no secret, either, that Buckpasser, their better-known stablemate, won't make the Preakness at Pimlico on May 21st.

While we're still on the subject of three-year-olds, Ira Hanford, a brother of Carl, who trained Kelso, brought out a colt named Creme dela Creme (at least, that's how it was printed on the program) early last week who set horse watchers talking. With no apparent effort, he did seven furlongs in 1:22$\frac{3}{5}$ to win as he pleased from Advocator, who next time out was second in the Wood Memorial. Creme dela Creme, unbeaten in five starts, will skip the Derby and the hard, hurry-up training it entails. He probably will be all the better for it.

BY the way, Great Era, the Wheatley Stable filly mentioned in these notes recently, made her first appearance under colors the other afternoon. She won breezing, by eight lengths, and paid $3.80. Next day, Neloy sent out another first-time starter, Intriguing, a filly by Swaps, from the string of Ogden Phipps, and she also won, but she was so fractious that she gave her backers chills and fever before she did it. And the day after that, Neloy saddled Disciplinarian, a colt by Bold Ruler, from the Wheatley Stable, who won under wraps and paid $2.80. Neloy's three-year-olds may have gone a bit sour, but he's doing all right with his two-year-olds.

THEY come and they go: Lucky Debonair, winner of the Kentucky Derby a year ago and the Santa Anita Handicap last winter, has been retired to Danada Farm. He has a hairline fracture in his right foreleg.

—AUDAX MINOR

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> —*Newark Star-Ledger.*

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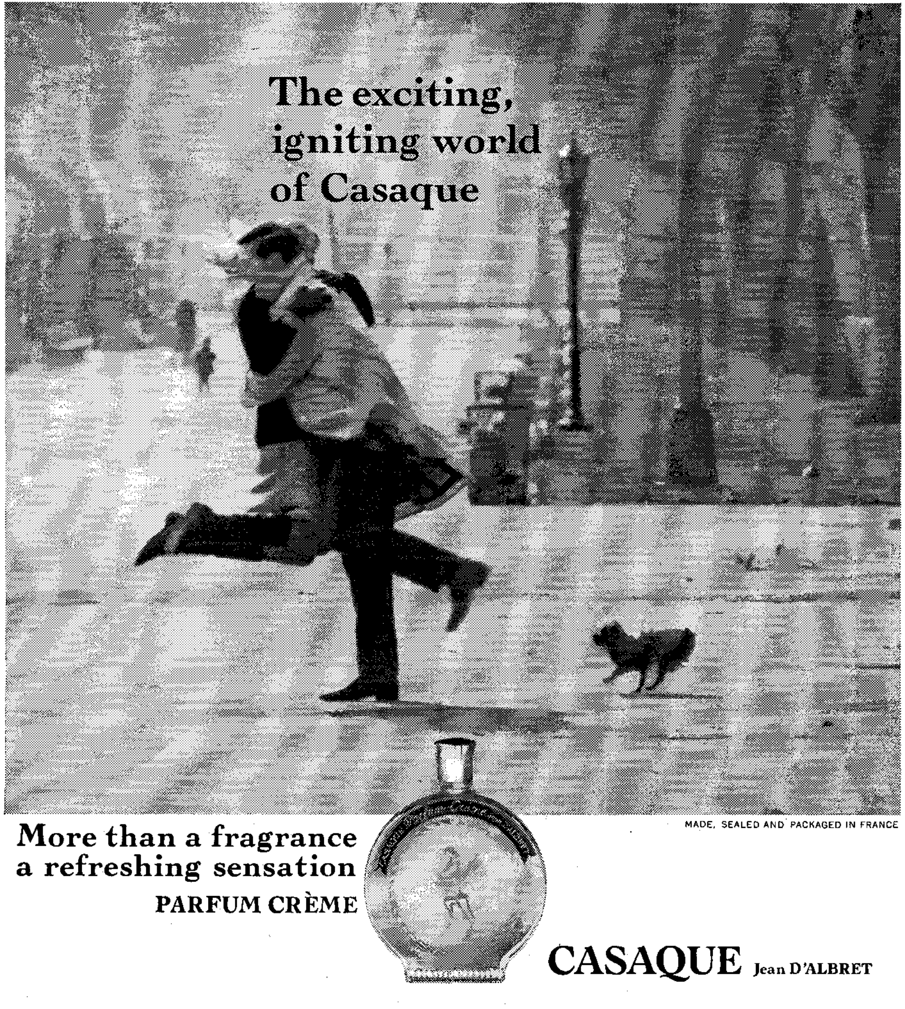

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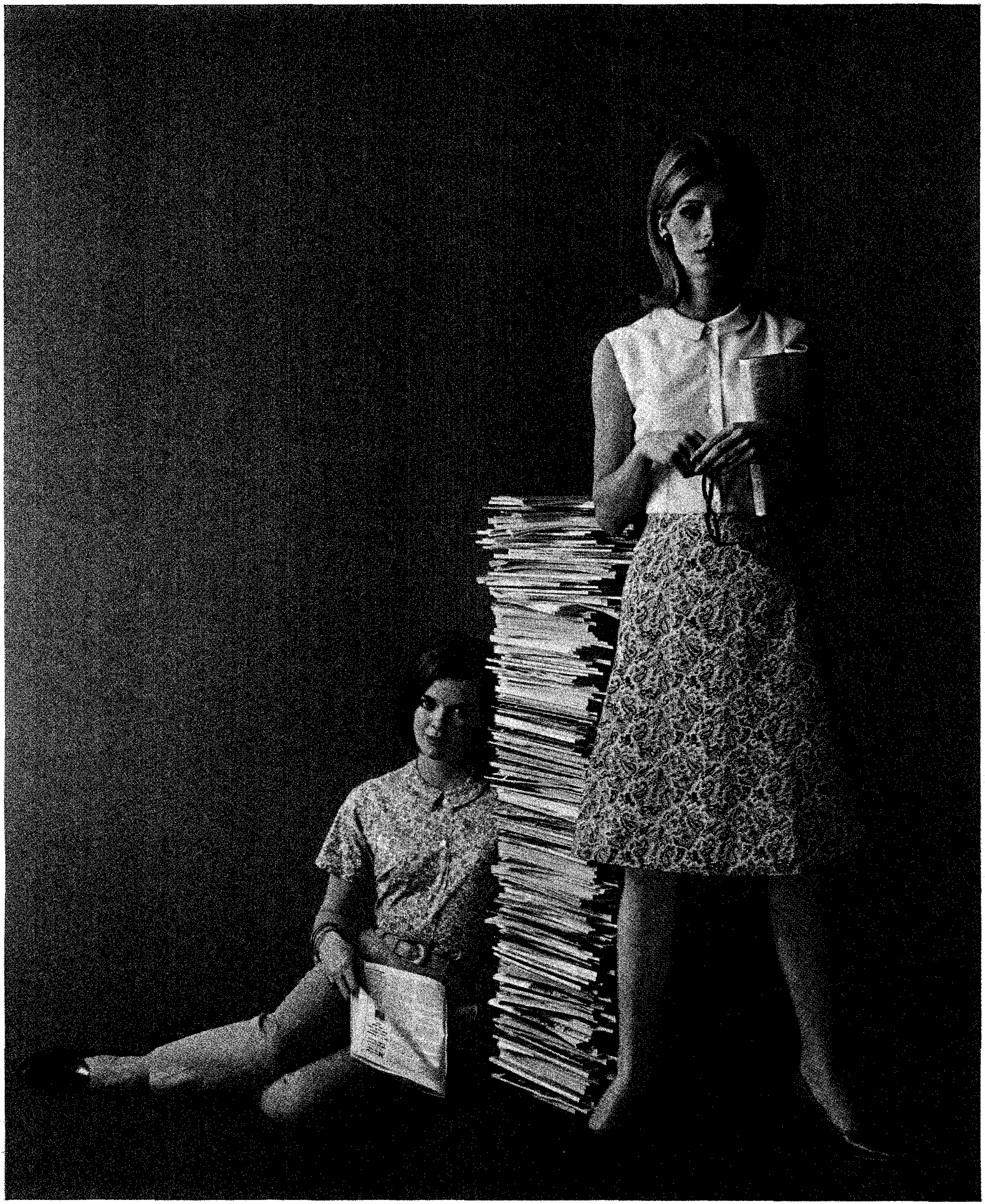

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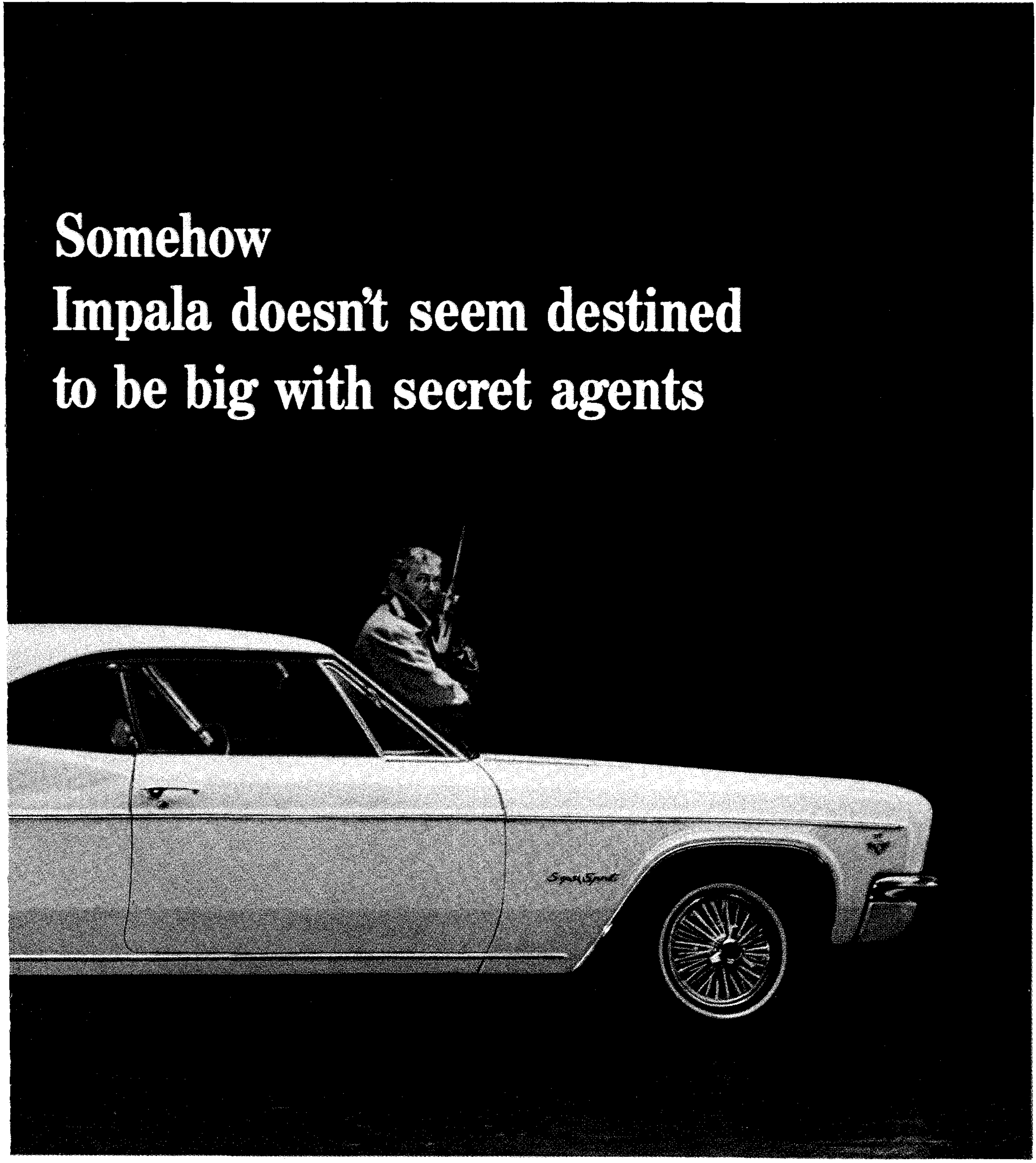

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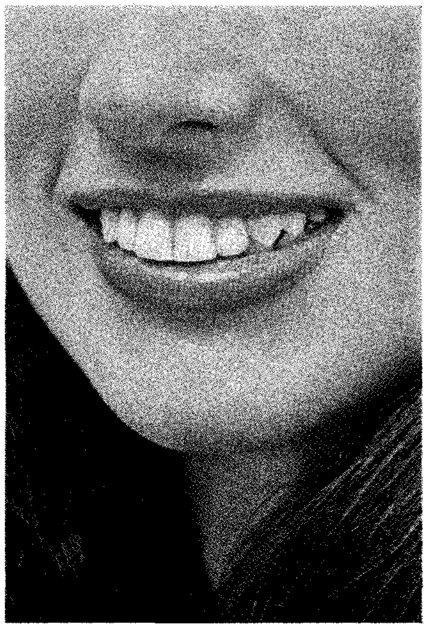
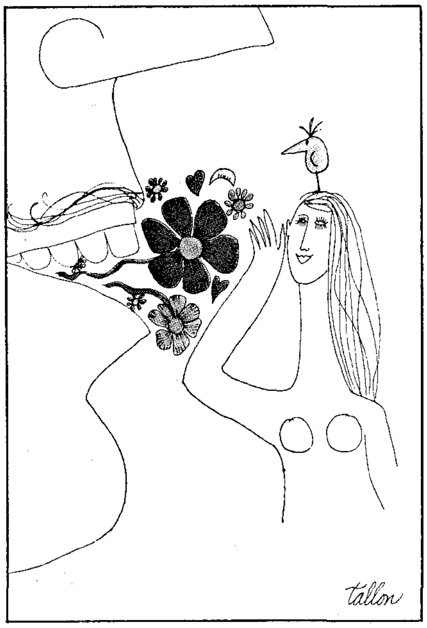
Prove it by *peripatos.* Just strolling. Through streets where Homer might have walked, and where the Greek Gods are still considered neighbors. If you hear, "*Kalosorises Amerikane,*" smile. It means, "Welcome American."

Even if you start out by yourself, you're likely to wind up sipping *retsina* in a local *taverna* with one of the regulars who points at you and says, "*Ene philos.* He's a friend." And you are, even if you just walked in.



Watch out when the *bouzoukia* start strumming. The man at the next table is only tapping his fingers, but any second he'll shout, "*Oppa!*", jump up and start dancing. Don't be surprised if he tries to get you to join in. Be even less surprised if you do.

But a sprightly *syrtos* or a finger-snapping *hassapiko* works up an appetite. This is where a strong index finger comes in handy. If there's no *katalogos*—or the menu is all Greek to you—walk into the kitchen and point. It's the Greek way of making visitors feel welcome. The whole meal, including wine, should cost about 30-odd *drachma.* That's just a dollar. It certainly won't cost more than two.



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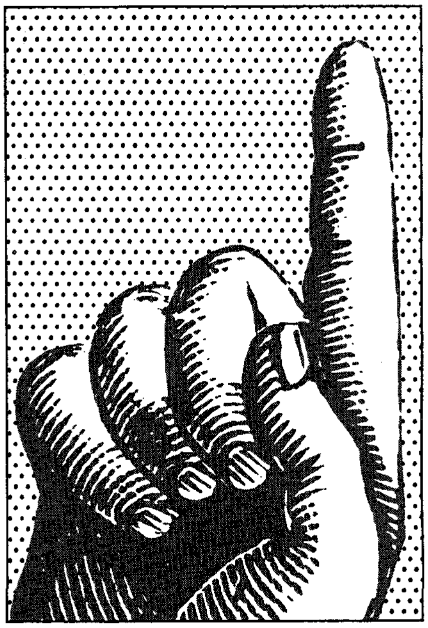
You can get a little local *philia*—and a lot of information—from the Greek National Tourist Office, 601 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. For information about Olympic Airways, visit the Olympic office nearest you, or your travel agent. Olympic's main office is at 647 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., where the password is, "Coffee, tea or *ouzo?*"



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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

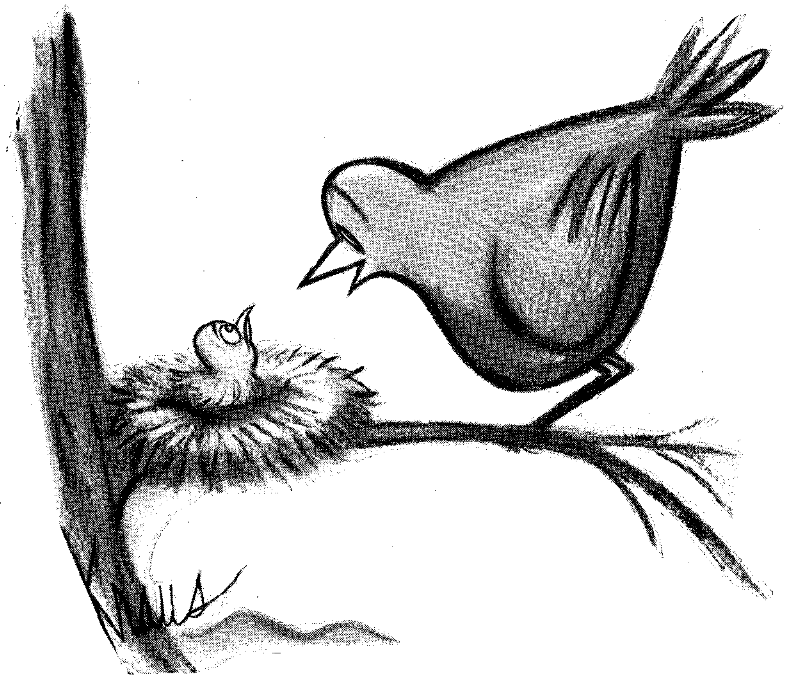
## CHINA NOTES—II

THE countryside of China does not look very different from the countryside of nearby parts of Asia, and the villages, in spite of their "production brigades" and their communes, look very much like villages elsewhere. The normality of the country scene comes as a shock. If for a time families were split up by the state, no trace of such splitting up remains. There is building activity, but what is being built is not barracks; rather, it is farmhouses, schools, and workshops. The picture, of course, is hardly one of unmixed modernity; for each handful of new pumps, there are still a hundred waterwheels drawn by mules or oxen or pedalled by peasants. For each handful of trucks, there are still a hundred carts, and a hundred men and women bent under loads. The strongest note of newness is struck by stacks of irrigation pipes rising everywhere, and by tree saplings growing in the most unlikely spots. Many of the farm tools that are in use can also be seen in the Museum of Chinese History, in Peking. "We are still very poor," I was told by the head of more than one village during a recent visit to China. "We are just beginning." The modernizing is organizational—that is what it comes down to. The changes do not show yet in the landscape. Communes, one is told, exist primarily to devote to community enterprises the many days a year—a hundred and more—when, formerly, peasants, in a kind of hidden unemployment, just had nothing to do. And one is inundated by a sea of figures showing how much more productive a commune is than a cluster of unorganized villages, or even a co-op.

What about the web of rules and regulations a commune spins around it? One is told that there were all sorts of regulations before the revolution, but it is obvious that the present system goes very much farther in laying down the law. It seemed to me that the vast new bureaucracy is tolerated mainly because of the incorruptible honesty of the new officials. About that honesty there is no doubt among the peasants, and it is a most unusual state of affairs in China. If ever the regime should weaken, this would be its danger spot: unreliable or lagging officials. Communes may be more productive than a number of villages, but they are also more vulnerable to mismanagement. And are communes what the peasants themselves want? This is a question that it is useless to ask in China, and it is of course possible that people are happier pottering, and even suffering, on their own than being briskly told what to do.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai, before the Japanese war of 1937-45, ninety-five per cent of the peasants were tenants, according to "Peasant Life in China," written in 1939 by Professor Hsiao-tung Fei. In the interior, "the yield of the soil is too low to make an attractive investment for the [Chinese] capitalists," Professor Fei noted. "It is reasonable to expect that, with the expansion of modern industry and financial methods into regions as yet unaffected by them, similar conditions will tend to establish themselves in other parts of the country." The delta tenants' rents—averaging forty per cent of the yield from their lands—were regulated in terms of rice, but payment had to be made in money, and the rate of exchange was not the market one but was "arbitrarily determined by the union of landlords," who could exercise police powers in collecting the rents. To pay his rent and the government tax, a peasant customarily had to go to usurers, whose rate of interest was "about fifty-three per cent a month on the average"—although an unenforced Kuomintang law set the maximum at twenty per cent a year. The usurers employed collectors who would "use violence and take off or destroy anything at their disposal, and take children with them as slaves," Professor Fei wrote, and added consolingly that there was always a way out: "In the worst situation, the debtor may commit suicide at the house of the usurer."

Professor Fei studied one village in particular, not far from Shanghai, and, as it happened, this one was burned down by the Japanese, but there are some new villages near the spot where it stood, belonging to a commune spread out thereabouts. This is lovely country, crisscrossed by canals. I visited there on a bright day, when it was a pleasure to leave the smoke, bustle, and sullenness of Shanghai behind and drive out into a silent world with junks sailing along beside the road and piles of red peppers and dark-yellow sweet corn put out to dry right at the edge of the highway. I came to a village spread out at both ends of a brick bridge that arched across a canal, and was received by the village head, an old, gentle-faced man in a white jacket. There were seven hundred and fifty households in his area, composing one production brigade, he told me, and he invited me to select those peasant houses I wanted to visit. After a number of courteous exchanges, we entered a farmhouse he had from the beginning clearly wanted me to see. It was indeed nice, with two wings of five rooms each, separated by a little courtyard, two kitchens opening off it, and a front room. Here lived two brothers, with their parents, wives, and children—fourteen people in all. We were invited to "have a rest" in the front room, and the head man and I sat on low wooden benches. It was cool



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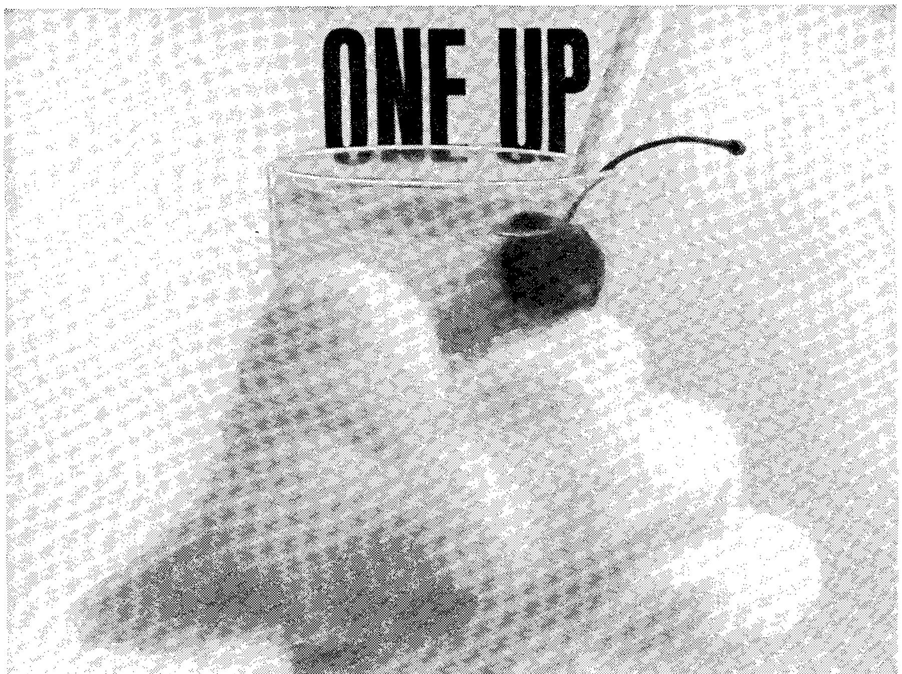

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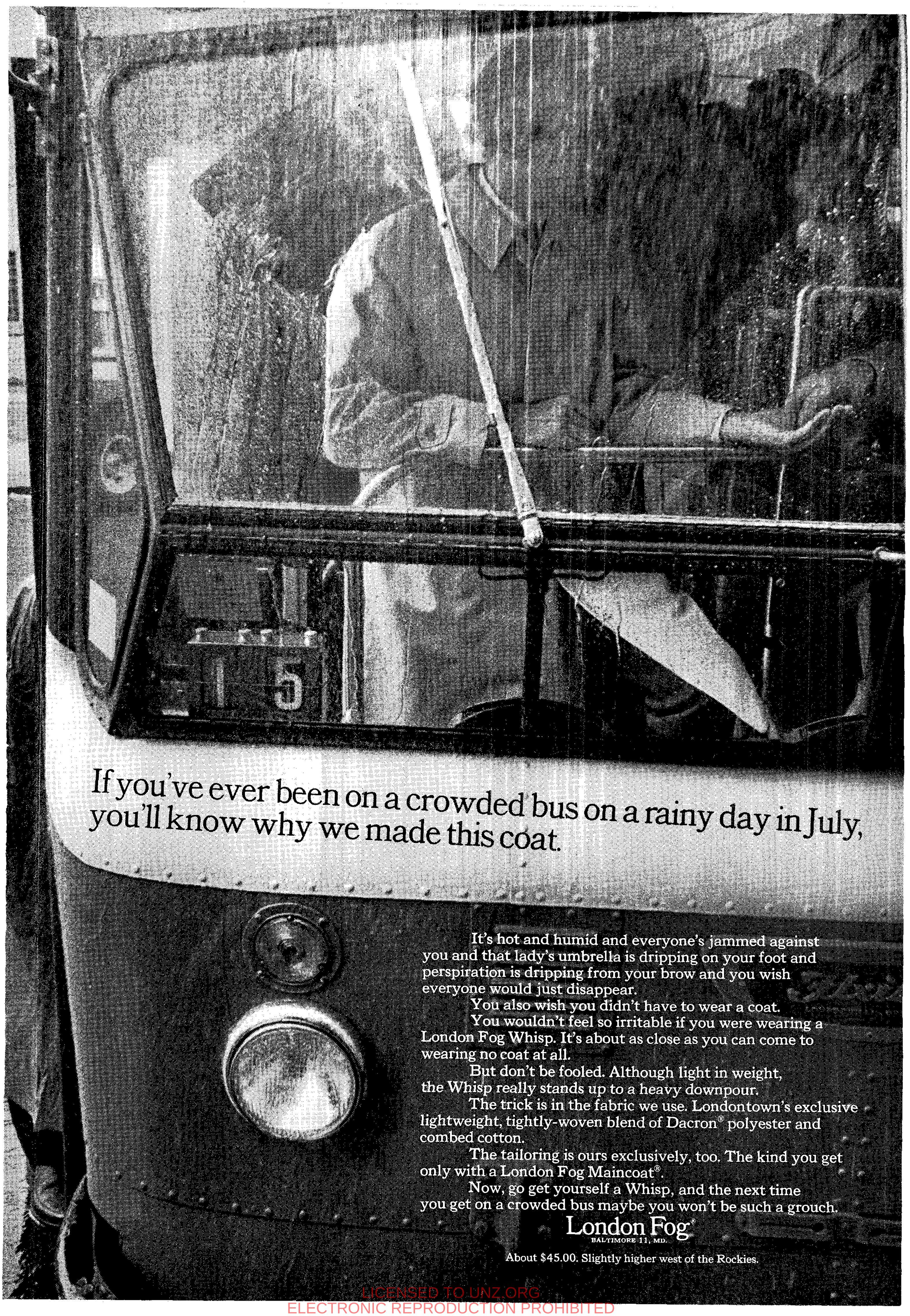
there. A man from the commune who had been told in advance of my visit came in and sat down on the bench opposite me, and the two men chatted in low voices. A young girl very graciously served us "white tea"—little cups of hot water. I could see into the sunny courtyard, in which there were a little tree, a chicken, and a cat. Across from me, in one of the kitchens, a very old man, the grandfather, was quietly busying himself with some cooking, dressed in a tattered gray jacket and half-long trousers, with slippers over bare feet. The grandmother, who looked even older, was sitting on a stool in the kitchen doorway with a child in her lap. About a dozen young girls from the village, some of them very pretty, were standing in the doorway and staring at me.

Then the head man and I went out into the fields and walked along the small earthen dikes separating rice plots. The paddy fields were the greenest green I have ever seen. Rows of women were going down them with insecticide sprayers, and some less lucky women were weeding that day—bending down for endless hours. There were fields of corn, too, looking extraordinarily high, and along all the wider paths beans were planted. The bean plants met, making green tunnels with yellow flowers, and in their shade pumpkins grew. I entered one more house, also nice, and very clean. This one, too, was inhabited by three generations. I declined an obviously hesitant invitation to see more; it was quite clear even from the road that most of the houses were smaller and poorer than the ones we had seen. Instead, I was given a look at the commune workshop. Such workshops, which are heirs to the ill-fated village iron foundries of the Great Leap Forward, are an addition to village life—the most tangible and perhaps the most revolutionary change made by communization. They are sophisticated little factories, not in the least resembling village smithies. Some have power lathes, heavy drills, metal presses, and various other power tools. They are bridgeheads of rural industrialization, and, in fact, bridgeheads of modern rural thinking. Peasants—both men and women—are seen here repairing or building their own equipment: plow blades, rice-planting devices, pumps, even new pistons for the village truck. Much of the activity still looks like not very well-directed tinkering, but it is moving to watch these people, with frowns of concentration on their faces, trying to figure out the mechanics of some part or other—



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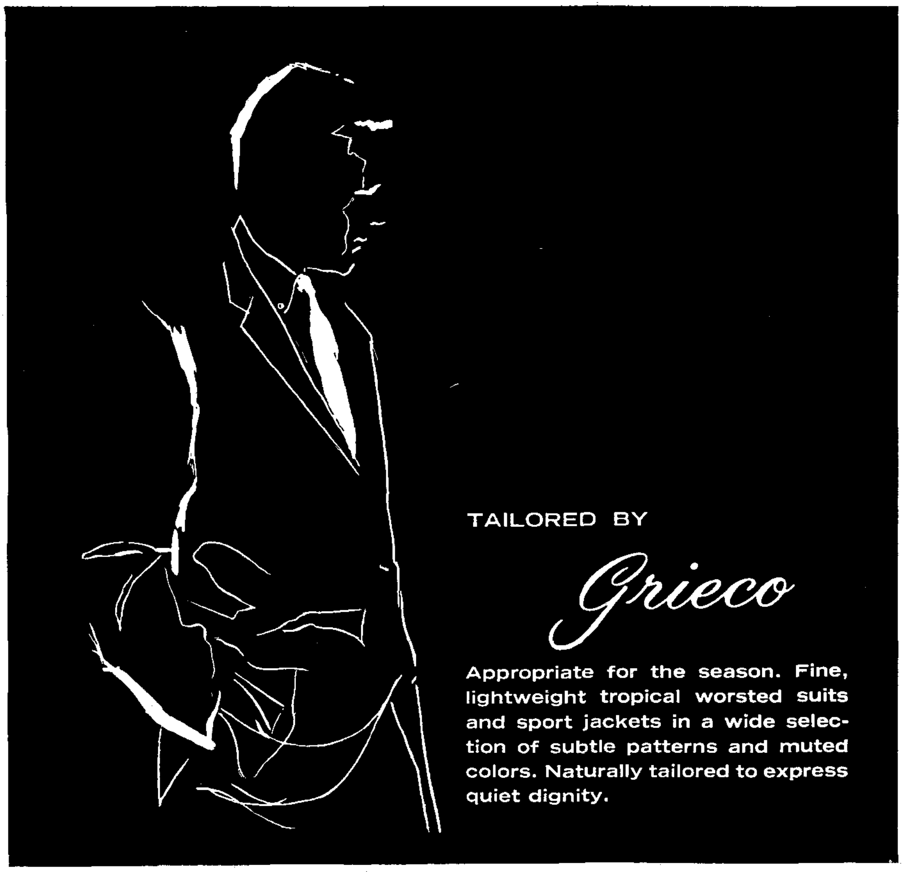

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faces that used to wear the blankness of hopeless resignation. Much is written in the Chinese press about "nationwide scientific education" and "scientific research," as if we were meant to visualize an entire country in white laboratory coats. All it means—but it does mean that—is that these millions of peasants are slowly putting aside their heritage of vague, mystical thoughts about the world around them (in which, for instance, an iron plow made the earth "sick") and entering the world of rational technological thinking.

THE longest inlet of the Pacific Ocean comes to within a hundred miles of Peking. That is the direction from which, until the end of the nineteenth century, travellers used to arrive in the capital; they would come by boat to Tientsin, then by rented houseboat up the Pei Ho River to Tungchow (eighty miles, or a two-day journey), and then the last thirteen miles to Peking in a springless cart, on horseback, or on foot—as long as they got there before the gates of the city were closed for the night. The road consisted, according to one description, of "huge stone blocks, five feet long and wide and thick in proportion, but often worn away or clean gone," so that travelling along it was "a considerable torture." The Japanese asphalted that road when they were in control, and now the Communists have lined it with trees. (Whenever there is a stable government in China, trees appear along the roads, and when there is trouble, they immediately disappear, because the people cut them down to use for firewood.) Today, one can travel between Tientsin and Peking in two hours by train, and the line from Peking reaches the sea at Tangku—another half hour. But to get to a point where you can go out to a real beach and dip your feet in the waves—the yellowish, lukewarm waters of the Yellow Sea—you have to travel two hours more, to Peitaiho. Between Tangku and Peitaiho, the railway veers away from the shore, which curves vaguely through marshes and salt plains flickering in the sunlight. Peitaiho is the best-known shore resort in China—in fact, about the only one known to Europeans. In 1898, the British Ambassador to China, Sir Claude Maxwell Macdonald, really put it on the map by going there for the weekend on September 18th; because he had chosen to make this outing, the reformist Minister Kang Yu-wei was unable to get in touch with him in Peking that day to ask for help for Emperor Kuang Hsu, and as a result

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Kang had to flee the country, the Emperor was overthrown and locked up by the Empress Dowager, the so-called Reform Movement came to an end, and feudalism was restored to China. Around the turn of the century, Peitaiho was particularly popular with the Germans. After 1914, the Japanese arrived in force, and by the late thirties they had practically taken the place over. Now some Chinese V.I.P.s have houses here, and there is a string of rest homes, sanatoriums, and children's camps. Half the beach is again under European occupation, as a vacation area for the diplomats in Peking—the only place where they can get away from it all. In the summers, diplomatic families rent rooms or suites in a cluster of one-story houses on a low hill overlooking the water, or a mission may take over a whole house for the season. In spite of the great schism, the majority of the diplomats are still Russians and East Europeans—a new breed. The men are hard-working, and arrive from Peking, carrying elaborate cameras, only on Friday night. While they play volleyball on the beach, the older wives stay in the shade and knit, the young ones lie in the sun in bikinis. They all seem to have flocks of well-behaved blond children, who tend to tote around considerable skin-diving equipment. This goes on along the rim of a crescent-shaped bay. On one prong of the crescent, the fishermen of Peitaiho dry their nets in preparation for evening expeditions; from the other prong classes of little Chinese schoolchildren, in red trunks, are taught swimming. The only Chinese ever seen on the diplomats' beach are a lifeguard, manning a rowboat, and a team of no fewer than three girls and two men who appear every morning with a litter basket and collect trash. There are two signs reading "Private Beach," but even without them the Chinese bathers would undoubtedly stay on the other half of the beach anyway. Signs in Chinese, Russian, and English forbid the taking of "panoramic pictures" and also forbid swimming in light-colored bathing suits, which are supposed to attract sharks, but no one pays any attention to these rules.

The drive from the Peitaiho railway station into the town itself leads through a strangely hybrid world, part revolutionary China, part Victorian Europe. One's first impression is that it is not unlike entering Saint-Raphaël, on the French Riviera, from inland, the roads being divided down the middle by the same hedges of red hibiscus,

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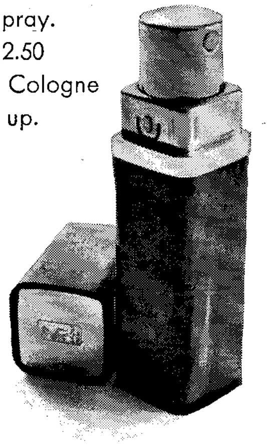

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the trees under a veil of red blossoms (called Chinese mimosa by Westerners), and the air filled with the sensuous South of France smell of clean sea air and sun on pines. Later, the similarity fades. The streets of Peitaiho lie quiet, and when a rare car appears, a lonely traffic policeman wakes from his trance and goes into some hopeful signalling. On Sundays, women ice-cream venders call through tin funnels to draw attention to their wares and also to warn strolling pedestrians off the middle of the road when there is any traffic coming. Young men walk along in wet bathing trunks, and a smell of cooking and of melon hangs over the two or three little restaurants of the town. The casino is showing a Russian war movie and has loud music coming from amplifiers over its entrance—an unpleasant effect, since scarcely a soul is to be seen in the neighborhood. There are some well-stocked stores, but they are recessed from the street, and one has to go inside to see what kind of goods they sell.

In a little park, busts of Maxim Gorky and Lu Hsun face each other. (Lu Hsun, an essayist and short-story writer who died in Shanghai in 1936, is invariably referred to in China as the Chinese Maxim Gorky; he was a great and original writer, and the comparison hardly does him justice.) A flock of students, clearly from the big city, come by on bicycles and get off to buy ices. They are happily noisy and make a point of being unaware of anyone else. One of their group is a tall, bearded young man from Africa; the rest are all very chummy toward him, but with just a touch of self-consciousness—as if this were East Hampton instead of Peitaiho.

Quick thunderstorms pass over Peitaiho on summer afternoons and drive everyone off the beach and the streets. The guests go home—for there is really nowhere else to go—and settle on the verandas of their rooms and read, drink tea, doze, and stare at the water. Under the lashing rain, the Yellow Sea becomes very unlike the Mediterranean—a wild, inimical sea reminiscent of pirate ships rather than *pedalos*. And as the rain stops, huge insects come out—monstrously oversized cockchafers, which dash themselves against the windows and the first lamps to be lit. The diplomats' wives see with relief that it is time to take the children to dinner, and march them off to a restaurant that lies amid the summer houses, the children carrying umbrellas and flashlights for the return walk. The restaurant has an unpleasantly stuffy central dining room,

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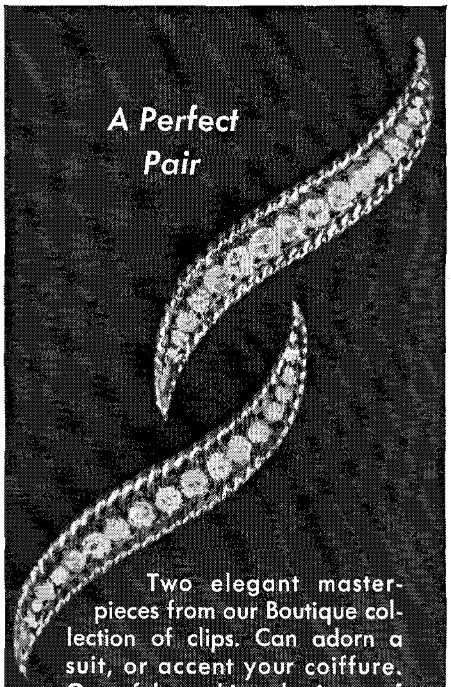

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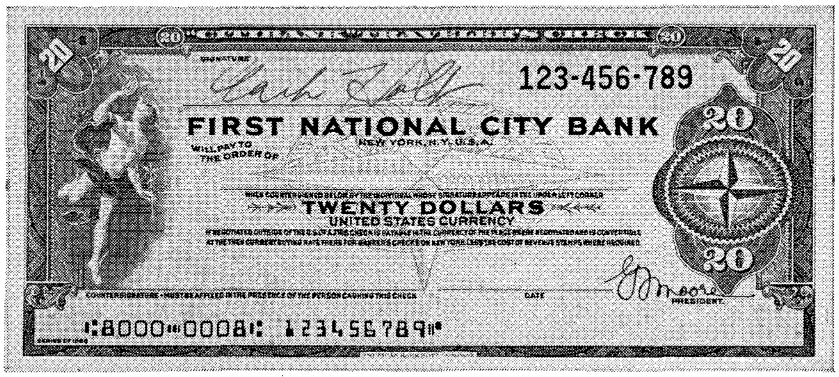

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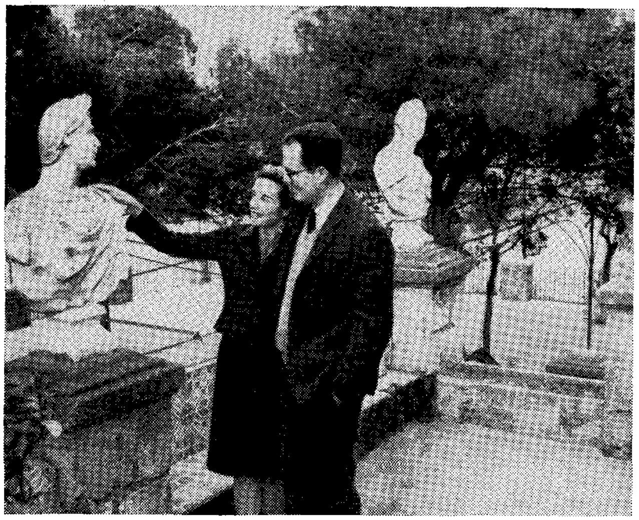

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which everybody tries to avoid, and, around it, a V-shaped screened porch with tables, which is very agreeable. The food is served on flowery Bavarian china that dates all the way back to Peitaiho's German days, and seems to have come through all the changes and wars without a chip or a crack. After dark, Peitaiho is very silent. I have walked there for miles without hearing or seeing anything except the bats fluttering under the trees, and, once, a young waiter in a white jacket sitting on the steps of a house and practicing on a recorder. A government limousine may glide by and turn in at the driveway of one of the villas under the trees beyond the vacation colonies—villas built by rich men in a vanished era.

Traditionally, leisure in China was spent not on ocean beaches—there you would find only fishermen—but in "beauty spots," which had been carefully planned and improved. They were the prerogative of the élite, for no one else had either the time or the knowledge of aesthetics to seek them out. They were reduced, softened versions of nature, and the rich carried the reduction even further by making individual gardens for themselves in which these famous sites were re-created in miniature. There one could sit while wandering around a mountain in one's imagination—contemplation carried to a nice extreme. Now China has millions of new urban people with new leisure, even if it is only one day a week. Many of them have gone modern and Western, and play ping-pong or go bicycling, but quite a number preserve the tradition of just being contemplative. For instance, a young man who studies in Hangchow, a rather sleepy place a hundred and ten miles to the southwest of Shanghai, on the Chientang River, told me he considered himself exceptionally fortunate to live in "the Earthly Paradise." That is what Hangchow was called by the emperors of the Southern Sung dynasty, who made it their capital, and by the poet Po Chu-i, who was once prefect of the town. Hangchow has for the last thousand years been China's most famous beauty spot. Although it has a rather unpleasant climate—it is one of what are called "the three ovens" of the country—it is indeed pretty to behold, lying in a ring of hills with the West Lake beside it. It comes as near as any town in China to being a tourist center; in fact, overseas Chinese from Hong Kong fly here on package tours. But for the visitors, as for the happy student, there is very little to do. On the lake, there are little boats for hire, punted by lady gondoliers, but

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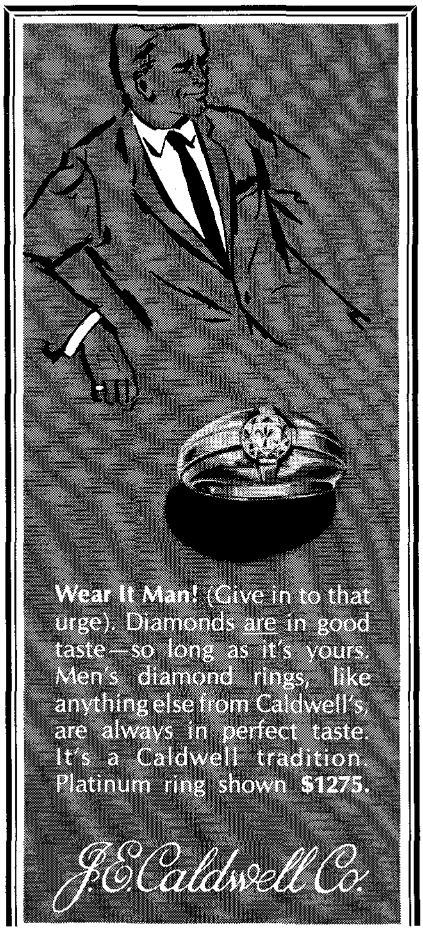

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that is it. No swimming is permitted in the lake, and the days are long gone when "singing girls" were rowed around offering themselves for floating love. Hangchow offers a retreat within the world, a place where people come to sit and gaze quietly at a setting that is picturesque in the precise sense of the word; and those people include many young men who may be studying engineering and Marxism in town six days a week. The passivity of Hangchow's beauty becomes even more poignant in the light of the fact that the setting was created by the silting up of the river. The lake was once a bay giving Hangchow access to the sea, but the river closed it up. Two highly praised little coves in the lake used to be the busy twin ports of the town.

Every part of the lake has its own name, and the names show the literary character of the enjoyment derived from them—"the Lake Within the Lake," for instance, and "the Lake with the Three Pools That Mirror the Moon," although the pools do not mirror the moon any more or less than the water around them. One day a year—on the moon festival of the fifteenth of the eighth lunar month—the lake really comes into its own. For Hangchow's moon festival, lanterns are placed in three little stone towers whose heads just emerge above the surface of the lake. Each tower has five portholes, which are then covered with colored paper, and the pleasure of the celebration consists in observing the fifteen little colored moons reflected, in a circle around the real moon, on the water. But this kind of contemplation is not to be taken altogether seriously; it is to the real thing about what parcheesi is to chess.

FOR a traveller from the north, China's first southern town—in spirit, if not in strict geographical terms—is Nanking. (Shanghai is a typical ocean city of the temperate zone—grayish and hard.) Nanking, whose name means "Capital of the South," lies at the latitude of Savannah, Georgia, and it has a touch of Savannah's feudal, languid Southernness. The moment a visitor steps off his train in the Nanking railway station, he finds a different mood—less precision than there is in the north, and more warmth all around, even the officials being not just correctly polite but almost pleasant. To reach Nanking from the north, the train crosses the two big rivers that cut China into three very rough parallelograms—the Hwang Ho, or Yellow River, and the Yangtze. The Hwang

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Ho is bridged. Amid empty fields, it suddenly comes upon the traveller through the sharp clamor of steel on bare trestles; there is a farmhouse, then a soldier standing guard on a small platform, and then the wide, lonely river, with its muddy water whirling around the bridge pillars. At night, a searchlight is trained on it from the bridge and cuts out a fantastic, turbulent yellow circle. The Hwang Ho is indeed the color of its name, the color of the upland soil that it carries down to the sea. It is a tempestuous river—the curse of northern China. A huge national plan for dealing with it is now being realized; it includes forty-six dams for the Yellow River, and canals to bring water up from the Yangtze, through an aqueduct *underneath* the Yellow River, and on to irrigate the dry northern plains. (Because the Hwang Ho carries so much solid matter, it has through the centuries raised its bed well above the land it passes through, and the peasants are engaged in a permanent race to keep up with it by building dikes.) The Yangtze is the second great divide, carrying to the sea almost thirty times as much water as the Hwang Ho—twenty-three million gallons a second at its peak. It is an amazing river, for it travels more than three thousand miles through a single country, from the Tibetan high plateau to the East China Sea, and is so navigable that in the foreign-gunboat days it made a vast part of China vulnerable. Near its mouth it is as wide as the Amazon, so that the boat traffic seems lost on it, and the river itself, far from appearing to be China's main waterway, looks tropical and abandoned. It has been bridged now, with Russian help, by a span of more than a mile, at Wuhan, about six hundred miles upstream. At Nanking, only the stepping stones for a bridge are ready—half a dozen caissons drawing a dotted line southward to Nanking from Pukou, on the northern bank. The trains are put on a ferry at Pukou and slowly steam—drift, it seems—across. And arriving in Nanking is indeed like arriving in a new country; it is a landing.

Nanking is at least twenty-five hundred years old. Huddled amid hills, heavily walled, and with the Yangtze as its northern boundary, it occupies a magnificently strategic site. Thus, even more wars and sieges have moved across it than across most parts of China. The Treaty of Nanking, signed in 1842, ended the Opium War with England and started China's century as a demi-colony. In 1853, the forces

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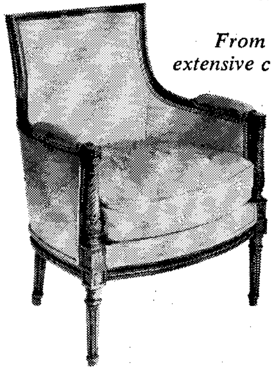

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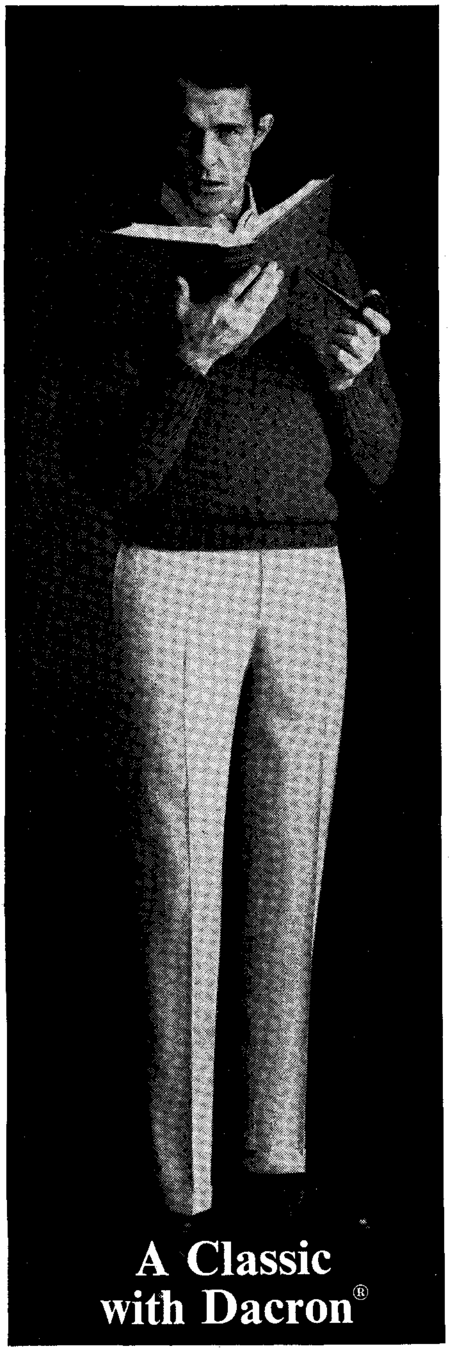

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of the Taiping Rebellion of the Heavenly Kingdom, a peasant revolt, took Nanking, made it their capital, and held it for eleven years. Their leader, Hung Hsiu-chuan, who had once been a schoolteacher and was a Christian in a wild kind of way, had his headquarters in a stone boat "moored" in a pond; this *chinoiserie* (probably in emulation of a similar boat near the Peking Summer Palace) permitted him only very cramped quarters, as any visitor to the boat, which is still rooted to the spot, quickly finds out. In 1864, the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom was finally defeated by Manchu government troops, some of them under the British General Charles George Gordon, and Nanking fell, but only after Hung Hsiu-chuan had committed suicide and peace demonstrators in Trafalgar Square had protested the role of the English in suppressing the revolution. Fifty years later, Sun Yat-sen made Nanking the capital of his new Chinese republic; his office, just about a hundred feet away from Hung's stone boat, has also been left untouched. It contains a few straight chairs and a wooden desk with an alabaster lamp on it, and a wooden French telephone. The old telephone is still connected. Then, in the same compound, Chiang Kai-shek had his offices—a more luxurious setup. This was, in fact, the Kuomintang palace in the days of the Japanese war, when, Peking having been occupied, Nanking was once more China's capital. (The provincial administration is now housed in the palace.) No trace is left of Chiang, but the concierge shows visitors a little gate through which he alone was allowed to enter the place, everyone else being required to use other entrances.

Nanking has a kind of faded monumentality that reminds one, again, of the American South. There are marvellously laid out avenues, with a central lane for fast traffic and side lanes for slower traffic, and with double rows of trees separating the three. The sidewalks have shade trees, too, and the over-all effect is of a green, cool, quiet park. The middle lanes are sparsely travelled; there are the municipal buses and trolleys, a rare truck, and an even rarer car. Along the side lanes roll pedicabs, mule carts, carts drawn or pushed by human beings, and bicycles. Occasionally, they are joined by a flock of geese. There are traffic circles with fountains in the middle and shops all around the edge, and the major circle has the Sun Yat-sen Monument. From there, one avenue leads east to the Sun Yat-sen Mausoleum, on Purple Moun-

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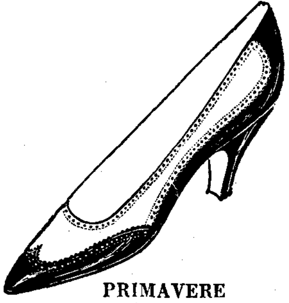
tain, and another leads to the South Gate and to Yuhuatai Park beyond. The South Gate is ordinarily referred to as "the special gate," because it is thicker than any other in China; it consists of five gates in a row, one right up against the next, the whole creating a long black tunnel. The traffic goes around it, ending up in a square that contains a bus terminal. From there, a path climbs a little hill to Yuhuatai. The name means "Rain Flower Park," and legend has it that here, in 550 A.D., a Buddhist priest was rewarded for his piety with a shower of flowers, which turned into magnificently colored pebbles as they touched the ground. The Precious Stone Teahouse, in the park, used to sell these as religious souvenirs, but now they are sold as souvenirs that have been colored by "the blood of the martyrs." In the Nationalist days, Yuhuatai was the place of execution for political prisoners—over a hundred thousand of them were put to death there, the guidebook says—and the park is now dedicated to their memory, the mass graves having been turned into a cemetery. Steps lead up to a stone column that bears the words "The revolutionary spirit of the martyrs shall live on." Chinese monuments have an advantage over ours in that their inscriptions are recognizably personal; this one is in Mao's handwriting. The pebbles are put on display in little cups filled with water, to make them shine more brightly, and they are expensive: the nicest ones cost five yuan (one yuan is approximately forty cents), which is the price of five good dinners. On a table outside the teahouse, second-choice stones lie in big bowls and may be picked out with the help of a pair of chopsticks. Surprisingly, the income from this sale of pebbles donated by Buddha or by nature and dedicated to the heroes of the revolution stays, capitalistically, in the pockets of the teahouse keeper. The park, a place of flowers and wide lawns, is a pleasant walking ground, and in the late afternoons a stream of townspeople pours toward it. Peddlers carry wooden boxes of ices around, and at the side of the road boys sit behind tables holding rows of glasses of tea for sale, each glass neatly topped with a dish. Men are seen making their way through the park with two covered buckets dangling from their shoulders; they look like East European pickle venders, but they are carrying night soil to flower beds. At ground level, the main streets of Nanking are lined with shops, lying in the dark shade of the foliage and of their awnings. The small ones are the



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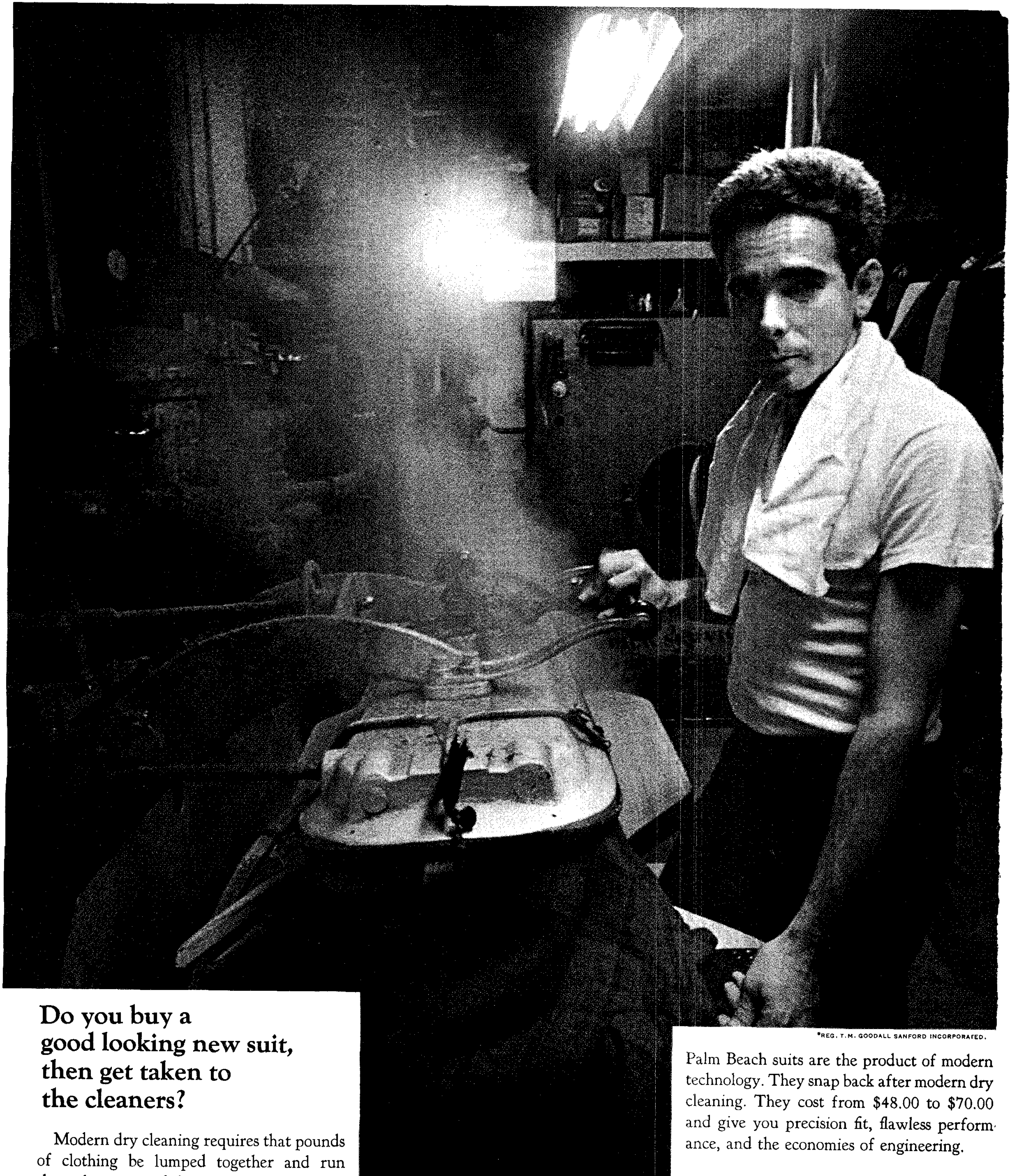

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most colorful, selling mats only, or parasols, or the big garlands of artificial flowers that the Chinese are fond of; near the center of town, department stores appear, with glass windows and neon-lit interiors, and between them are restaurants and movie theatres. One of the hits of the past season in Nanking was a wide-screen color movie of the world table-tennis championship, which China won. Here, as in Peking, hundreds of young men are seen streaming in and out of the cinemas in midafternoon of a working day. Every now and again, a canal begins to the right or left of the avenue, and then there is a complete change of scenery. Little rustic houses stand along the canals, with men drying nets at the water's edge or tending vegetable gardens. Another park appears, and a lake, with an old, shuttered teahouse on its shore (or perhaps it was once a temple), and beyond the water a peasant house stands amid real farmland, but with smoke from a factory chimney rising over it. Boys are swimming among white and light-purple lotus flowers. The many open spaces make Nanking an unusually green town—even right along the main streets there are unexpected fields of grass—but these bare spots are all scars from some past war; at one time the town was completely built up, right to its walls.

In the evening, every human being in the city seems determined to get out into the air. Those who are ambulant make for the grass and lie or sit on it, or have picnics, or just drink tea from thermos bottles. The smallest children stand in playpens in the doorways and watch the scene; venerable elders with wispy gray beards bring deck chairs out onto the sidewalks and sit fanning themselves, with their eyes closed. Families have supper at low tables in the street, perching on little stools or squatting on their haunches. In the trees, the crickets start singing in vast choruses, their chirping rising and falling in precise time. The shops remain open, and their lamps and neon lights make bright lines and circles, among which masses of shoppers amble, all of them neatly dressed, some very trim, and some almost chic. A few old ladies with bound feet hobble by. Beside the shoppers, but in a world of their own, underneath the life of the town, go the "drag coolies"—a separate class. All day long, men, women, and children pull loads along the axial road through Nanking between the North Gate and the South Gate, and in the cool of the evening their numbers increase. They pull carts laden with tree trunks, with

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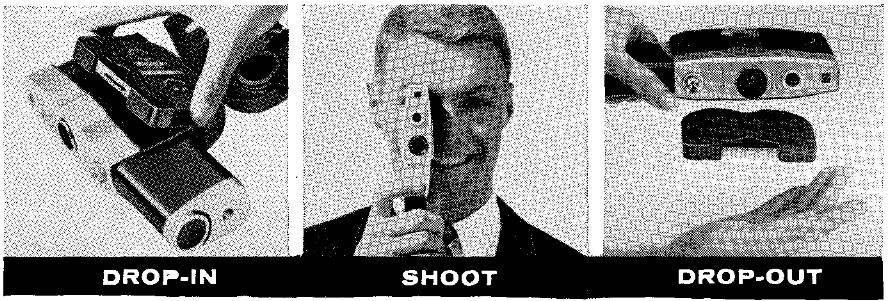

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coal, with oil drums, with cruelly huge pigs of iron. There is a precise scale. A man alone pulls a load of three tree trunks, a man with a child helper pulls five. One man or one woman pulls two iron rods, one grownup and a child pull three. The drag coolies walk in halters, carrying a rag in one hand to wipe the sweat out of their eyes. There are also larger teams—for instance, four men pulling a cart loaded with two cable drums—and they appear to be in control of things and of themselves, chanting in unison, and stopping at times, with a lot of shouting and laughter, for a cigarette. But the sight of a man or a woman alone, or with a child struggling halfway behind one of them in its little halter, is agonizing. A bald old man pulling iron, with the veins standing out on his forehead, and wiping his drawn face, and only just at the beginning of the long avenue south, which slowly climbs upward, is an unbearable sight. Just to be able to discuss the subject with someone, I asked for an interview with the town manager. "Their numbers decrease year by year," he said. "We are building trucks, but we still need them. We are trying. Their turn will come. They're not here because of the revolution but in spite of it." He sounded distressed. Empty carts—that is to say, carts carrying people instead of iron or wood—go by, too: a woman pulling a cart with a sleeping child on it, or a little boy pulling a cart with his mother asleep on it. And all of them have to go around the traffic circles—a ring of people pulling loads, surrounded by a ring of shoppers on the sidewalks. They don't look at each other. Among the shoppers are quite a number of pretty girls and women, and among the coolies dragging their carts are girls who are also still pretty. I saw a ragged young woman one evening huddled on an empty cart under a tree, waiting until she could catch her breath. No one paid any attention to her. She had a face of pure, classic beauty.

THE question most often asked of a traveller returning to the United States from China is "Do the Chinese hate America?" In China, "imperialism" is not an empty propaganda term. For every Chinese with whom I had a halfway serious conversation about it, it had a simple but precise meaning—"white soldiers in a colored country." Peasants, made aware of the world at large for the first time in their history, and townspeople, including some intellectuals, all appeared to accept this definition almost automatically. Be-

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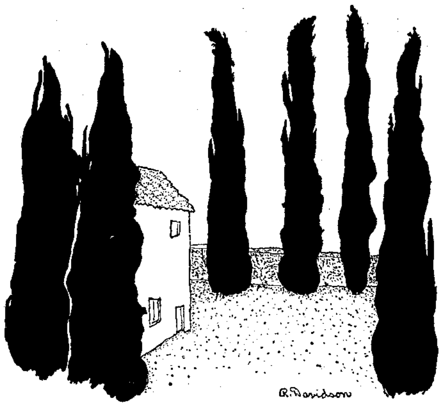
cause the idea of "race war" hits men so hard, evoking such deep and irrational reactions, it is easy for the Chinese government to get the people involved in a campaign against America. Like most Westerners, I was shocked to hear Chinese kindergarten children sing about their determination to shoot down American planes (not that they looked as if they knew what it was all about) and to see them act out their "Navy Song," which features a complete pantomime of warships at sea. In Hangchow, an angry crowd, largely children, screamed at me for taking what they thought was going to be an "anti-Chinese" photograph, calling me a dirty American and asking me to go back to Taiwan and to get out of the Dominican Republic. Many billboards display posters on which a noble-looking group of people of all races, usually led by a burly Chinese workman, take a stand against American imperialism. The text informs us of this, for only rarely do posters show American soldiers attacking or being attacked. Some of the posters feature pretty girls with excellent figures and glossy black hair, clutching tommy guns; the Chinese have learned from the West to use sex in putting a message across. A student guiding me through the former Western concession in Tientsin told me solemnly, as we walked down Peace Street, "This was once a Japanese street. Then it became an American street. The Americans raced up and down this street in their jeeps. Many people lost their lives under the wheels." In a more traditional vein, the same student told me later, pointing at a former Italian church near the river, "That's where foreigners tortured our orphans." But there is an important aspect of the government "thought molding" here which makes it rather different from what the Hitler Youth, for instance, were exposed to. Hitler was preparing a generation's minds for aggressive war. The Chinese government at present seems to be preparing them for a substi-



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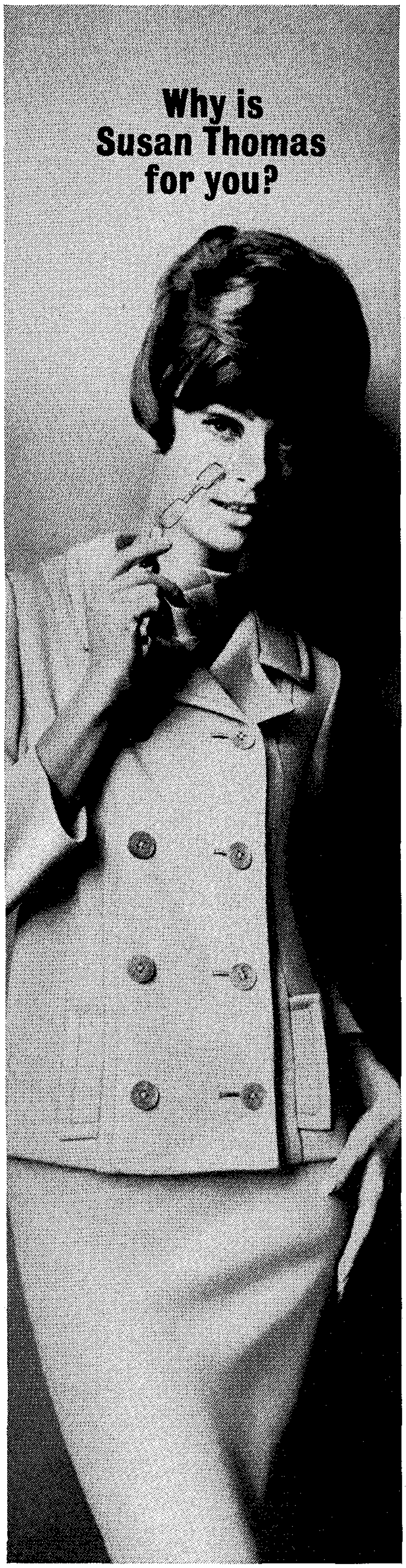

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tute for war. During my recent visit, the Chinese heard every day how their brother nation of Vietnam was being bombed and brutalized by the American imperialists. In harping on this, the Chinese government ran a risk. It confused the young people, and people newly conscious of political matters. Why wasn't Chairman Mao asking their great country to do something about the Vietnam situation? If China were as powerful as the image created for its own people made it appear to be, it surely would have been doing something. The Chinese government is well aware of the "preventive war" group in Washington and of the fact that the American Air Force can destroy in an hour all that has been put together so slowly and painfully during the last fifteen years. But all this cannot be said. An outlet has to be found for doubts and aggressions; words, resolutions, and demonstrations must create an atmosphere in which it at least looks as if China were holding its own against the United States. When I was there, slogans were posted in every factory and commune about "increased production to help Vietnam." Managers whom I asked about these said that technical help was indeed going there; they added that the main reason for the slogans was "moral support." One theory had it that the issue of Vietnam was used to make people work harder; I think it would be nearer the truth to say that these slogans were meant to make the workers feel that they *were* helping Vietnam by just going about their business.

China's war of words reached one of its peaks in the first days of September, 1965, with an article by Marshal Lin, the Minister of Defense, comparing the world at large to China during its civil war, and the United States to the cities held to the last by the Kuomintang reactionaries. Hsin Hua, the Chinese press agency, sent out the text in English. I have asked some officials what on earth the Ministry of Foreign Affairs thought it could achieve by putting out crude propaganda of that kind in English. Their answer was that these broadsides were meant not for the West but for the new nations of Africa and Asia. "If they were military rather than political statements, we wouldn't publish them; they would be kept secret," one Foreign Affairs man said. But what about the reaction they arouse in the West? "We are not so naïve that we think Washington bases its policies on our newspaper articles," the official said. Besides, a true Marxist official has to believe that history's course is pre-

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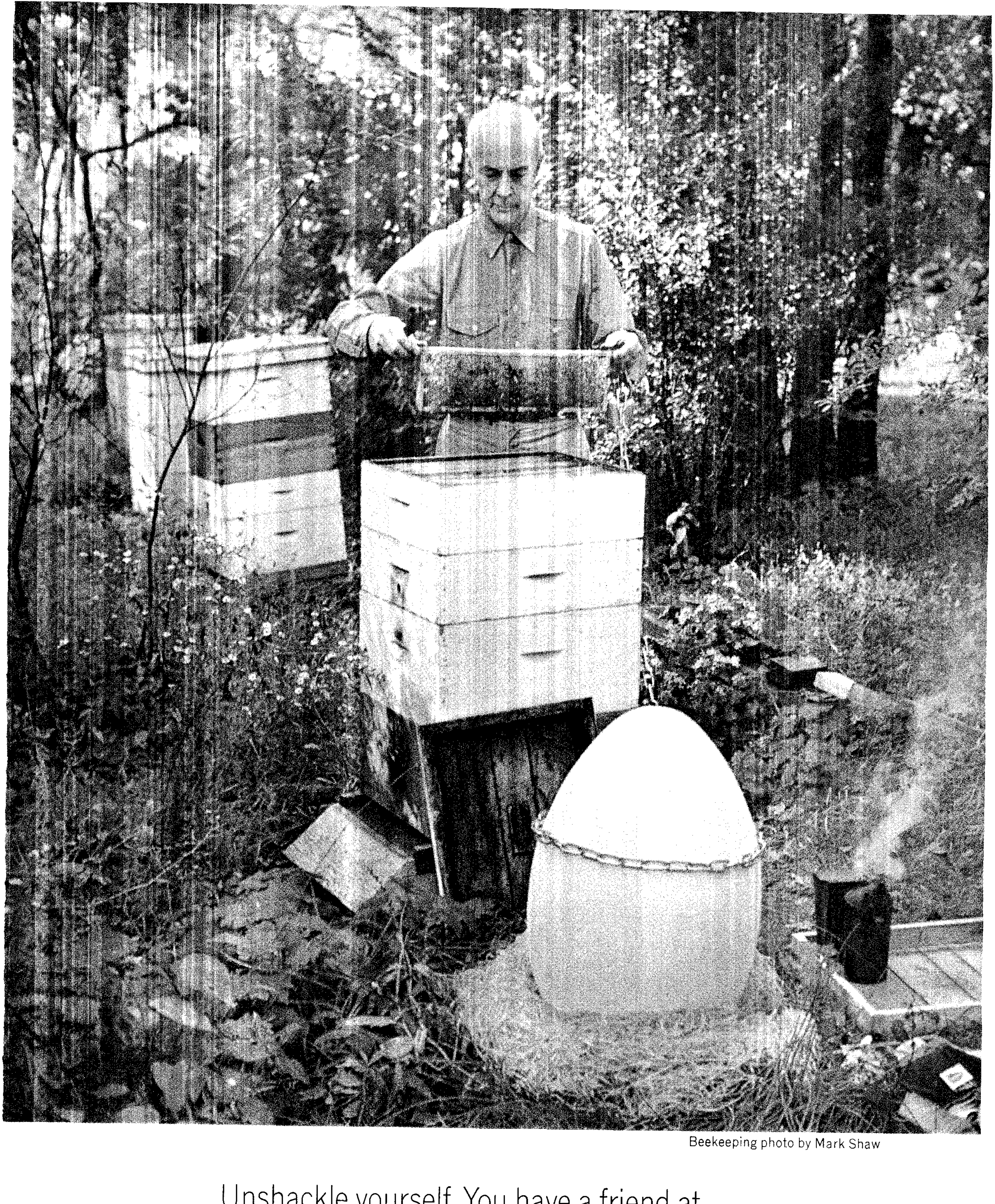

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WHAT is called the "new morality" is the most baffling aspect of the Chinese scene. Most people in the United States think of the present-day China, if they think of it at all, as totally immoral, yet China's leaders and the people who support them genuinely believe that their country represents a triumph of morality on earth. One of the few Chinese to whom I had a direct personal introduction was a physician in Peking. One evening, I gave his address to a cabdriver, and off we went; I purposely had not tried to telephone him first. After some circling around in a poor neighborhood, we found the doctor's door. I rang the bell, observed by about fifty open-mouthed children, and his wife appeared and let me in. The house, behind a low wall, was unexpectedly pleasant. I presented the greetings of a Dutch sociologist we both knew, and then I gave the doctor a fair chance to get rid of me without being rude. He did not take it. We sat for hours in his study, which looked out on a little courtyard, and drank liqueur. "I used to have a private practice, and a car, and quite a lot of money and leisure," the doctor said to me. "Now I'm a government employee and I have to work six days a week in a hospital, travelling back and forth by bus. But I'm happy, because I never have to think about money when I look at a sick man. I have another purpose. I feel less free but more moral. And think how much truer that would be for nine-tenths of our people, whose only freedom in the old days was the freedom to go to the devil. Our revolution was not supported by men who wanted to be left alone by their rulers, like the American Revolution. It was supported by men who wanted to be left alone no longer but to be saved from the chaos our country lived in, and to be given food—and a purpose." I felt that the doctor was talking to himself as much as to me; certainly he did not seem to be trying to convert me. I do not know how representative he is. Theoretically, this new morality means that everyone works for the common good rather than for himself. In practice, it is bound to fall short of that millennial recipe; on the other hand, it has not led to the anthill attitude according to which the individual does

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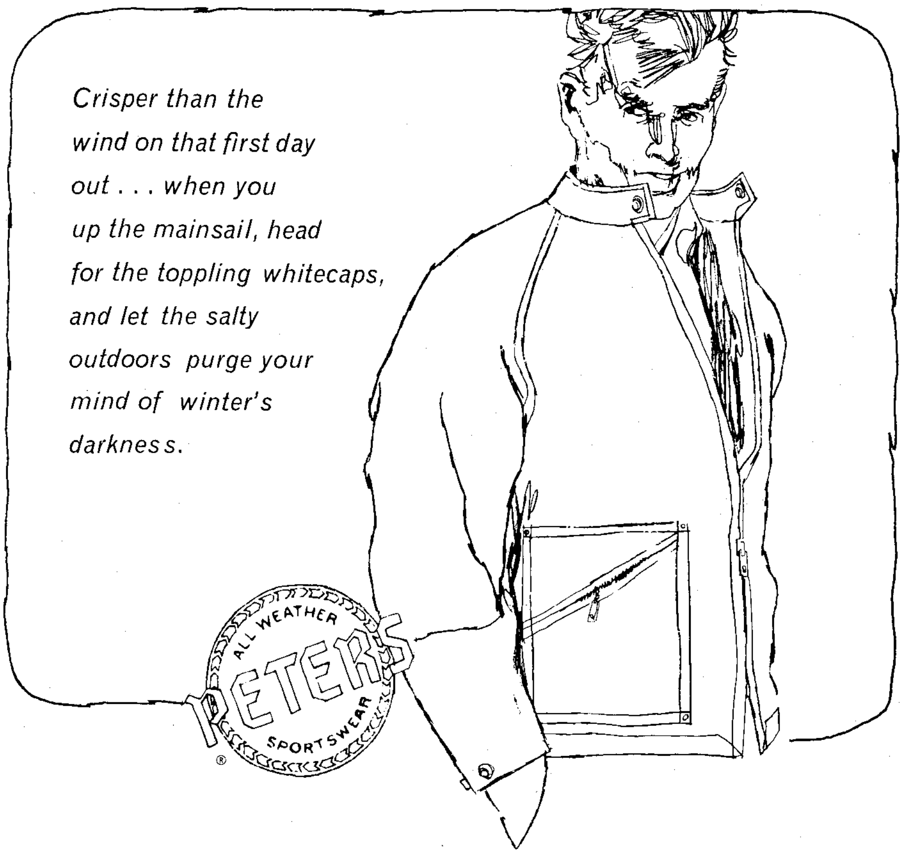
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not count. The "care" that the government takes of the individual—of his health, his education, his food—is overwhelmingly obvious to a visitor. I put the word "care" between quotes because it is a rather complicated care. The Chinese are aware of the fact that each person is thus protected not for his own comfort but because the country is the sum of all these persons; indeed, the government has tried to create a moral climate in which its citizens find their comfort precisely in this knowledge that they are contributing to the common good.

Napoleon once said that it was cheaper to distribute medals than pensions. It could be argued that it is easier to distribute morality than rice. Cheaper it may be, but it is not easier; it requires of all government executives an attitude that is little short of saintly. You cannot sell this brand of morality through the rolled-down window of a Volga limousine or from a carpeted office; in fact, you have to be as poor as the man you are selling it to. China has a New Class, but not in the East European sense; its élite may have power, but they at least appear to have nothing else. It is a class, as far as I could see, of egalitarian and puritanical men. "China is poor but proud," they tell the people, "and we are all equally and honorably poor."

This New Class works through persuasion rather than force, though this persuasion—like most things in China—is not as simple as it seems. The need to conform is as old as Chinese society; for instance, widows frequently committed suicide rather than remarry, under the pressure of what was *then* the general morality. Stalin had no such pressure to take the place of his labor camps. Moreover, the appeal to puritanism continues a tradition of self-discipline not unlike that taught by Confucius. Finally, there is the matter of national pride, which has not had much of a chance in China since 1840; again, it is different here from anything one finds in the Communist countries of Europe. Even the rich and the upper-middle-class Chinese used to be plebs in the eyes of every vulgar shipping clerk fresh from Europe, and their rehabilitation in this respect compensates, at least to some degree, for the luxuries that they, and only they, lost. For everyone else, it is a bonus. After a century that saw six major rebellions or revolutions in China, two civil wars, five wars involving, among them, every world power, and one war of annihilation, waged against it by Japan, China seems

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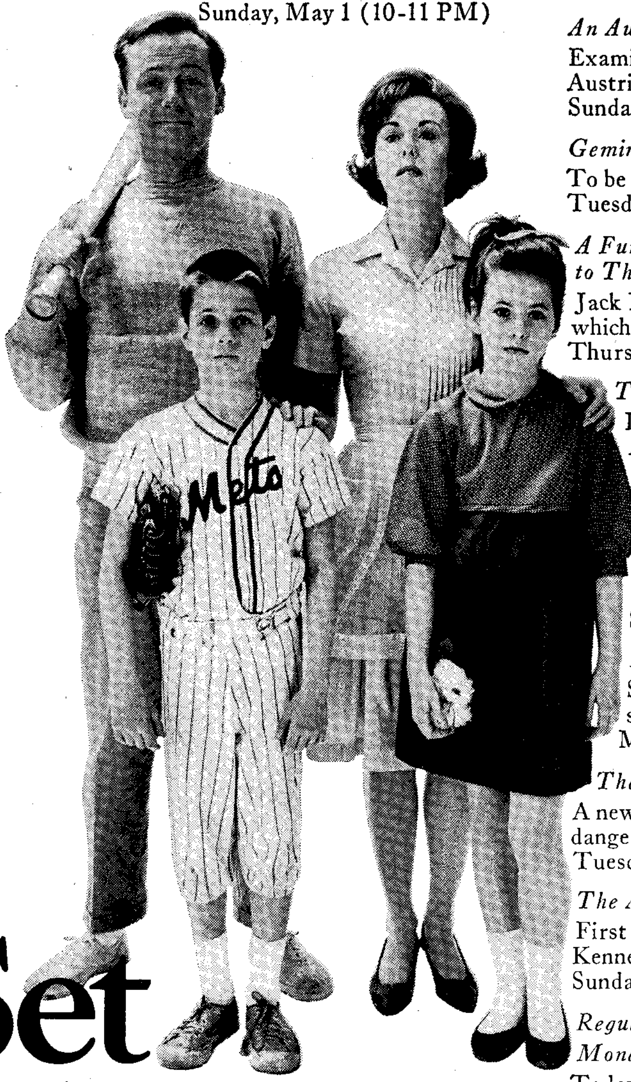

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*Operation Sea War: Vietnam*
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*Mississippi: A Self Portrait*
Opinions of white Mississippians on current social, political and economic changes.
Sunday, May 1 (6:30-7:30 PM)

*The Magic of Broadcasting*
Entertainment documentary traces the history of radio and television. Arthur Godfrey hosts.
Sunday, May 1 (10-11 PM)

*Discovery*
The Baird Marionettes; Digging Up a Dinosaur; Alaska, Part I; Alaska, Part II; Hawaii. Sundays,
May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon)

*Directions '66*
The Bigger They Are, The Harder They Hit; The Pequot Hand; Epilogue: Ballad of Growing Old; Martin Buber; This Is Leo Baeck. Sundays,
May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-1:30 PM)

*Stravinsky, Man of His Age*
Portrait of a musical revolutionary who is still exploring new frontiers.
Tuesday, May 3 (10-11 PM)

*Saga of Western Man: I Am a Soldier*
Follows a career soldier from West Point to Vietnam.
Sunday, May 8 (8-9 PM)

*"Death of a Salesman"*
Arthur Miller's drama stars Lee J. Cobb, George Segal and Mildred Dunnock.
Sunday, May 8 (9-11 PM)

*Lyndon Johnson's Texas*
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood.
Monday, May 9 (10-11 PM)

*An Austrian Affair*
Examines signs of neo-Nazi revival in Austria.
Sunday, May 15 (6:30-7:30 PM)

*Gemini Launching*
To be televised on all networks.
Tuesday, May 17 (tentative)

*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to The White House*
Jack Paar narrates humorous incidents which have enlivened American history.
Thursday, May 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

*The Anatomy of Defense*
Documentary on the roles of America's military forces.
Friday, May 20 (7:30-8:30 PM)

*18th Annual Emmy Awards*
The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences cites achievements in television.
Sunday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

*In Search of Man*
Studies the universe's most complex species: Man.
Monday, May 23 (10-11 PM)

*The National Drivers Test*
A new test, timed to alert drivers to dangers of long summer weekends.
Tuesday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

*The Age of Kennedy*
First of two programs on John F. Kennedy, the man and the politician.
Sunday, May 29 (6:30-7:30 PM)

*Regularly Scheduled Programs*
*Monday through Friday:*
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

*Tuesdays:* CBS Reports

*Saturdays:*
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Golf with Sam Snead/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

*Sundays:*
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Frontiers of Faith/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Vietnam Weekly Review College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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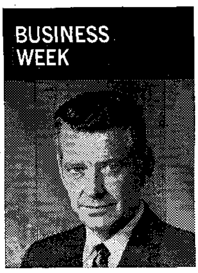
BUSINESS WEEK



to be trying to find itself again, using Communism for the purpose, and if this Communism is real Communism, it is also really Chinese. The Westerners who thought that the Chinese Communists were just some kind of agrarian reformers have been proved wrong, but how equally wrong were those who told us that instead of China's using Communism, international Communism, with its headquarters in Moscow, was using China.

At first sight, this more or less Communistic society looks very normal to a Westerner; after a while, its most striking element turns out to be exactly what that Peking doctor was talking about—its moneylessness. Not poverty but the fact that money, as such, plays such a minor role. Here is a world in which people's relationship to each other in the field of their work and in business and the professions is not steered by the classic rules of a profit economy; thus other disciplinary forces are needed to steer it. There are two of these forces, which together make up the "new morality." One: Every Chinese must be fed, housed, clothed, and educated, *because* he is a Chinese and every Chinese must be his (Chinese) brother's keeper. Two: Every Chinese must work as well as he can for his country. Propositions One and Two are parallel; that is, Two is supposedly not pursued for the sake of providing for One. Perhaps we had something rather like it in the Middle Ages, when, before the rise of capitalism, custom and Christianity provided the rules. Perhaps the difference between the West and China could be described as the difference between a money society and a rules society. A rules society can obviously function best in isolation, and the intense isolation of China, imposed on it, in part, by the United States since 1949 and to a lesser degree by the U.S.S.R. since 1959, has created the right climate for forming its drastically different character. In this atmosphere, it isn't so unbelievable that government tax collectors have become incorruptible, that waiters *really* don't want tips, that a lost wallet is always brought back, that doors do not have to be locked, and that some intellectuals want to prove their respect for peasants by lugging buckets of manure in their free time. The pat answer given by many Chinese people to questions about their wishes for the future—that they will do what is best for everyone—appears less annoyingly smug; it becomes conceivable that at least some of them mean it.

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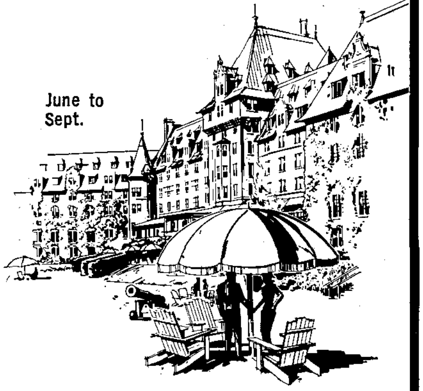

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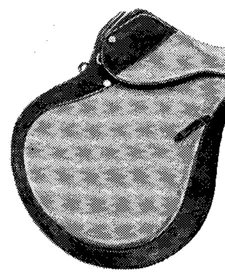

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sent in this particular society? They have no chance; they are lost. This does not mean that a majority of the population of China is against the revolution. "Why, then," a visitor may ask, "hasn't China ever had a real election, to prove this?" The answer given by many Chinese politicians seems to be, in essence, "The demands that the revolution makes on the people are too intense to admit of the doubts aroused by the possibility of choice. If we opened the doors, people would go in all directions, and the revolution would perish. The Western economy, or democracy, seems to us to be based on the fact that man is bad, totally selfish. Accepting this, you try to make your society work without an appeal to morality. This is a bleak assumption. We want to think that our people are finally going to be better-than-they-ought-to-be, that they can be made ready for the brotherhood of man. But only if we show them we are totally sure of what we are doing will they accept the discipline. They have to be made to, because they are weak. In Russia, people are already drifting back to the old ways. We will not let our people do that."

Already one can feel in the air a Chinese tiredness of the notion that virtue is its own reward, and a hankering after rewards less elevated but more directly enjoyable. The idealistic trend seemed to reach its peak just before the Great Leap, when the initial successes in the reconstruction of the country combined with the integrity (to most Chinese well-nigh unbelievable) of the officials to make many ordinary people feel that their government could bring about almost anything if they, the people, just wanted it enough. In those days, indeed, large numbers of peasants combined of their own accord into communes. Since then, everyone has calmed down. Villagers are pleased when they receive a Red Banner, but they also want to raise their own pigs. Lately, editorials have been proclaiming that everyone needs eight hours' sleep, that political meetings should not take up a man's free time, and that it's not wrong to buy a bowl of goldfish—the traditional Chinese symbol of leisure. In the long run, all this may make China a more "normal" country, and thus easier to get along with, so from the Western point of view it is a good thing.

DAILY life in China for, say, a young girl working in the Peking Knitting & Weaving Factory, which is situated about four miles to the south of the town, means tending a ma-

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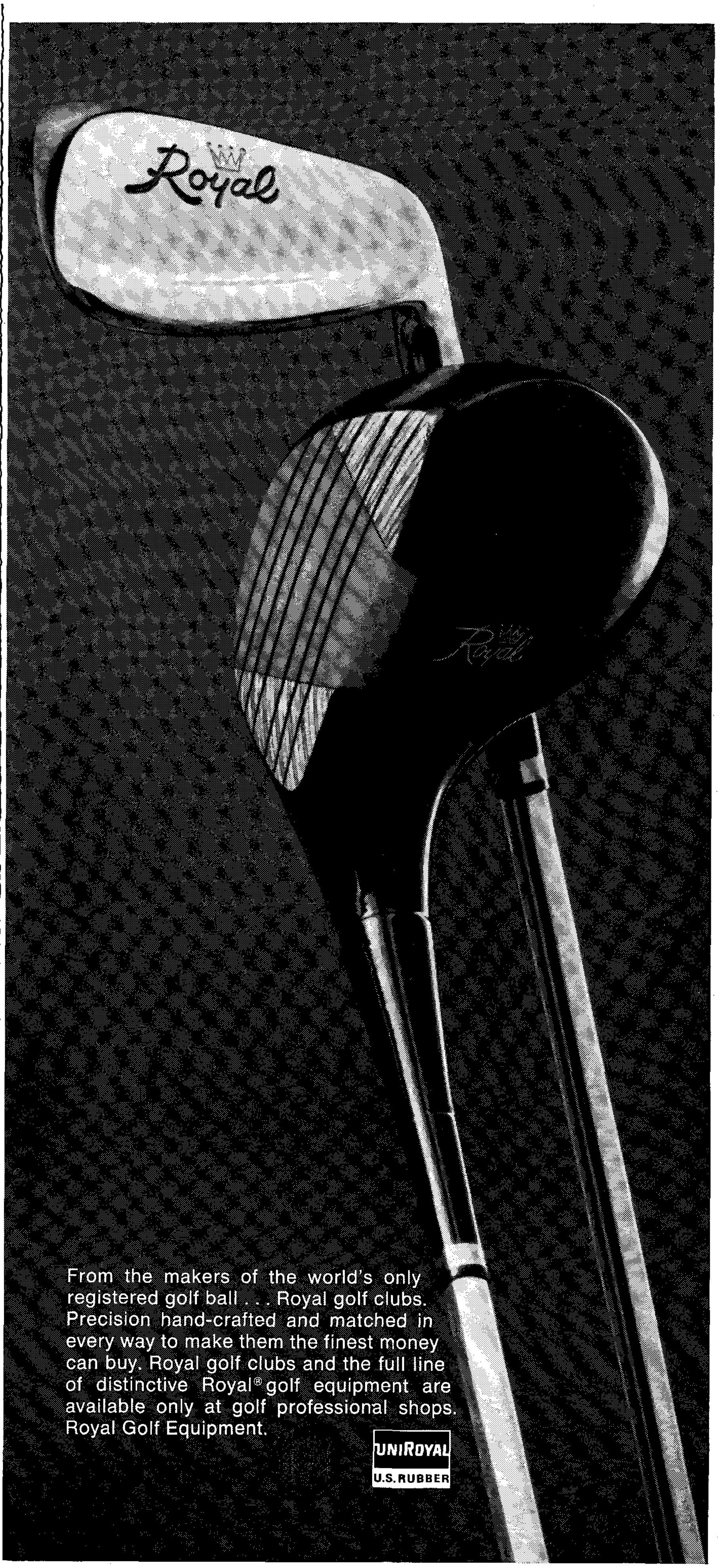
chine loom or cutting patterns from six in the morning until half past two in the afternoon, with a half-hour lunch break in the canteen—that is, if she is on the first shift, which is regarded as the most desirable one. The other shifts are from 2:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. and from 11 P.M. to 6 A.M. Her factory has two thousand workers, half of whom are women, and whose average age is thirty, and it produces men's and women's coats, jackets, trousers, and underwear, and baby clothes; some of the women's and children's things made are quite pretty, such as spring coats in gay colors and underwear of nylon or something akin to it. If the girl is a beginner, she will earn about thirty-five yuan a month, with the usual social benefits, and will be able to get her clothes cheap.

Where does she go at half past two in the afternoon? If she lives in town, with parents or relatives, she will make the trip into Peking on a city bus—a modern one, with automatic doors, and with no one hanging on outside in the customary Asian style. The bus system is well run. If the girl has been saving money, she may have bought herself a bicycle and will ride home; it is a thirty-minute bike ride into the heart of town, along quiet streets lined with newly planted trees not more than ten feet high. If the young girl has no relatives in Peking, she is probably one of the six hundred workers who live in a factory housing development, and she'll just cross the road and go to her room. Being unmarried, she will share a dormitory room with three other girls, paying rent of something like one-quarter of a yuan a month. All four girls will be on the same shift, and they may now close the window curtains and have a nap, or do some laundry or sewing, or drink tea and chat. The room, without much space to spare, contains four beds, two chairs, the girls' suitcases, and a light bulb with a little paper shade. Its occupants keep it scrubbed clean, and the care they have devoted to making it look cozy without spending money (edges of colored paper, photographs and pictures cut from magazines all over the whitewashed walls, a glass jar of flowers on a windowsill) seems poignant to a visitor from the West. Her building, four stories, has four rooms on each floor, plus a bathroom, with washbasin, shower, and flush toilet, but there are no kitchens; the girl will have her dinner in the factory canteen. Once in a while, she will eat in a restaurant, perhaps even with a boy friend—not just the two of them,



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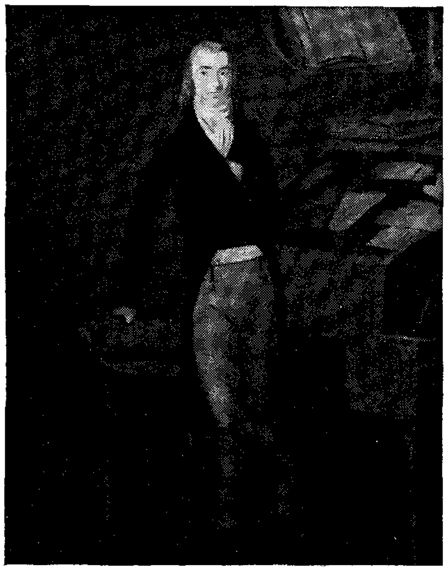

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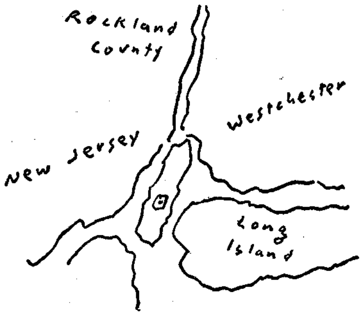
though, but a group of four or six. She will also be able to afford a movie or a play once a week—a real movie, that is. Tickets for all kinds of instructive documentary and propaganda films are offered free by the factory, but pressure to attend these has relaxed in the last few years. Once a week, there will be a political meeting or a union gathering, at which factory policies are discussed and people are singled out for praise or blame. If she has had an education, she will spend many hours reading library books, but if she didn't finish school she will probably attend classes run by the factory for people like her. If she has no such ambitions, she can sit in the factory's television room, or play ping-pong. Like everybody else, though, she will belong to a study group that meets weekly to read the writings of Chairman Mao. In the summertime, the class will meet outdoors and sit on the grass; in winter, it will meet in some public room. The girls will take turns reading aloud Mao's little essays on life, art, dialectics, guerrilla warfare, the need for education, the relation between knowing and doing, and just about every other subject. In summer, when it will be suffocating in the dormitory, the girl factory worker can go swimming in a nearby pool for five fen (approximately two cents). She works six days a week; as a rule, she will have Sunday off, but there is a stagger system and occasionally it may be another day. (China uses the Western seven-day week.) Vacation is given only on a compassionate basis, for visiting parents or near relatives living somewhere outside Peking.

There are many hairdressers in Peking, and the girl factory worker has been assured by various recent editorials that there is nothing un-Communist about having her hair done, or about saving money for fitted slacks, high-heeled shoes, or even a "bourgeois" wedding. Sales and bargains are advertised in the newspapers and on slides in the movie houses. At her weekly movie, she will also be exposed to government slides that ask her to learn to swim but not to bathe in rivers or the sea by herself, and not to read late in bed or under a street light. ("Save your eyes for your country.") During her morning work, there will be a tea break, with music to do exercises by in the courtyard, but if she is like most of the other girls she will just sit on the edge of a worktable and sip her tea. If she is very modern, she may even smoke a cigarette. There will be factory outings, which, at her age, she will join in eagerly. There may be buses



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for the outings, or the workers may have to sit on wooden benches, or stand, in open trucks. In the buses or trucks, they will sing. (Most of the transporting of workers in and around town is done with trucks. Taking a ride, even in the back of an open truck, still seems to be a treat to these men and women, who—whether in broiling sun or pouring rain—will invariably wave happily at a foreigner passing them in his smug Western limousine.)

The daily life of the older people differs from that of this factory girl mainly in the fact that they are, as a rule, married. One might consider a married man in his middle thirties, working in the Shanghai Tool Plant. He will be earning seventy yuan a month, for he is skilled and in Shanghai wages are somewhat higher than they are in Peking. He may be handling a new, Chinese-built lathe. These factories mix work and instruction, and for part of his time a colleague of his, just back from Rumania or Bulgaria, will be teaching him greater precision. If he is ambitious, he can eventually become an engineer as a result of such instruction, but this will not greatly increase his income. His wife used to be employed in the factory, too, doing the same kind of work, until recently. Now, with two children in school and a new baby, she has a part-time job in the nursery of the Kung Chiang housing development, where the family has an apartment; she earns twenty yuan a month. The Kung Chiang development is four miles from the center of town. It was one of the earliest slum-replacement projects to be undertaken after 1949, and does not compare very favorably with more recent ones. Nevertheless, there is a long waiting list for any of its eleven thousand units which may become free, and two stories are currently being added to some of the settlement's three-story buildings. The family's apartment is screened from the landing only by a door of bamboo matting; inside this door is a little vestibule with two more such doors—one to the toilet, one to the kitchen. The toilet is of the "pilgrim" type—just two footrests and a drain in the floor. The kitchen has gas burners and a sink with running water. On each side of the kitchen is one room—to the left the bedroom, where the parents sleep on a large, low bed, covered with matting, and the baby sleeps in a wooden crib, and to the right the living room, with two cots for the school-age children.

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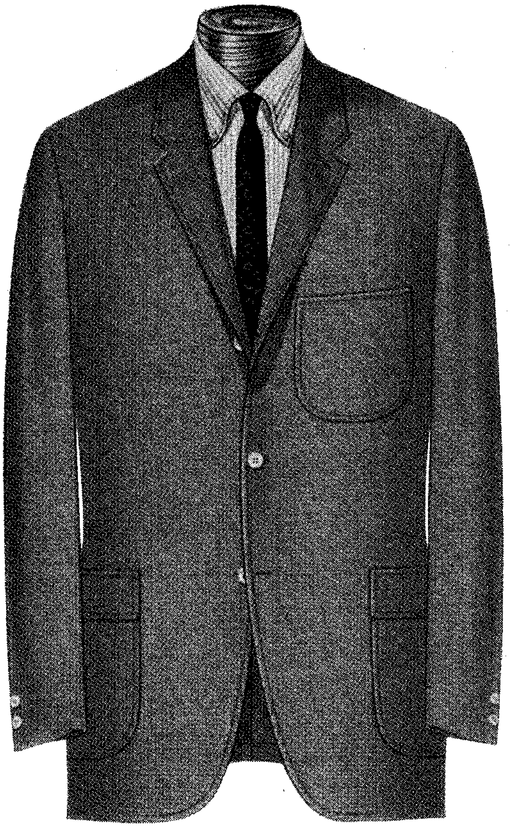

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and the crib; the living room has a table, four chairs, and a dresser with a clock and a radio on it. On the walls are some family portraits, a picture of Mao, and a calendar with a pinup girl—not in a bathing suit, however, but in a sky-blue dress, and framed by pink-blossoming pear trees. All the rooms are whitewashed, and look more cheerful and less poor than this inventory suggests. The rent is a standard five per cent of the family income—four yuan fifty, in this case. Electricity and water are free; the cooking gas costs half a yuan a month. School fees for the children, who are both still in grade school, are twelve yuan a year apiece; when they reach high school, the fees will be double. Ordinarily, day-nursery care for a baby costs three yuan fifty a month, but since the mother in this family is home with the baby half the day and spends the other half as a worker in the nursery herself, she does not have to pay. Medical service for the father is free; he pays fifty per cent of its cost for his family.

The factory runs trucks between the plant and the settlement, for the benefit of some twenty employees who live there. There are also three bus lines running from the development into Shanghai. The settlement has a sports field, a playground, and a shopping center—a square block of buildings, surrounded by a sidewalk arcade, and containing a department store, a food store, a barbershop, and so on. The stores, like most Chinese stores, look well kept. Sixty thousand people live in the eleven thousand apartments; in summer and after school, the streets are teeming with children. The big settlement clinic is quite impressive. It has a very modern X-ray machine, four dentist chairs, and twenty-two doctors. Some of these doctors practice traditional Chinese, rather than Western, medicine, but the pharmacy has many of the latest drugs, and although the place is packed at all hours, the nurses and doctors seem endlessly even-tempered.

The two older children of the lathe operator are in school seven hours a day, and they take part in such community projects as raking leaves in the park, collecting melon rinds for fertilizer, and going to the hills to plant tree saplings or mountain grass in an area chosen for reforestation. The husband's parents are both dead; his wife's parents live in Chapu, a small town not far from Shanghai, on labor insurance of sixty yuan a month. Grandfather is very old and weak; when he dies, his widow will move in with her

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daughter and son-in-law, who may then be able to get an apartment with one additional room. This lathe operator now has about as much free time and as much spending money as a European factory worker had at the turn of the century. What he does with them depends on his character and personality; vast amounts of free education are available to him, but if he prefers he can just take a chair out to the nearest meadow and spend his time smoking cigarettes and looking at the sky. He will not escape the weekly evening of politics, though; he may just sit through it, alienating no one, or he may decide to take an active part, become a representative of his section, and start bustling about on committees and forming groups. He probably does not own any books, but he may borrow some from the library; he can go to sports events, and he may take his wife bicycling on Sundays. Unlike his European counterpart, he does not frequent bars or cafés. Once in a while, he may get drunk with friends in someone's house, but he will walk home quietly. If he should create a disturbance—a very rare phenomenon indeed—his name would be mentioned with disapprobation at the next meeting of the tenants' committee, to his great embarrassment and that of his family.

To get an idea of daily life for a couple on a higher level of income and education, one might consider a man working in the national travel agency in Canton, married to a girl who just received her medical degree. He earns seventy-five yuan a month, and so does she. Out of their hundred and fifty yuan, the couple pay only one yuan ninety a month in rent for a one-room apartment with a kitchenette in a building owned by the travel agency—a respectable, if somewhat decrepit, old house in what was once the foreign concession in Canton (Shameen). They eat breakfast together at eight (wheat cakes or rice porridge, and tea), after which he walks to his office and she takes a bus to the hospital. They both have their lunch and dinner at work, for which each pays ten or twelve yuan a month, and they meet again around seven in the evening. Sunday is free for both of them, and on that day they go shopping and cook their own lunch and dinner. They save quite a lot of money, and the wife herself recently bought a piano; it cost eight hundred and fifty yuan. *Lao tung* (voluntary manual labor for intellectuals) they do in their own professional area; she sometimes puts in a week of nursing duty at the hospital—

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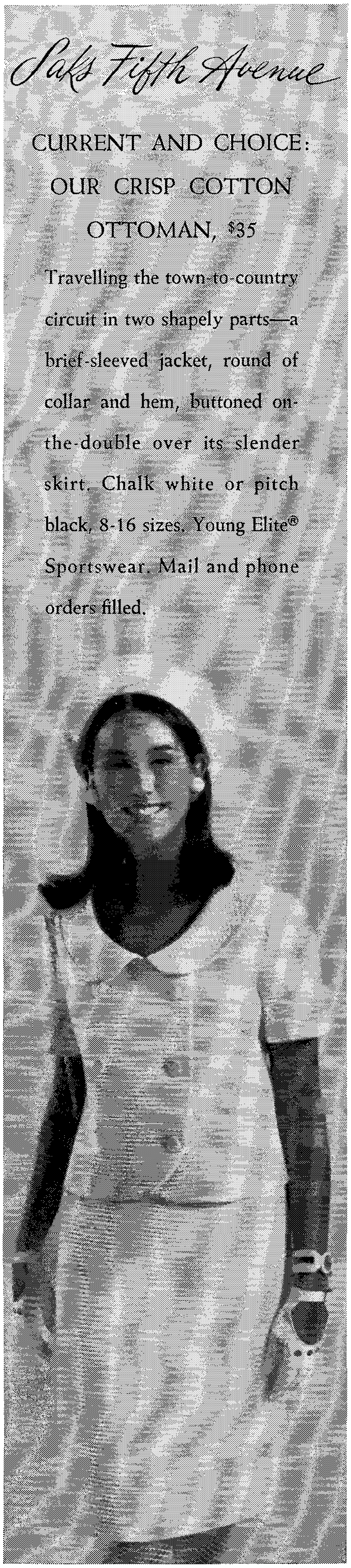

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which seems a waste in a country so short of doctors but which is meant to serve the purpose of "eliminating contempt for manual work"—and he has occasionally volunteered for work as a porter or a waiter in a hotel. He once did a month's work in the country, saying, "It was good for my health." However, he never does physical exercises; he prefers "to sit in the park with a book." The doctor I came to know in Peking was required to attend a political session for the hospital staff every Saturday afternoon from two to five; Canton is more relaxed in these matters, and the girl's hospital has no such rule. In fact, neither she nor her husband talks, or seems to think, much about politics. They are both children of very poor peasants, however, and their loyalty to their government appears to be beyond question.

These two people have been married for three years. By choice, they have no children, and it is obviously for this reason that their standard of living is so high; they are determined to keep it that way, at least for the time being. Birth control is state policy. The official reason given for the policy is not fear of overpopulation or of lagging food production but the need for feminine emancipation: "Woman cannot be a true equal of man if her body is exhausted by frequent childbearing, and her career cut short by too many household duties." The Canton couple are, within their own world, very worldly—working hard, but more self-indulgent, perhaps, and certainly more elegant than most of those around them. Life in Canton, with its many outdoor cafés and theatres, its beautiful riverside walks, and its generally lighter mood, can be quite pleasant. The girl is interested in clothes, too, and contrives to make them both look reasonably well turned out. Their apartment is attractive. It must indeed be the native decorative sense that has saved the cities of China from the drabness that the levelling processes of Socialism or Communism have produced in Eastern Europe. No moves by the state have suppressed this talent. For instance, the cheapest pad of Chinese stationery has a little design in color—some bamboo with a bird, a country house, a mountain scene—in the corner of each page, and each page has a *different* design. Chinese stamps are a delight. In various arts-and-crafts factories, old men train young men and girls in jade and ivory cutting, pottery making, and painting, and—just as if there were no such things as Five Year Plans and Great Leaps—one artist in such a

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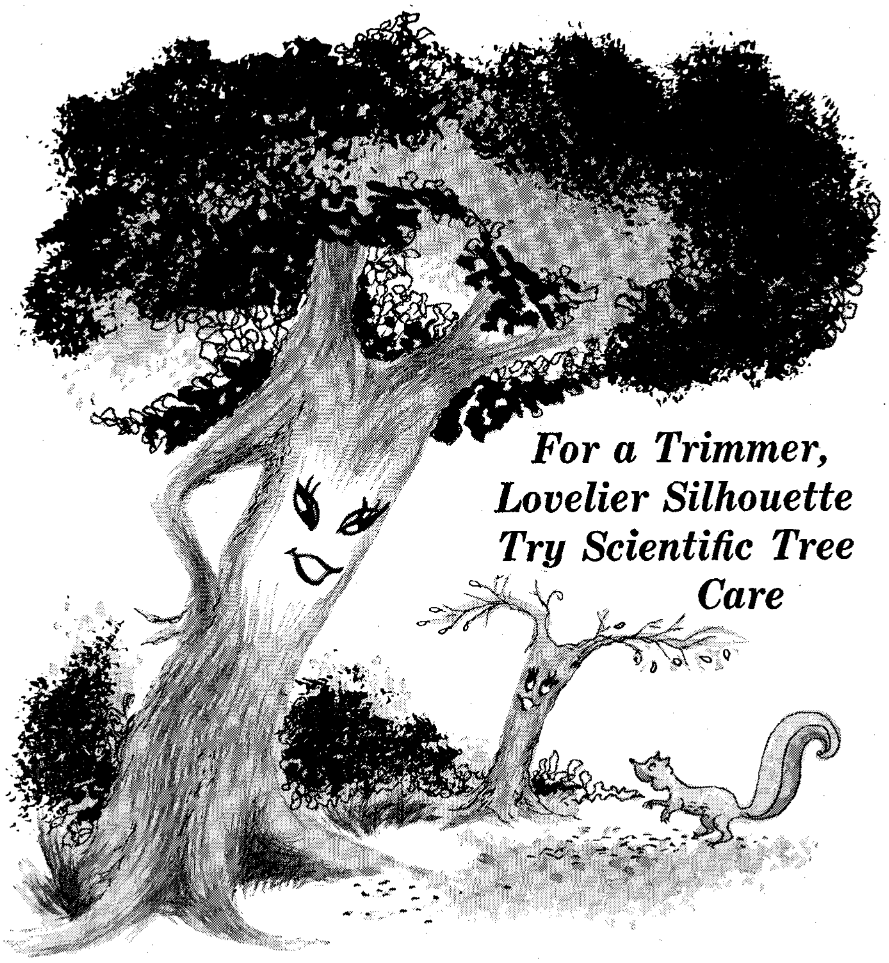
factory will spend an entire month painting, with a tiny brush, a picture on the inside of a little glass flask. This kind of article sells for little money, because no effort is made to recover the cost of producing it. The Canton couple have quite a few art objects in their room, including a print in the classical tradition.

The young man goes to work without jacket and tie in the summer, and wearing espadrilles; in winter, he wears a regular Western suit and leather shoes. No matter how hot it might get, however, he wouldn't dream of appearing on the street in a T shirt or shorts. In Imperial China, the intellectuals wore long gowns, the workmen short ones, and in a present-day summer crowd it seems as if the same line were still being drawn, but now between the long trousers of professional men and white-collar workers and the shorts of manual workers. On hot days, most men will carry a hand fan, which isn't considered in the least effeminate.

CANTON, on the Pearl River delta, was the first Chinese town seen by Western seamen. The Portuguese showed up there in the early fifteen hundreds with two ships and established a trend by both stealing and buying from—and both talking about Christianity and selling to—every Chinese in sight. Canton had seen foreign traders before; many thousand Persian, Moslem, and Jewish merchants once had lived in the town. But they had long since gone—those that weren't killed in one war or another—leaving behind one of the oldest mosques in China, and they had been a very different species from the fidgety Westerners. In an effort to keep the Portuguese at a distance, China ceded them the tip of the Macao peninsula, on the western shore of the river mouth, for their purposes. The scheme did not work, of course, and soon there were foreigners back in town again. Eventually, they took the eastern end, too (Hong Kong), and they went on from there until they had penetrated even the Forbidden City of Peking. Now we of the West are more or less back where we started from in China, at the two tips of the Pearl River mouth.

Canton now is as feverishly bustling a place as it appears in the descriptions given by visitors to it in the early nineteenth century, when thirty thousand chests of opium, each weighing a hundred and thirty-three pounds, were shipped to it each year by England, France, and the United States. And Western merchants are arriving again,



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though now by train from Hong Kong, with visas from the Chinese consul, rather than by boat. In recent years, Canton has been staging an industrial export fair each spring and autumn, and for this Europeans in numbers not seen here in a long time flood the town, which must account at least partly for Canton's notable sophistication about foreigners. There are also, of course, its nearness to Hong Kong, its role as the great port of Chinese emigration, and—perhaps most important of all—the rebellious nature of the Cantonese themselves. The Cantonese have played their part in this revolution and in most of the revolutions before it; by the same token, they now seem somewhat less impressed by the wisdom of Peking than their northern compatriots do, and they display a particularly carefree cast of mind. Hung Hsiu-chuan, of the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom rebellion, was a Cantonese, and so was Sun Yat-sen, who set up a government in Canton in 1917. (Chiang Kai-shek joined him in Canton in 1922.) On June 23, 1925, a British man-of-war in the harbor opened fire on student demonstrators of the so-called May 30th Movement, and killed two hundred. Two years later, Canton underwent a brief spell of rule by a commune, after the pattern of Paris in 1871. In 1938, the Japanese occupied it, the Pearl River Bridge having been blown up in a vain effort to stop them. In 1949, the Communists took the town, the Kuomintang having blown up the rebuilt bridge, also in vain. Now the bridge has been rebuilt once more, and the towering Ai Chun Hotel nearby, which was painted a drab brown during the war to make it less easily visible from raiding planes, has been repainted white. Though the name Ai Chun means "Love for the Masses," it is not new; the hotel had that name in its prewar capitalist days.

Canton has many parks with outdoor amusements; these are free now, but have none of the tedium usually associated with free public entertainment. There is an open-air opera house in one park, and, near it, an open-air theatre. Revolutionary opera is presented, and also classical Cantonese opera, which has its own tradition. There is an outdoor aquarium, and there are various sideshows, including a theatre with life-size puppets in beautiful old costumes. And all this is set amid sub-tropical flora under a sky in which the Milky Way (the Chinese call it the Silver River) stands out even for somebody looking at it from the

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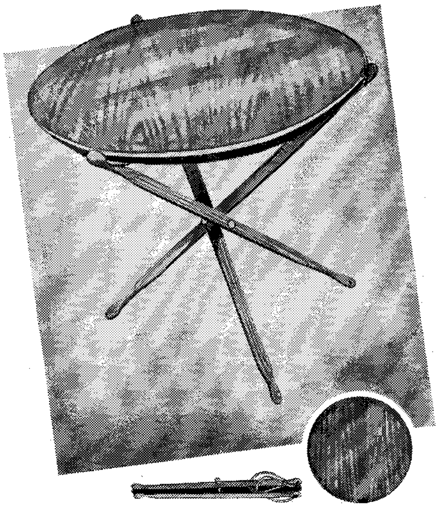

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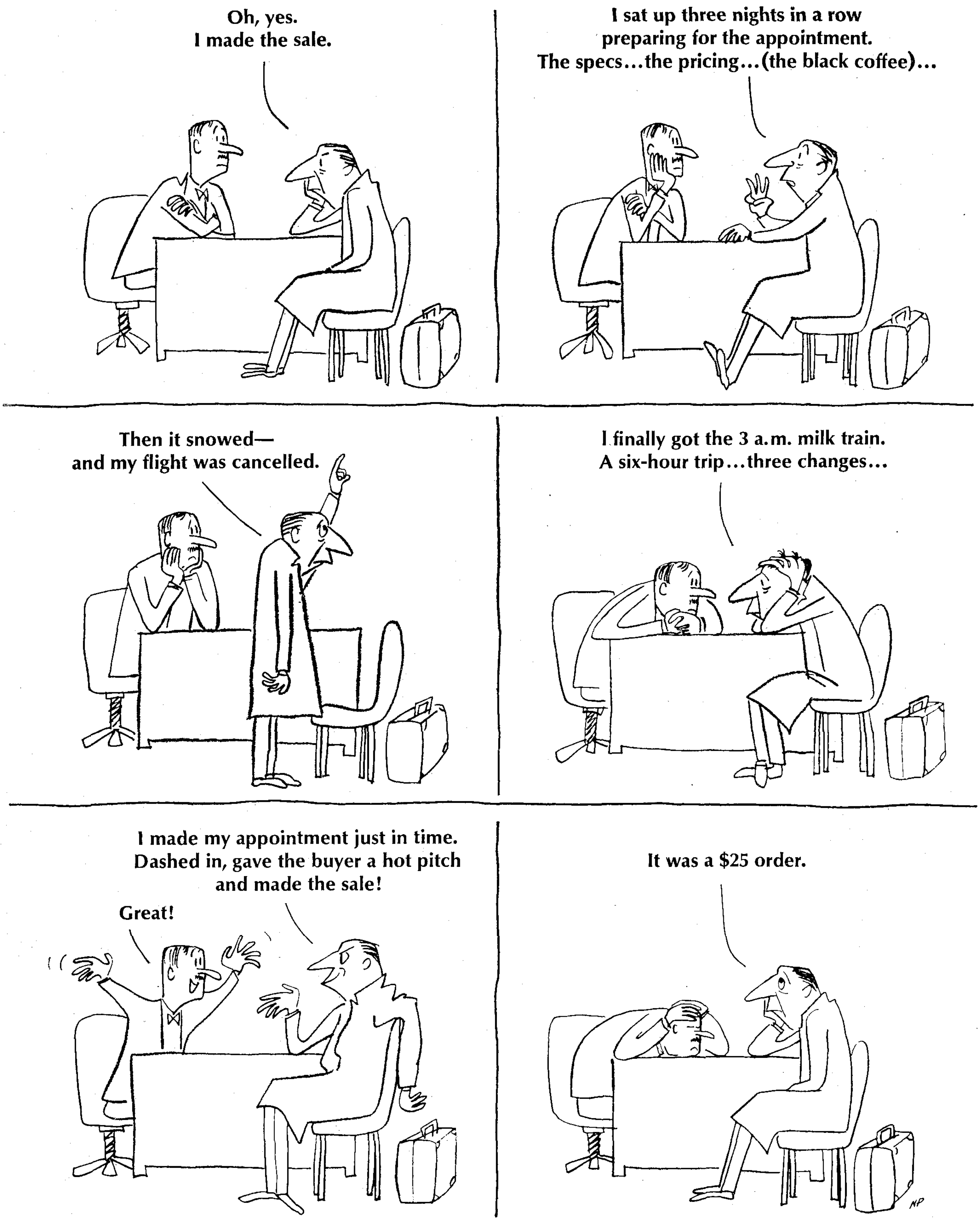
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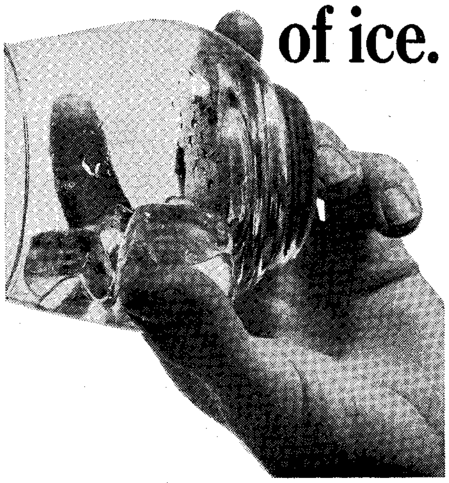

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middle of town. The parks are packed with people, who seem much more lively than the men and women of Peking (not to mention Shanghai) as they talk away in the southern language, with its eight or nine different voice pitches, which the northerners, who cannot understand a word of it, call *niao yu*, or "birds' chatter." Canton is a water town, dominated by the Pearl River, and it used to be famous for its boat people, living on more than fifty thousand houseboats. They were a tribe apart, who had no schools, were allowed to marry only among themselves, and were obliged by law to go barefoot when they came into town. There are only ten thousand boats left; the boat people are being housed in new apartment blocks going up on the south shore of the river. Presently, all of them will have come ashore. The young ones, being obviously better off, are happy; the older ones, accustomed to the freedom and the dirt of their boats, and their out-of-bounds society, seem lost in the new little flats, with their doorbells, narrow staircases, and garbage collections.

Canton is neither a classless town nor a proletarian one; its character is much more diverse than that. Like other Chinese cities, it still has its very poor, but, like all poor people in a mild climate, they seem less miserable here. It has its laborers, dressed, if they belong to the older generation, in the peculiar waxed black cloth of the Chinese south, which is indestructible but is also extremely hot. (Sicilian peasant women wear a similar baffling black.) It also has thousands of students, attending Sun Yat-sen University, which lies in a park behind a large pond, near the river. And it has its very mild equivalent of the jet set, including a number of the students, who sit around in the outdoor cafés and the six classic restaurants of the town. Finally, it has a unique group of leisured rich: overseas Chinese who have returned to their motherland for a vacation, or, more often, to end here their days on earth. They live in a hybrid world of Communism trimmed with bourgeois indulgences available for hard currency, in houses built expressly for them and equipped with air-conditioning, refrigerators, and many other non-Communist comforts.

Canton's Bund runs east and west, and the sun rises and sets right over the river. Three waterways merge just about in its middle, at the White Goose Pool—where, according to legend, under the Ming dynasty, a peasant rebel, trapped by soldiers coming from

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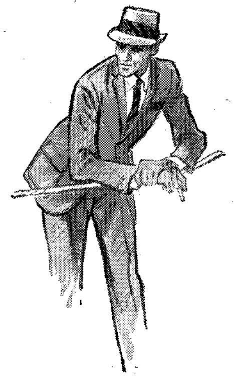

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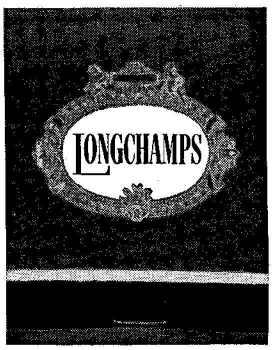
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all directions, was carried off by a white goose. Shameen, which used to be the British-French concession, and which was made into an island by the digging of canals, looks out on the White Goose Pool. It lies quiet and green under thick trees; children play tag in the middle of its streets, among them an occasional white boy or girl here, offspring of some European diplomat. Shameen's stone East Bridge and West Bridge were once guarded by Gurkhas and by cannon. Some of the cannon are still there. Fifty natives who were killed by them on one occasion have their memorial here now, with the usual inscription and the usual wilted wreath. "Zest rather than danger is added to residence in Shameen by reason of the occasional disturbances in Canton," Carl Crow wrote in his guidebook of 1921. In those days, sedan chairs, with four bearers each, used to wait under the trees of Shameen for foreigners going into Canton, many of the streets being too narrow for rickshaws.

On a sudden cool evening, such as may come upon Canton late in the year, the fog from the river and the canals creeps up over Shameen and fills the streets with a gray diffused light in which the street lamps make soft rings. It is easy then to imagine the presence, under those dripping trees, of the ghosts of all the men who had a go at China in their day—pirates, teachers, traders, thieves, opium merchants, generals, pimps, missionaries, and con men. But—in the words of an old Chinese poem—in the mist, through which a heron winds its way, their footsteps are lost forever. —HANS KONINGSBERGER

(*This is the second of two articles on Communist China.*)

•

Fairfax M. Cone is chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc., the nation's sixth largest ad agency. Cone said, "The best test of any advertisement is this: could you say it to a friend without feeling like an idiot?" Cone dreamed up the Dial soap line "Aren't you glad *you* use Dial Soap! Don't you wish *everybody* did?"—*California Monthly.*

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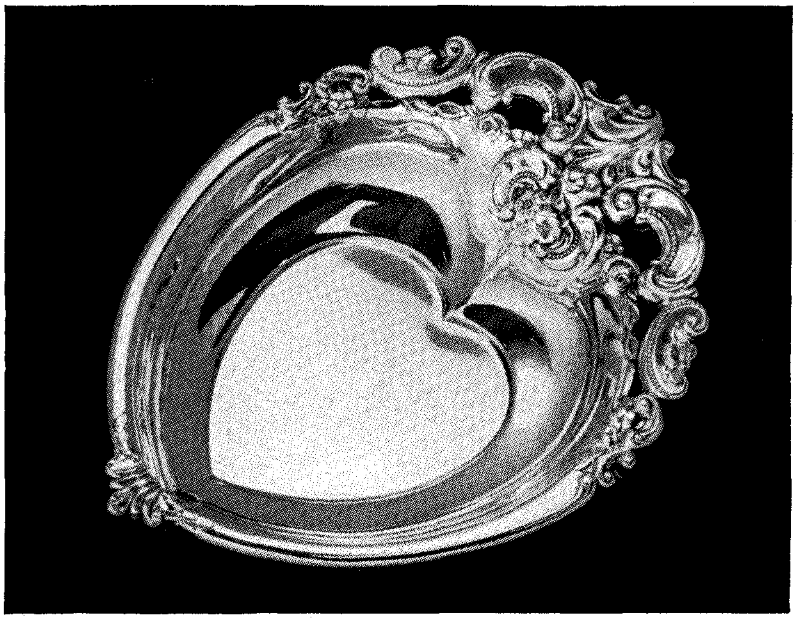

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Hoy!*

ON Tuesday night of last week, the Bolshoi Ballet opened a three-week season at the old Metropolitan Opera House with its famous and familiar production of "Swan Lake." The audience was of the diplomatic-corps-plus-high-society sort, rather than strictly balletomane, and it deluged the company with torrents of bravos, some of which seemed to me deserved, some not. This particular Russian company has its own special extrovert character. Things are done with enormous bravura, applause is milked unblushingly, and the athletic side of ballet is pushed into great prominence and done with great style. I do not look for any particular subtlety in the Bolshoi company as it now exists. But its full-length "Swan Lake" is a fairly splendid formal affair, utilizing more continuously interesting choreography than that employed by the British Royal Ballet—and with Maya Plisetskaya in the dual role of the White and Black Swans, it is certainly something worth seeing. Mme. Plisetskaya was up to the ravishing standard she set in her first appearance here in this ballet four years ago. The undulant arm movements that are her special trademark as the White Swan were present again, and her performance had exemplary poise and elegance in other respects. Much of the warmth and dramatic feeling that a great dancer can bring to the second-act pas de deux was also set forth by this scintillating performer. As her partner, Prince Siegfried, Nicolai Fadeyechev proved to be a handsome and accomplished dancer whose leaps and turns in Act III were always striking, if not exactly record-breaking. I have seen the Black Swan pas de deux done more brilliantly from time to time, by, among others, Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch. However, the Bolshoi production is altogether an imposing one, with admirable discipline in the corps de ballet, with numerous brightly conceived divertissements, and with some superb character dancing by Vladimir Koshelev and Vladimir Levashev, in the roles of the Jester and the Evil Magician. Among the participants in the divertissements, Maya Samokhvalova stood

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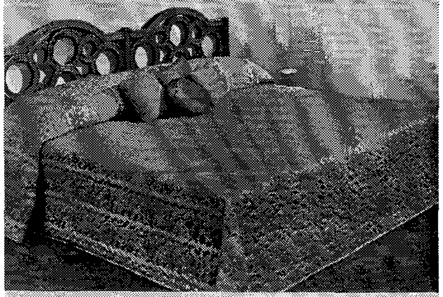

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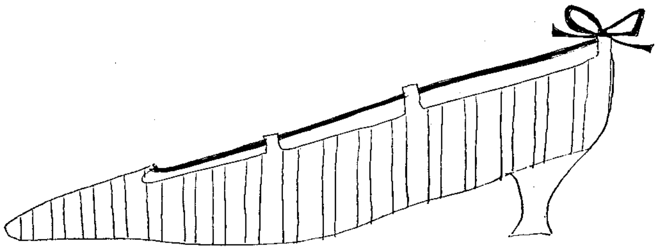
out particularly in the Act I pas de trois. An avalanche of applause greeted four Spanish dancers in Act III for reasons that are quite obscure to me. The playing of the orchestra, under Alexander Kopylov, was generally wretched, but this was excusable in view of the probability that few rehearsals had been held on this side of the Atlantic.

It is perhaps a bit captious to pick flaws in so venerable and quaintly put together a classical Russian ballet as the Petipa-Gorsky "Don Quixote," with its score by Ludwig Minkus, which the Bolshoi troupe presented on Wednesday night. But I am going to do just that. It is thinly based on a little love story that is occasionally disturbed by a gaunt old spear carrier who appears and disappears without much reference to the plot, and it really consists of a chain of divertissements that continues through three acts. Change the spear carrier to a man in Renaissance costume carrying a book and you could call it "Faust." It is possible to view this spectacle as a simple opportunity for choreographic display, and to revere its component dances as ancient and therefore worthy of veneration. But the implications of this view are that ballet is not capable of dealing with anything deeper than a fouetté—that, in short, it is not much of an art—and with this I profoundly disagree. George Balanchine has recently created a "Don Quixote" that, though it uses a somewhat similar scenario, comes to terms with the character of that great Western mythological figure, and presents him tenderly and with respect. I sat through the Bolshoi version the other night with considerable boredom and occasional distaste, despite the fact that Mme. Plisetskaya was again the center of attraction and danced memorably during the few periods when she was onstage. There were, in fact, a couple of breathtaking moments when she and her gifted partner, Vladimir Tikhonov, performed magnificent lifts and other feats of virtuosity. And there were dances of some technical splendor by Miss Samokhvalova, Nicolai Simachev, and Rimma Karelskaya, as well as an entirely fresh and delightful moment in Act III, danced by Nina Sorokina. But the choreography of "Don Quixote" is on the whole very conventional, and old-fashioned in the bad sense of the word. So are the scenery and costumes that the company has brought along for this work. And there were quite a few moments of pomposity, commonplaceness, and vulgarity that reminded me of what used to pass for dancing on the vaudeville stage



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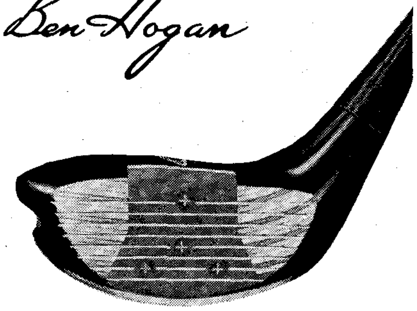

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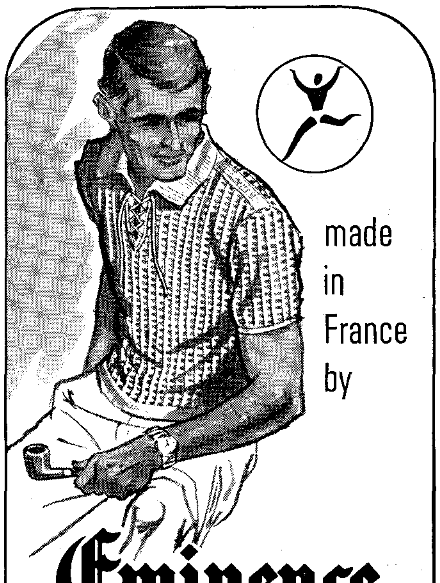
thirty years ago—something that was nearly always accompanied by Rimski-Korsakov's "Song of India," as it was popularly called. No doubt when the original choreography of "Don Quixote" was created, back in 1869, Spanish dancing—or the diluted form of it that ballet dancers perform—was considered the most exciting thing in the world. Most of "Don Quixote's" divertissements are made up of this type of "Spanish" dance, and several of them are corny indeed. Today, when we have some knowledge of real flamenco dancing, this sort of thing is hopelessly out of date. (It is notable that Balanchine, in *his* "Don Quixote," refrained almost completely from this kind of phony local color.) Altogether, I found the Bolshoi "Don Quixote" slightly interesting as a museum piece, very interesting at those moments when Mme. Plisetskaya and Mr. Tikhonov were dancing, and quite uninteresting as a total ballet. I must dutifully report, however, that I seemed to be in a minority the other night. The applause for practically everything was deafening.

ON Thursday night, I went to the New York State Theatre to see a new ballet by Balanchine entitled "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," a title that refers to the fact that its music consists of Brahms' early First Piano Quartet, Opus 25, as orchestrated by Schoenberg. There is nothing in this rather large work (which is in four movements, with a different ballet for each) that will surprise those familiar with the Balanchine manner. But the Balanchine manner—to me, at least—is a continuous joy, and its soft fluidity of line and sensitivity to musical values (important ones in this case) were agreeable to witness after the brash, slightly circuslike performances of the Bolshoi troupe. The settings—an arrangement of gray curtains and golden tassels—were extremely tasteful compared with the literal, unimaginative Bolshoi scenery, and the costumes, by Karinska, as usual, were just as tasteful. Each movement had its pair of soloists and its ensemble contributions, all choreographed with that slightly unsymmetrical, slightly casual style that is one of the great choreographer's earmarks. Nothing was pushed to the showoff point, and yet some fine pieces of bravura were accomplished by the principals, who included Melissa Hayden and André Prokovsky, Patricia McBride and Kent Stowell, Allegra Kent and Edward Villella, and Suzanne Farrell



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and Jacques d'Amboise. The finale, a "Rondo alla Zingarese," was done in national costume of some sort—gypsy, according to the title of the movement, but it looked to me more like Hungarian hussar's and hussaress's getup. Anyhow, it made a bright ending to the work, and Miss Farrell and Mr. d'Amboise carried it off admirably.

BEFORE I went to see Mr. Balanchine's new work, I spent a short time in Philharmonic Hall listening to the first part of a program by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Lukas Foss. The part I heard was devoted to the Viennese decadence, and it was interestingly arranged and eloquently performed, falling into three styles that could be said to exhibit a progressive decline in emotional power. Three songs from Alban Berg's "Seven Early Songs," sung with great feeling by Marilyn Horne, showed the Viennese tradition before the breaking point. Though written at a time when Berg was studying with Schoenberg, they showed no influence, as yet, from the atonal Schoenberg style. They were very sad and very beautiful, and again raised the question whether Berg might not have been a composer equal to Richard Strauss or Gustav Mahler if he had not become entangled with the avant-garde of the period. Then there were the ostinato and adagio from Berg's unfinished opera "Lulu," in which Berg wrote music that is still highly emotional (actually, he never wrote any other kind) but in which the emotion is repressed, desperate, hysterical, and akin to neurosis. In this context, Webern's familiar "Five Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 10," which opened the program, seemed to express the sort of playful irrationality that has been associated with some psychoses. There was no emotion here, only serenity, but it was the serenity of total irresponsibility. These pieces were performed in reverse order to the one in which I have discussed them, but their interrelationships were fascinating to me, and the three songs sung by Miss Horne could, I think, be ranked among the great masterpieces of their sort.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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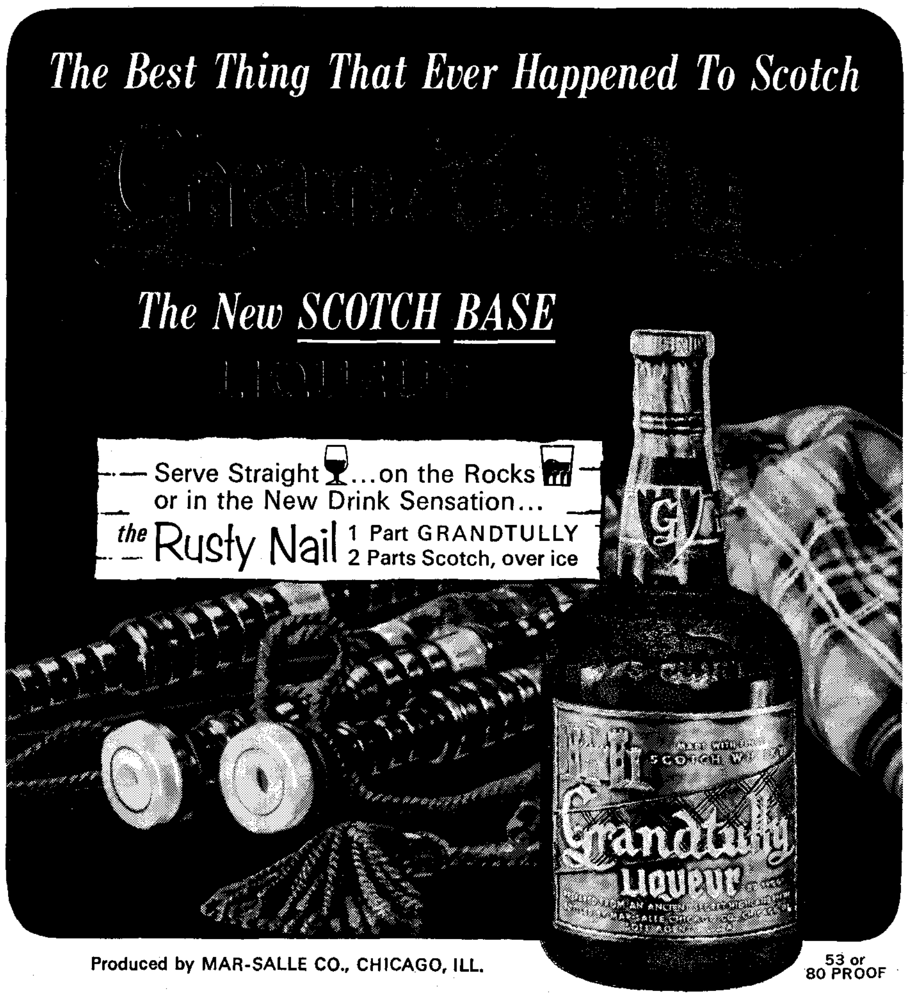
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# THE SPORTING SCENE

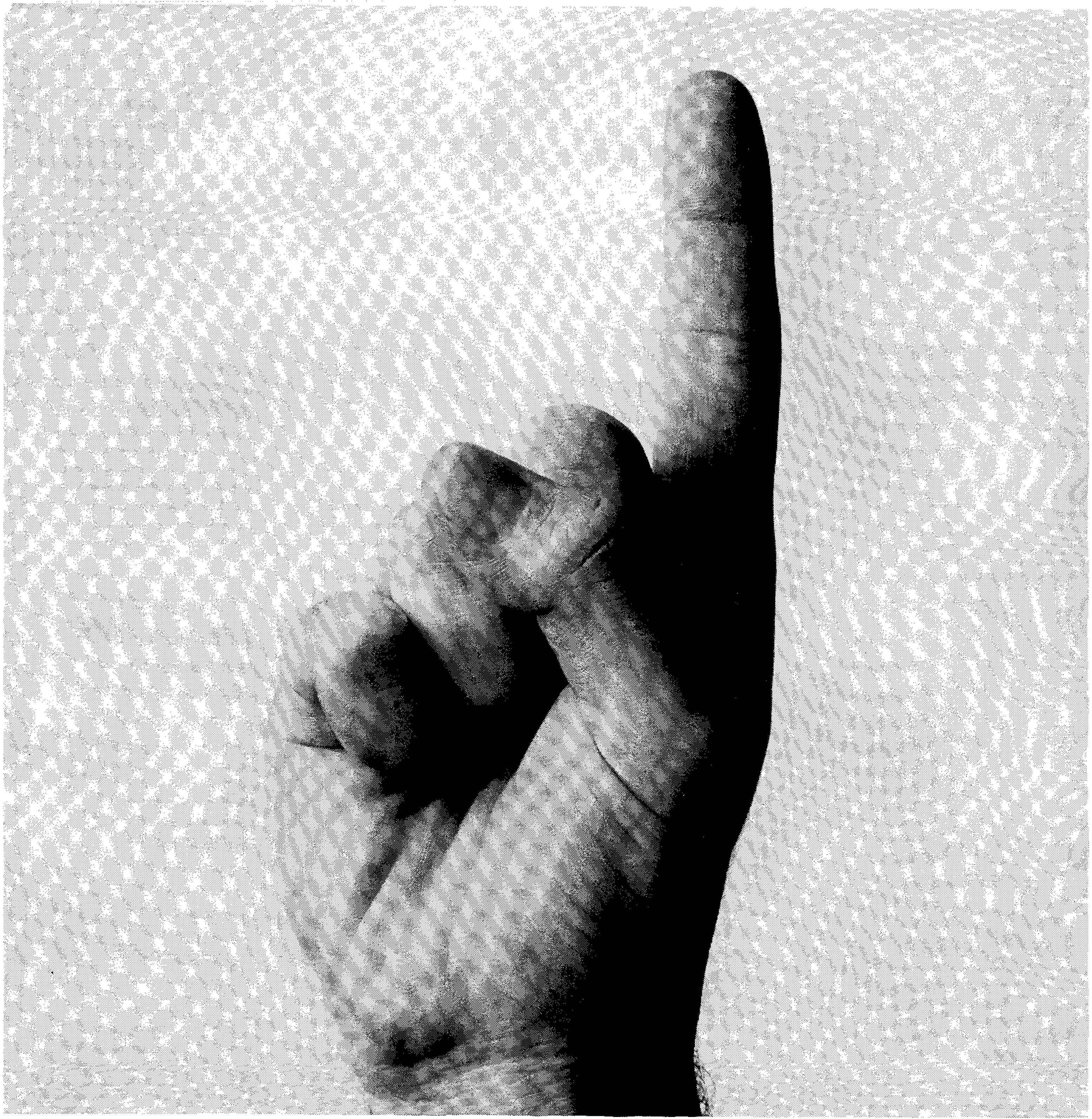
## A PAIR OF MASTERS

ON the eve of the recent Masters championship at the Augusta National Golf Club, a good deal of speculation centered around the chances of Jack Nicklaus, who was the defending champion; Gary Player, the pleasant South African who won just about everything of consequence last summer; and Doug Sanders, the hottest golfer on this year's winter tour, but the man who bulked largest in most conversations was Arnold Palmer. This was not entirely unexpected. Palmer always does well in the Masters, and he had been hitting the ball very well this winter, but the chief reason he was a top favorite was, curiously, that this is an even-numbered year. Since Palmer had scored his four victories in the Masters in 1958, 1960, 1962, and 1964, numerologically he seemed a sound bet for 1966. (Incidentally, I have come across only two other records in sports as biennially exact and confounding as Palmer's: Harry Heilmann's feat of leading the American League in batting in 1921, 1923, 1925, and 1927, and Jean Borotra's of winning our national indoor-tennis championship in 1925, 1927, 1929, and 1931.)

Long before I started South on my annual early-April pilgrimage to Augusta, the golfers' Canterbury, I found I was doing a lot of thinking about Palmer. This is a critical year for him. Over the past three seasons, he has won only one important event (the 1964 Masters), and to maintain his lordly position in his highly competitive profession he must carry off this year at least one of the four major championships—the Masters, the United States Open, the British Open, and the Professional Golfers' Association—or, failing that, do extraordinary things in the lesser tournaments. Otherwise, a distinct period in golf, which began in 1960, when Palmer won both the Masters and the U.S. Open, will be over. The fact that many golf enthusiasts consider that we are still in the Age of Palmer, despite his rather indifferent record since 1962, is testimony to the exceptional appeal and magnetism of the man. In a way, all this is reminiscent of the situation in the literary world in England during the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the period we refer to as the Age of Johnson—not because Samuel Johnson was writing circles around his contemporaries but, rather, because he dominated the scene through the vibrance and depth of his personality.

With these thoughts in mind, I decided a week before the Masters to make a sort of minor pilgrimage to Palmer's home, in Latrobe, some forty miles east of Pittsburgh. During last year's P.G.A. championship, which was held at the Laurel Valley Golf Club, in Ligonier, eight miles from Latrobe, I had, along with several hundred other people, a few of whom had actually been invited to do so, dropped in on the Palmers. Their house sits at the crest of a sharp slope, and I was particularly taken by the game room, which, along with a guest room and a storage room that then housed Palmer's workshop, is built on a level below the rest of the house. The game room was filled with an array of awards, photographs, and assorted mementos, and it occurred to me that to catalogue them might serve to provide a nice pointillist review of Palmer's remarkable career. On this year's visit—Palmer was away playing in the Greensboro Open, and his wife, Winnie, showed me around—I learned that although the game room had been enlarged last autumn, a good number of the objets d'Arnie had been relegated to storage closets, but even so, the remodelled game room still offers an abundance of interest for the student of Palmeriana. Unquestionably the most important piece in the large, handsome room—it measures thirty-six feet by twenty-eight, is panelled in cherry wood, and is decorated in beiges and yellows for the most part—is a circular walnut coffee table, four and a half feet in diameter, inlaid with the medals Palmer has won in the significant championships. Along with his four gold Masters medals, his silver U.S. Open medal, his two gold British Open medals (1961, 1962), and his silver U.S. Amateur medal (1954), there are thirty-one other gold medals emblematic of victories scored over the years in P.G.A. circuit tournaments. (The table also contains one empty hole, and as soon as Mrs. Palmer gets around to filling it with the medal Palmer picked up last week by winning the Tournament of Champions, at Las Vegas, she will mortise another hole in the table. It is the Palmers' policy always to leave one empty hole in the table, ready to receive the next medal.) Oddly, there is only one trophy in the room—a tinny, tarnished, battered little cup that undoubtedly would have been thrown away years ago if it weren't the prize Palmer was given, along with his check, when he won his first professional tournament, the 1955 Canadian Open. The absence of other hardware is partly explained by the fact that the winner of a major championship gets to keep the permanent trophy for only one year, and last year Palmer won no major championships. Furthermore, in addition to the one in the game room, there are two other sizable collections of Palmer's trophies and awards—one at the Latrobe Country Club, where his father has been the professional for thirty-six years, and the other at the Laurel Valley Golf Club, to which Palmer is currently attached as the playing pro.

The walls of the game room, as might be expected, are lined with photographs. These include four of more than passing interest: a snapshot of Palmer and his wife taken in 1955, shortly after their marriage (she is caddying for him); a large photograph,



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taken three years ago, of the Palmers and their two daughters—Peggy, who is now ten, and Amy, who is seven, with Palmer proudly admiring a painting of a golf course Peggy did in her first-grade class; a large photograph of Palmer and his father at the Augusta National on the morning of the final round of the 1960 Masters; and a small photograph of Palmer, Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, and Sam Snead, snapped in Dallas last summer when the four played an exhibition match. Also on the walls, punctuating the photographs, are the original drawings of two comic strips by Walt Ditzen that contain references to Palmer; the original paintings of two fine illustrations from *Sports Illustrated* (one showing Palmer blasting from a bunker, the other, chatting with the press); a map of the Augusta National layout; and a map of the Birkdale links, in England, drawn by a member of that club, a particularly staunch admirer of Palmer's, who charted, stroke by stroke, the four rounds that won him the British Open in 1961. Troon, the scene of his second victory in the British Open, is not graphically represented, but in the corridor leading to his old workshop hangs a print of the well-known painting by Arthur Weaver of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse and the Old Course at St. Andrews.

One corner of the game room is given over to a bar, complete with four stools and a draft-beer-dispensing machine. Tucked among the wide selection of beer mugs, along with a pair bearing the crest of Laurel Valley and another pair bearing the crest of Wake Forest, Palmer's college, is a pewter mug with the very British inscription "Thanks for your commendable performance at RAF Station Sculthorpe." (In 1960, after losing the British Open by a single stroke at St. Andrews, Palmer found the time to play an exhibition at Sculthorpe.) At the opposite end of the room, on another coffee table, near a huge fireplace, are two outsize scrapbooks. One, bound in green, was put together by the Augusta National Golf Club and is loaded with press clippings and photographs describing Palmer's decisive victory in the 1964 Masters; the other, bound in blue, was presented to Palmer by the sponsors of the World Match Play Championship, and its contents similarly chronicle his victory in that tournament, at Wentworth, England, in 1964. On the shelves and on many of the small end tables around the room is a gallimaufry of other items: seven airplane models, including the first two of the three Aero Commander

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planes Palmer has owned; a pair of baby shoes fitted with golf spikes, which belonged to no one; a silver cigarette box with a bas-relief of the Augusta National clubhouse, a gift that each Masters winner receives the following year; an electric clock Palmer collected for winning the 1957 San Diego Open; two bookends with the gold-and-green crest of the Western Golf Association, the first received in 1961, the second in 1963, the two years Palmer won the Open sponsored by that patently non-bookish organization; a cigarette box from the 1962 Eisenhower Trophy competition in Palm Springs; an ashtray from the Bob Hope Desert Classic; an ashtray from the World Series of Golf; three ashtrays done by a friend, which show Palmer in silhouette in a characteristic posture (*hitching up his trousers*); and, finally, in a case with eight shotguns, a baseball bat his friend Dick Groat, who was then with the Pirates, used in the 1960 World Series. The room also contains a small organ, a color-television set, a radio-phonograph, and, since it is really a game room, a full-size pool table and an Arnold Palmer Putting Green. For all this, it is surprisingly uncluttered.

While most men spend their free moments around a house reading, fixing the storm windows, or simply going out for a walk, Palmer finds his surest relaxation in tinkering with golf clubs. Last autumn, shortly after the family had sold the two horses the girls used to ride, Palmer's workshop was moved from its old location, just off the game room, into the vacant barn, a small A-frame structure about seventy-five yards from the house. Now that his grinding machine, lie corrector (which adjusts and measures the degrees of loft on a club head), bending iron, and other tools have been transplanted, the old cellar workshop is empty except for thirty-two pairs of golf shoes, four golf bags, more than a hundred wooden clubs neatly arranged in racks, more than *three* hundred irons, and fifty-eight putters with heads of all shapes and sizes. (Palmer, incidentally, finds that a putter with a shiny head distracts him, and in his new workshop he recently concocted a liquid solution, a semi-rusting agent, in which he soaks his putters to bring them to the right degree of dullness.) The old workshop is slated to become, one day, an exercise room and sauna bath.

Changing rooms around is nothing new for the Palmers. They have been at it periodically since they purchased their home, in 1958. It was then a

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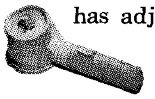

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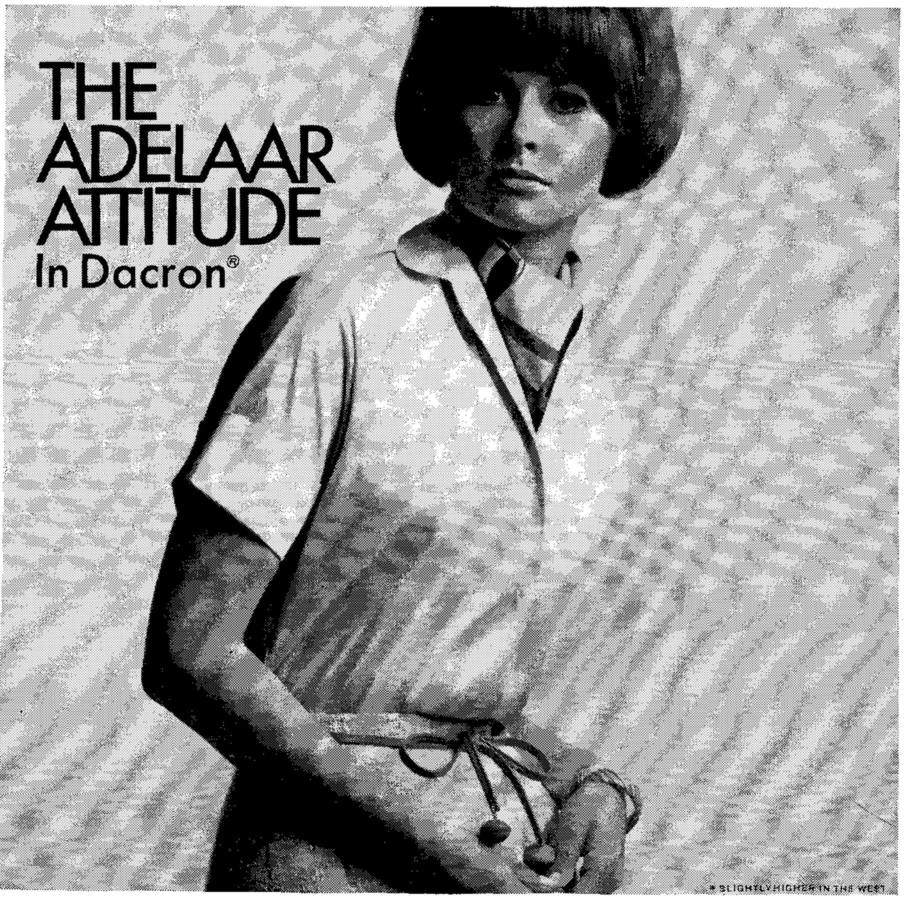

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six-room ranch house, painted white with black shutters. Over the years, they have put up a garage, converted the original carport into a business office, twice expanded the cellar, added a new dining room and kitchen, and extended the sleeping quarters. Now they live in an eleven-room two-level house, painted white with black shutters. At frequent intervals along the way, the Palmers debated the wisdom of building a new house on another site. Their decision to stay put was, I would say, the correct one. Arnold Palmer lives precisely where everyone would want him to live, for the view from his house takes in the first five holes of the Latrobe Country Club, where he learned the game, and, alongside that stretch of the course, the old clapboard house in which he grew up.

As everybody knows, Palmer did not win the 1966 Masters, but he was in the thick of the battle until the final hole, finishing only two shots behind Gay Brewer, Tommy Jacobs, and Jack Nicklaus, who tied for first and sent the tournament into a three-way playoff, which Nicklaus won. In a way, it was surprising that Palmer really was such a force, for this year he was far from the assured, attacking shotmaker we have seen so often in the past in this event. For the most part, he drove efficiently, very efficiently, but except for a few isolated bursts his approach shots to the immense rolling greens—and they are the key to doing well at Augusta—had rather a tentative quality. Palmer seemed to be hitting them thin, as if he was not getting all of the ball on the club face. Indeed, on a few of his irons he took a constricted body turn and came into the ball all arms and with a minimum of hand action, as if he were trying to steer the shot. Accordingly, he left himself a great deal to do on the greens, and while his putting was generally of a very high order, in the end it cost him the championship. On the last nine holes, when he was at one time only a single shot behind the leader, and never more than two shots, he missed a succession of short putts the old Palmer would have gobbled up, particularly in the Masters.

What kept Palmer in the running all the way, despite his lack of sharpness, was the fact that the rest of the players had similar difficulties sustaining their games at an assertive pitch, for the Augusta National presented a much more exacting test this year than it has in some time. When scores ran high on

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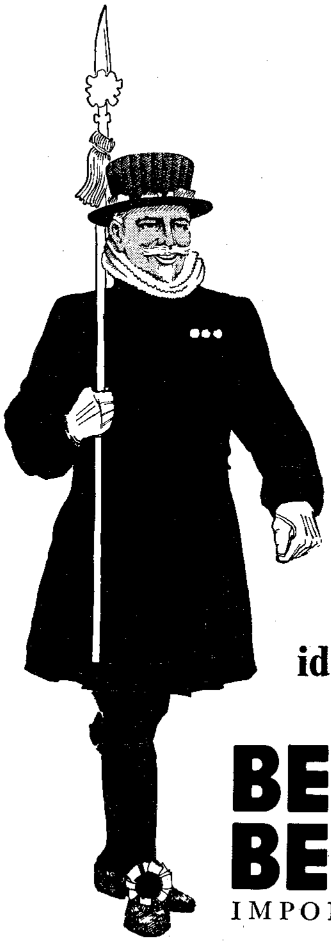
the first day—Nicklaus with a 68, four under par, was the only one who broke 70—most observers attributed this to the strong winds that blustered over the course. On the second day, when there was much less wind to contend with and Paul Harney's 68 was the only sub-70 round, it became much clearer that it was the course itself that was causing the trouble, and no doubts at all remained about this when no one broke 70 on either the third or fourth rounds, when the wind was down to almost a whisper. This year, spring came late to Georgia—a relatively rainless spring. As a result, the ground was much harder than usual. The hardness of the fairways affected play to a certain extent, but not nearly as much, naturally, as the hardness of the greens. When Bob Jones built the Augusta National, in 1931, one of his aims (along with introducing holes whose strategic features were adapted from famous holes in Britain he had long admired) was to create a course on which the playing conditions would approximate those on British seaside links, where the fairways are racy and the greens so firm and resilient that a golfer must land his approach well short of the flag and allow for a considerable amount of roll. Even an approach shot hit with professional backspin will not check itself on a British green half as quickly as it will on our soft, watered American greens, and at St. Andrews, Jones' favorite course, a player must frequently play his approach to land short of the green itself. When the Augusta National was a young course, the fairways *were* fast and the greens *were* touchy, but over the years they gradually slowed down to an American walk. The greens became so receptive that on most holes a player could fire his approach directly at the flag; the ball, if struck precisely, would bite and back up, and, as often as not, a mediocre shot would sit down rather quickly. This spring, it was different. As Jones remarked at the presentation ceremony at the close of the tournament proper, for the first time in many years the course played, as it was intended to, very much like an English or Scottish course, and, as he appreciated, it demanded an extremely high degree of skill. It should be noted, in this general connection, that stopping the ball in birdie range was occasionally made even more difficult because the grass on the fairways was quite high, and from some lies a golfer could not hope to obtain maximum spin on the ball. Moreover, as is customary in the Masters, the cups on a number of holes



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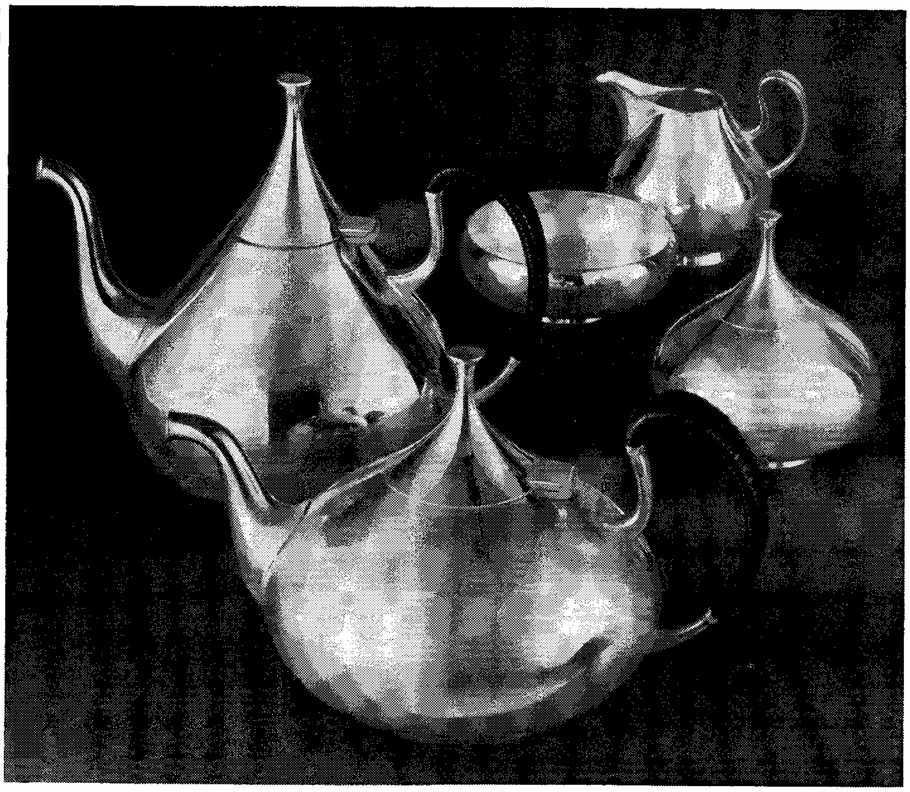

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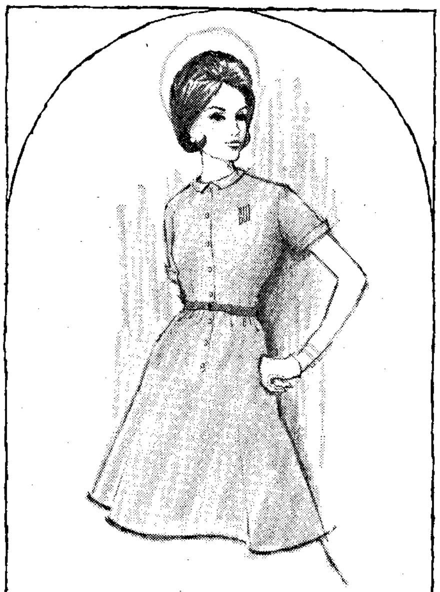
were placed in tough positions each day. It all added up to what Bernard Darwin, the great English critic of the game, used to call an examination in golf, and under the circumstances a total of 288, even par, which Nicklaus, Jacobs, and Brewer posted, amounted to a most creditable mark.

Thursday, the day of the opening round, dawned a trifle on the dull side, but it may only have seemed so by comparison with Sanders, golf's reigning peacock. After tuning up the day before in an outfit composed of various shades of mustard, he was really dressed in earnest. He had on his off-orange ensemble—tangerine sweater, persimmon trousers, and kumquat shoes—and clashed slightly with the azaleas, dogwood, redbud, and wisteria as he made his way around in 74. A few other bright moments were provided by Billy Joe Patton, who burst into the lead midway through the afternoon by birdying three of the first seven holes, but just when it appeared we might be in line for a reënactment of the memorable 1954 Masters, in which Patton stayed with Hogan and Snead all the way, he lost control of his whiplash swing and was soon back in the pack. Palmer, paired with Patton, started quite auspiciously himself. This winter, his driving had been the most reliable part of his game, and he got off on the right foot by splitting the first fairway with a whistling tee shot that set up a solid par. His chief worries have been his wayward chipping and putting, but, watching him play the second and third holes, one would never have guessed it. He birdied the long second by cutting his third shot, a little wedge pitch over a bunker, two feet from the flag, and on the third hole he stroked the skiddy four-footer he needed for his par into the center of the cup. On the short fourth hole, however, he played a hurried, hooky 4-wood and took a bogey 4, and from that point on he was struggling. Thanks to holing two ten-foot putts and a twelve-foot putt for pars, plus a twenty-footer for a birdie, he managed to transform a jittery round into a respectable 74. Nevertheless, this left him six strokes behind the pacemaker, the burly young Ohioan, Nicklaus. This winter, Nicklaus took things comparatively easy, entering only four tournaments on the tour and blowing himself to a trip to South Africa on which he did some hunting and fishing with Player incidental to losing a series of exhibition matches to his host. En route to his opening 68, Nicklaus



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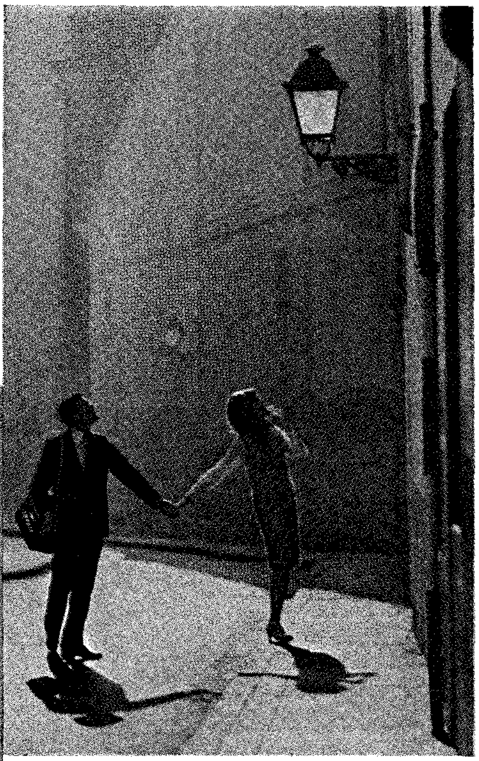

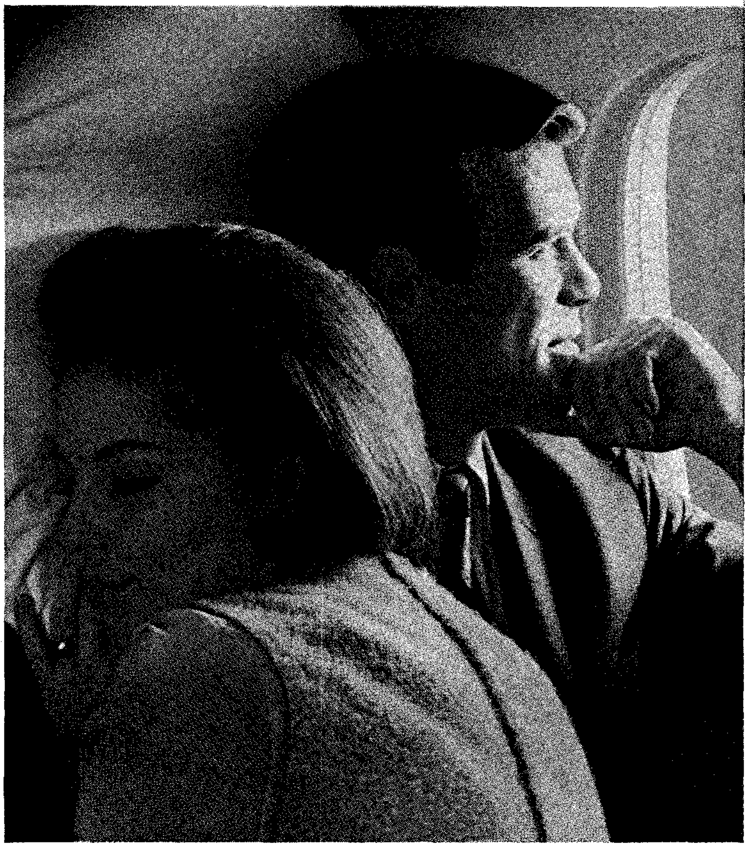

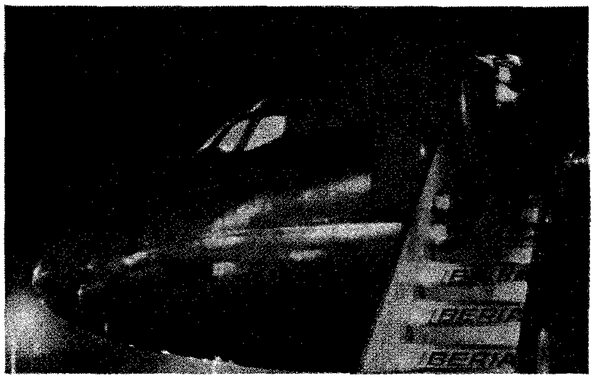

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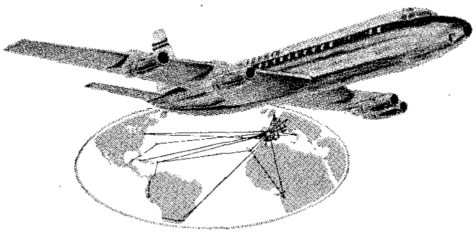

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parred fourteen holes and birdied the other four, and after this performance the game's deep thinkers, who had been wondering if he had prepared sufficiently for the Masters, were unanimously convinced that he had.

Nicklaus's distance off the tee is so awesome that whenever he plays an especially brilliant round, conversation invariably centers around how far he drove the ball on this hole and that hole, but, while certainly not wishing to discount the advantage he gains from his power hitting, I think it should be brought out that the real strength of his game lies in his superb iron play. This year, he has conspicuously improved his position before the ball on those shots. His right arm—in fact, his whole right side—is much more relaxed, and now he consistently takes the club away from the ball as smooth as silk and executes shot after shot in the most perfect tempo imaginable. On the last round of the tournament proper and in the playoff, his timing and balance on his tee shots were as excellent as they were last year, when he set a new Masters record of 271, but his iron play was spectacular in its soundness from start to finish. If he is not the best long-iron player golf has ever known, he is very close to it.

Nicklaus's 68 gave him a three-shot lead on the men nearest to him—Don January, Mike Souchak, Charlie Coe, and Bill Casper—and there was a feeling in some quarters that he might run away with the tournament as he had last year, when he won by a full nine strokes. However, quite early on Friday, the day of the second round, the whole complexion of the tournament changed with exciting suddenness. As Nicklaus, one of the comparatively early starters, came off the eleventh green standing two over par for the round and two under for the tournament, no longer was he the undisputed leader. Palmer, playing two holes behind him, had caught him by making up six shots on the front nine! He had roared off on one of his old-time charges, which saw him birdie the second, sixth, seventh, and eighth holes, and reach the turn in 32. His rally looked to be over on the tenth, when he pushed his 4-iron approach into a bunker and exploded out onto the fringe some twenty feet from the pin, but the man who was worried about his short game then holed his wedge chip to save his par. A bogey on the eleventh slowed him down, but it was on the thirteenth, a 475-yard dogleg par 5, that his dash came to an abrupt halt, and just when his devoted army of rooters were stir-

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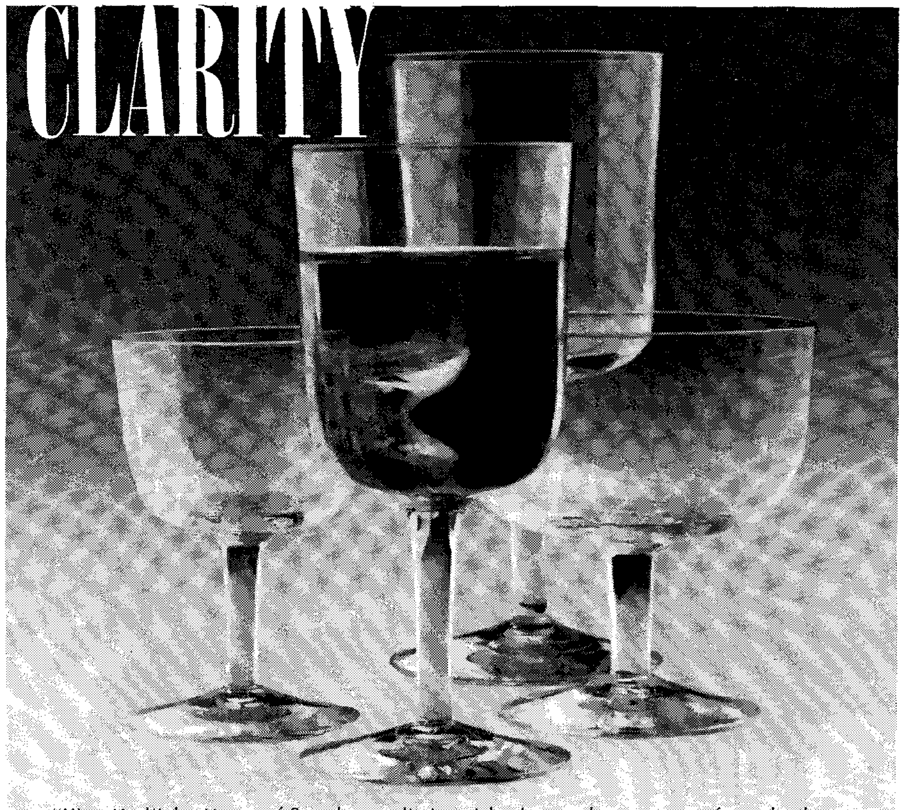

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ring clamorously at the prospect of a probable birdie. On the thirteenth, a big hitter like Palmer can usually carry the winding creek before the green on his second shot with a long iron or a fairway wood; this day, after cutting the corner with a fine tee shot, he had only a 5-iron left. Here he produced a poor stroke, coming off the ball too quickly, as the technicians say, and not hitting through it. Palmer plays his irons for left-to-right draw, but on this shot the ball hung out to the right and pitched into the creek. A penalty shot to lift out, a so-so wedge pitch, two putts—a costly 6. Eventually, Palmer had to settle for a 70 and a thirty-six-hole total of 144, a stroke behind the leaders at the halfway mark—Peter Butler, of England, and Harney. He was back in the fight, though, tied with Nicklaus, Sanders, and January. Nicklaus, on his way to a 76, his highest round in the Masters since 1959, had three-putted five greens, three times from no distance at all; in the process he had failed to get down two two-foot putts, one two-and-a-half-foot putt, and two of three feet. After witnessing this shaky exhibition, the game's deep thinkers were of the opinion that it proved, just as they had always said, that Nicklaus had not prepared himself properly for the Masters. As for January, the most notable aspect of his round, a 73, was that, after turning in 33, he stood two shots ahead of the field, both Nicklaus and Palmer having cooled off by this time, but on the back side he lost those two shots and one more. Everyone, it seemed, faltered the moment he had played himself into the lead. By the evening of the second round, it was already a cliché in the conversations on the clubhouse terrace that nobody wanted to win the 1966 Masters. At any rate, it was a tournament in which one man after another had tossed away precious opportunities to take command, and on the third and fourth days it continued to be that kind of tournament.

THERE was a good deal to watch on Saturday, the day of the third round. For openers, there was Sanders' diurnal display of sartorial *chutzpah*. After having favored us on Friday with a royal-blue sweater, a Prussian-blue shirt, ice-cream slacks, and gleaming blue patent-leather shoes that frightened the mockingbirds, he was back in force—a walking conservatory in five different tones of green. Sanders is, of course, an exceedingly talented golfer, as his record makes clear, and he was

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on his way to a very useful round until he ran into trouble on the short sixteenth. Going boldly for the flag, which was set close to the picture-postcard pond, he embedded his tee shot in the bank, took a double-bogey 5, and finished with a 75 for a three-round total of 219. This put Sanders only three strokes off the pace, however, for Nicklaus had another of those profligate days on which he gradually gave back all the shots he had picked up on the course and his rivals. Over the first eleven holes, he played immaculate power golf. Three under par for the round, he was back in the lead again as he came to the twelfth, a par 3, one hundred and fifty-five yards long, where the green is a thin, diagonal ledge perched between the waters of Rae's Creek, in front, and a steep back wall of rough and bunkers. What really makes the twelfth a problem, though, is the capricious wind that twists across the hole. It seems to blow in several directions simultaneously. There are moments, for example, when one would gather from the way the surface of the water is rippled that the wind is dead against the players, but at this same instant the flag, only a few yards from the water, will be flapping in an altogether different direction, or, perhaps, hanging limp. The twelfth traditionally gives whoever is leading the tournament a terrible time, and it did Nicklaus. In his preoccupation with playing a shot that would be strong enough to carry the creek even if a gust of wind caught it, he overhit his 7-iron. The ball flew over the green and half buried itself in a bunker on the bank, and he ended up with a double-bogey. He settled down after this and was two under par for the round when he left the sixteenth, which is the last of the five water holes on the back nine. With this dangerous passage behind him, he made the mistake of letting his concentration wander. Two careless bogeys on the seventeenth and eighteenth turned a possible 69 into a 72, knocked Nicklaus out of sole leadership again, and made the Masters once more a wide-open tournament. Tied with Nicklaus at 216 was Jacobs, a polished thirty-one-year-old Californian whose handsome profile would have earned him a splendid livelihood in musical comedy in the nineteen-twenties. After starting with a 75 and a 71, Jacobs had suddenly entered the picture on the third day by eagling the thirteenth. One shot behind the leaders was January, the experienced Texan, and two shots behind was Brewer, a thirty-four-year-old veteran of the tour who, after

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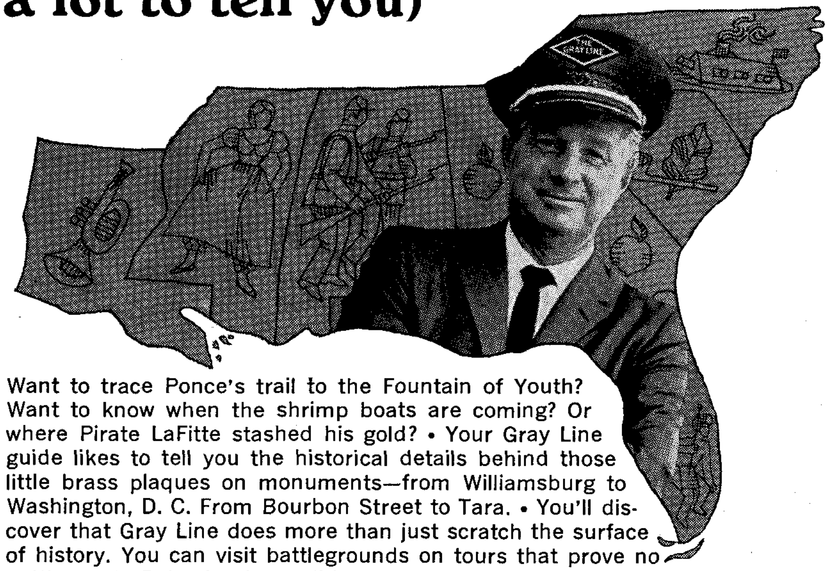

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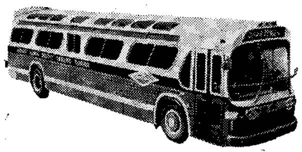

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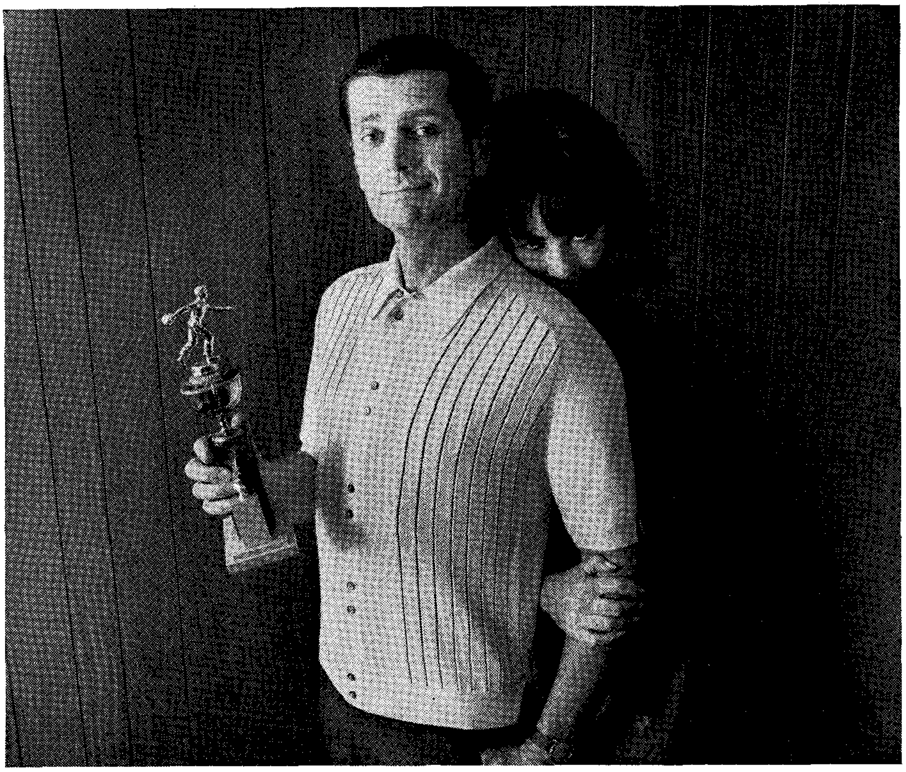

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ten rather undistinguished years, had won four tournaments in the previous seven months. Brewer, who looks like a slimmer Babe Ruth, made his move on the back side, birdying four holes in a row. Also two shots behind the leaders were Palmer and another familiar face, Hogan.

On this third round, Palmer and Hogan were paired together—the first time, to the best of my recollection, that this has happened in an important championship since Palmer's rise to the top. Neither burned up the course, Hogan taking a 73 and Palmer a 74, but while both were obviously disappointed at their failure to do better, the thousands who followed the great confrontation of the old emperor and his successor saw a day of golf they would remember all their lives. Hogan, now fifty-three, is still in a class by himself from tee to green. No one else plays as few bad shots, as many good shots, or such full-blooded good shots, hit without a trace of compromise. If Hogan could putt with seventy-five per cent of his former effectiveness, he would still be winning tournaments, but he cannot, and it was typical of his woes that he required three putts on three of the first eight greens. And then, just when everyone was lamenting how sad it was to see the old champion doing himself such an injustice, he caught fire. He birdied the tenth by chipping in from off the edge. He bagged another on the eleventh, where, after a beautiful 4-iron, he holed from twenty-five feet. He parred the short twelfth with another beautiful iron, and then birdied the long thirteenth by rifling a 4-wood onto the green fifty feet above the cup. Indeed, he was a little unlucky not to eagle the hole, for his swinging downhill putt was rolling right for the cup when it expired a scant foot away. After this Palmer-like rush, some of the edge came off Hogan's game, but, really, what a treat he gave us! Palmer, meanwhile, was having his troubles. He was not playing poorly; he was simply not playing authoritatively—missing the key shots, like his drive on the thirteenth. When he failed to get even his par on that eminently birdieable par 5 and went three over par for the round, he seemed headed for a very high score. And then Palmer showed us *his* stuff. No one in golf has his ability to pick himself off the ground when things are bleakest, and this is what he proceeded to do at this juncture, birdying the fourteenth and fifteenth and fighting his way home well. Through his own stick-to-itiveness and

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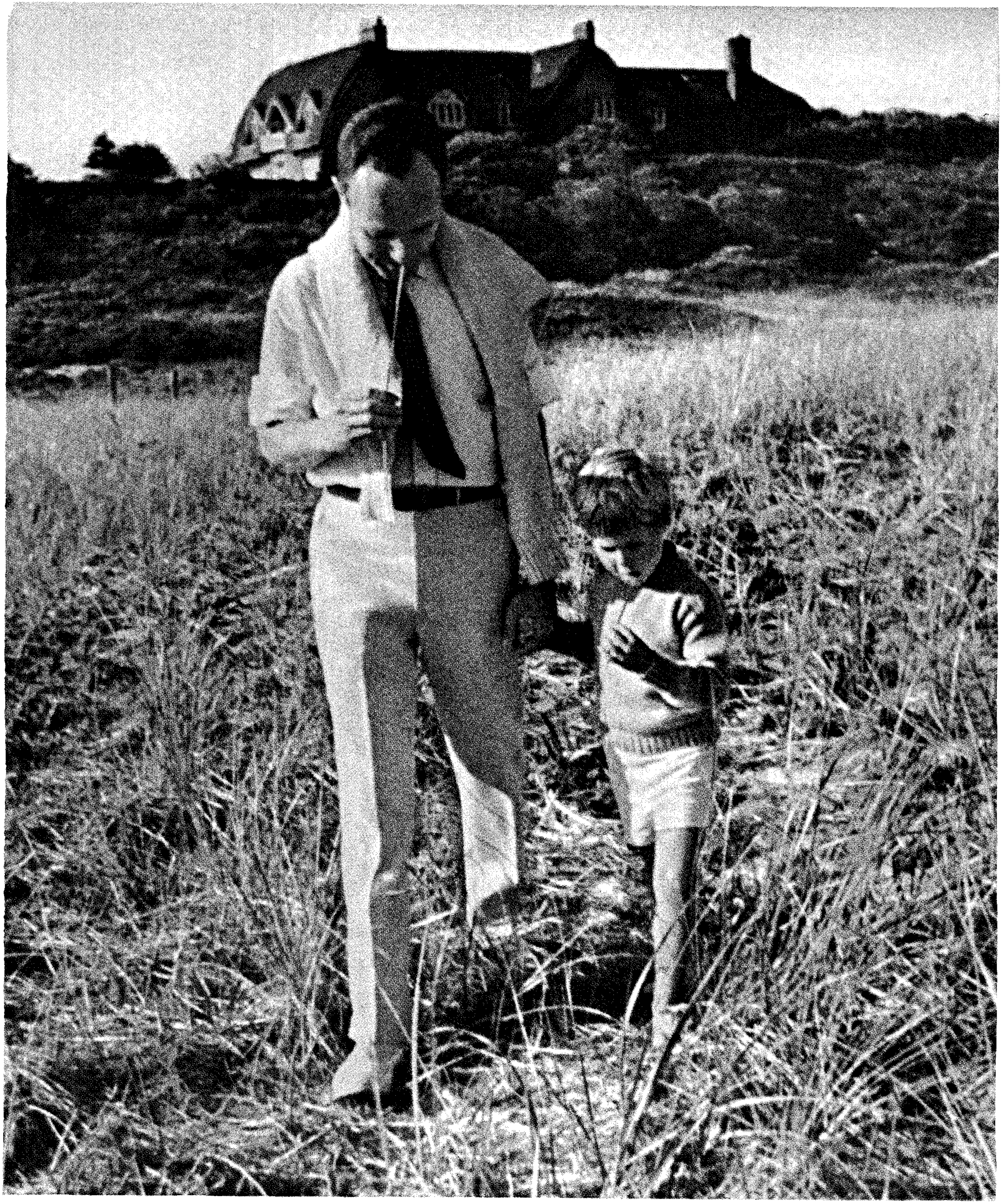

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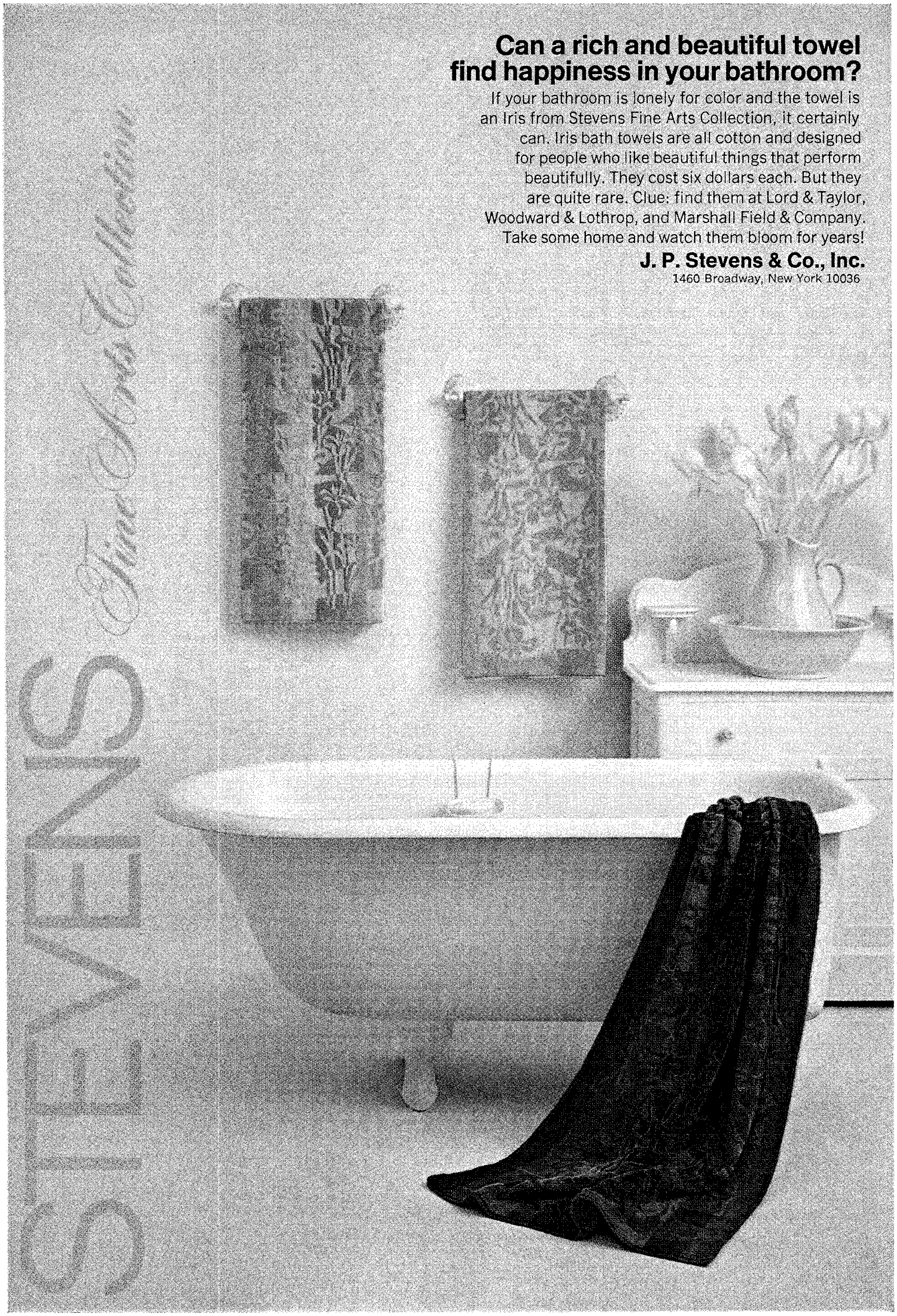

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Nicklaus's largesse, he was still in the tournament.

MIDWAY through the afternoon on Sunday, the day of the final round, the winning and losing of the 1966 Masters had sifted down to four men—Palmer, Brewer, Jacobs, and Nicklaus. Sanders, a vision in burnt poinsettia, played a fine 71, but one sensed correctly that he would never catch the front-runners. The same was true of January. Hogan, visibly tired as he warmed up on the practice tee before starting his round, experienced putting miseries early, and after that was never in contention. Most of the drama came on the closing holes late in the afternoon. By that time, Palmer was all but out of it. Down the stretch he had missed three very holeable putts, the longest a seven-footer, and they made all the difference, since he came to the eighteenth trailing Brewer, his playing partner and the tournament leader, by two strokes. At this point, Brewer held a one-stroke margin on Jacobs and Nicklaus, and looked to be a sure winner—provided he got his par on the home hole, a 420-yard par 4 that sweeps uphill to a well-protected green sloping acutely from back to front. This did not seem like too tall an order for Brewer—not the way he had been going. Playing just in front of Jacobs (paired with January) and two twosomes in front of Nicklaus (paired with Hogan), Brewer had jumped into the lead with a birdie on the ninth. Then, despite the tremendous pressure he was under, he had continued to hit his shots with wonderfully live hand-action, and, in a display of almost errorless golf, he had parred the next eight holes. On the eighteenth, he was on in two, sixty feet above the cup, which was set at the bottom of the slope. He gauged the speed of his slippery downhiller very well, but the ball broke much more to the left than he had allowed for. He faced a hard seven-footer, a sidehill putt with a left-to-right break. He missed it, on the low side. It was a shame he could not have holed it, for he had borne up so valiantly so long under the strain the man in the lead is always burdened with.

At the moment Brewer's putt slid by the cup, Jacobs was driving off the eighteenth tee, and Nicklaus was walking up to his second on the seventeenth, a 400-yard par 4. Now a par would tie for Jacobs. He got it, even after a pushed drive off the trees on the right had put him two hundred and twenty yards from the green, by ripping a magnificent 4-wood shot to within twenty

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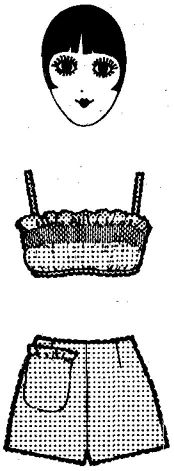

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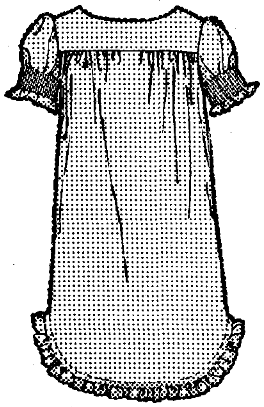

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feet of the hole. As for Nicklaus, two pars would tie. Seemingly out of the tournament forty-five minutes earlier, when he stood three shots behind Brewer, he had closed the gap with two clutch birdies, practically knocking down the flag with a 3-iron to the fourteenth, and then reaching the par-5 fifteenth in two with a heroic 2-iron. In this exigency, he came through with another brilliant iron, a 9-iron pitch three and a half feet past the flag—and now, if he could get that putt down, he could win the tournament outright. The putt was never in. He had misread it. He played the ball straight for the cup, and it broke so sharply to the left it didn't even touch the rim. On the home green, for a brief, incredible instant, it again looked as if he had won the tournament. Confronted with a forty-foot downhill putt for his birdie, a shorter version of Brewer's first putt, he played an exquisite stroke. The ball came slithering down the slope, took the sidehill break just right, and was ghosting slowly, slowly for the heart of the cup until, when it was only twelve inches away, it veered a hair to the left and, instead of falling, grazed the cup. What a moment! What a series of moments! And still no winner.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, I think it was, once expostulated, "Damn all last acts!" Nearly everyone in golf feels that way about eighteen-hole playoffs. They are almost doomed to be anticlimactic, and especially when they follow a tournament as thrilling as the 1966 Masters. As was to be expected, the general mood of the spectators on the afternoon of the three-way playoff was one of emotional exhaustion. In truth, though, they saw some first-class golf, for, as playoffs go, this was a fairly good one, except that it took five hours and two minutes. I think we need hit only the high spots. Of the three players, Brewer was the first to waver. On the first nine, he hit every green in the regulation stroke, but his putting was off, and after his tee shot found the creek on the twelfth, he was no longer a factor. Jacobs and Nicklaus battled it out all the way. In retrospect, three long putts by Nicklaus decided their duel: an eighteen-footer for a birdie on the sixth, which tied him with Jacobs; a twenty-five-footer for a birdie on the eleventh, which gave him a two-stroke lead; and a fifteen-footer on the fifteenth, which enabled him to match Jacobs' birdie and maintain that two-stroke lead. They finished that way—Nicklaus 70, Jacobs 72—and so for the first time

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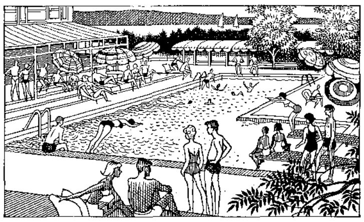

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in the history of the Masters a champion had successfully defended his title. Moreover, it marked the first time that this feat had been managed in any of the three major American open championships since Hogan took the Open in 1950 and 1951.

Rating a golfer's ability by the number of major championships he has won is certainly not a perfect standard. For one thing, I think everybody is agreed that less skill is required to win an amateur tournament than to win one open to professionals, and there are other qualifying factors to consider. Yet it does tell you something about what made the great players great when you bear in mind that Jones won thirteen major championships (one British Amateur, five U.S. Amateurs, three British Opens, and four U.S. Opens), that Walter Hagen won eleven (five P.G.A.s, four British Opens, and two U.S. Opens), that Hogan has won nine (two Masters, two P.G.A.s, one British Open, and four U.S. Opens), and that Palmer has won eight (one U.S. Amateur, one U.S. Open, two British Opens, and four Masters). Nicklaus, who has just turned twenty-six, has already won seven. His first victory in a major event came in the 1959 Amateur, when he pulled out a classic final against Coe by sinking an eight-foot birdie putt on the thirty-sixth green at Broadmoor, in Colorado. Two years later, he won that championship again, at Pebble Beach, in California, and in doing so was twenty strokes under par for the one hundred and twelve holes he played on that intimidating course. He turned professional late in 1961, and the next June, at Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, he won our Open, defeating Palmer by three strokes in a playoff after catching him on the last round with a 69. The following year, at twenty-three, he added two more big ones. He took the Masters by one shot, rallying down the homestretch with birdies on the sixty-seventh and seventieth holes. Then, after throwing the British Open away when he was out in front with two holes to go—he bogeyed them both—he came back two weeks later and captured the P.G.A. in the sweltering heat at the Dallas Athletic Club course with a last round of 68 that swept him past the fading leaders. He won his second Masters last year, breaking the tournament wide open with a record-equalling 64 on his third round, and now, of course, he has won his third Masters.

There are still quite a few flaws in Nicklaus's game. While he now

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hits the ball much farther than he did as an amateur, he has become a less accurate driver. (Last year, after his victory at Augusta, he was so wild off the tee that in some tournaments his drives finished in the rough more frequently than in the fairway.) In the past year he has improved one facet of his putting: he now holes many more fifteen- and twenty-footers than he used to. Coincidentally, though, he has become much more fallible on the three-, four-, and five-footers. The pitch shot, which should be the strongest part of his iron game, since he plays it so often, remains the weakest. Now that I have been this hypercritical, it is only fair to observe that when Nicklaus is in top form he is undoubtedly the equal of any golfer who ever lived, and that even when he is off his stick he is still a most formidable player, because of his sense of golf, his heart, and his bent for competition. He is an extremely well-founded young man, genial, genuine, very much aware of other people, and interested in a good many things besides golf—so much so that some of his friends were beginning to be concerned, before the Masters, that he was losing some of his ambition. He has become highly popular with the galleries, as well he should be, but it seems unlikely that he will ever become quite the idol Palmer has been. Nor will anyone else for a while, probably. Palmer made his way to the forefront just as televised golf was coming of age, and what with his amazing natural charm, his flexible features, and his stage presence, let alone the histrionic character of his golf and his eleventh-hour miracles, he was the ideal athlete to be golf's first television hero—and a lot more than that. While Palmer will probably go on to win future championships, Nicklaus has been essentially the best golfer in the world over the past three years, as his triumph in the 1966 Masters has underscored. Perhaps we are now in an interregnum between the Age of Palmer and the Age of Nicklaus. Perhaps we are now in the Age of Nicklaus. Perhaps, as Nicklaus's followers would have you believe, we have been in the Age of Nicklaus for some time already. In a couple of years, it will all be much clearer.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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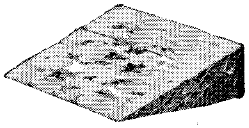

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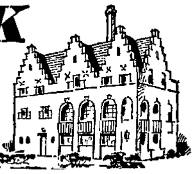
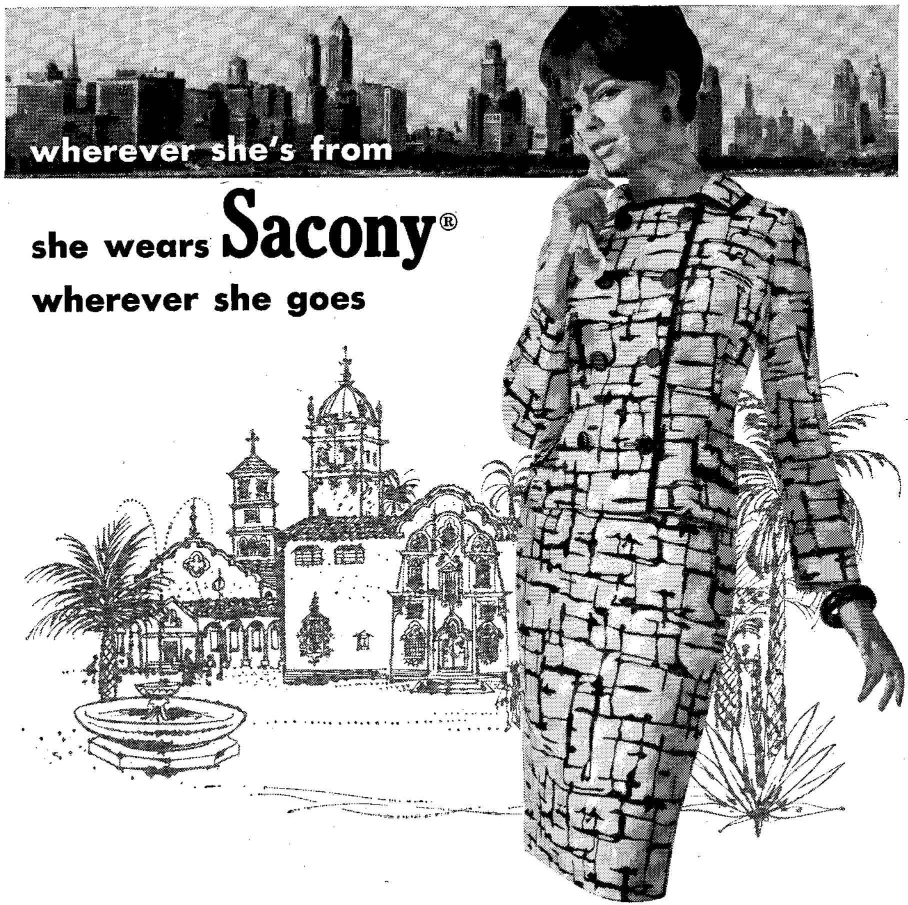


# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Exterminators*

THE French movie "Cloportes" opens with a sequence in which a swarm of loathsome insects rushes helter-skelter over a translucent surface. Besides getting us through the credits and making us slightly sick to our stomachs, the sequence serves to embody the title of the movie ("*cloporte*" is French for "wood louse," though just plain "louse" is evidently the meaning here) and to provide a symbolic précis of the scurrying hurly-burly to come. At the end of the movie, the villainous hero soliloquizes on the insects that he has ground to death under his heel and on the one insect that remains to be dealt with—a pretty, sexy, and seemingly simple-minded girl who, not content to be his mistress and to share with him a considerable stolen fortune, has double-crossed him so skillfully that he must spend the next twenty years of his life in solitary confinement. Compared to the enormity of his having been outwitted by such an adversary, twenty years in solitary strikes him as the merest trifle. "I can do it on one leg," he says. Revenge will nourish him and keep him strong; he will survive in order to exterminate the creature who has attempted to exterminate him.

Now, it should be plain from the above that the view of human nature implied by "Cloportes" cannot be called sunny. At the same time, the nefarious characters by whom the movie is peopled are shown to be so drolly inept and self-defeating that they threaten to win more of our sympathy than they deserve. The picture veers between melodrama and comedy, and I suspect that the reason it fails is that the uncertainty of its intentions makes us uneasy. At one moment, we are invited to laugh at Charles Aznavour dressed up as some sort of Oriental fakir, but are we expected to go on laughing when, a few moments later, we see his murdered corpse bobbing, toes up, along the Seine? The author of the screenplay, Albert Simonin, and the director, Pierre Granier-Deferre, have sought to draw the line between humor and horror that Chaplin drew in "Monsieur Verdoux," but here the line has the misfortune to be wobbly rather than



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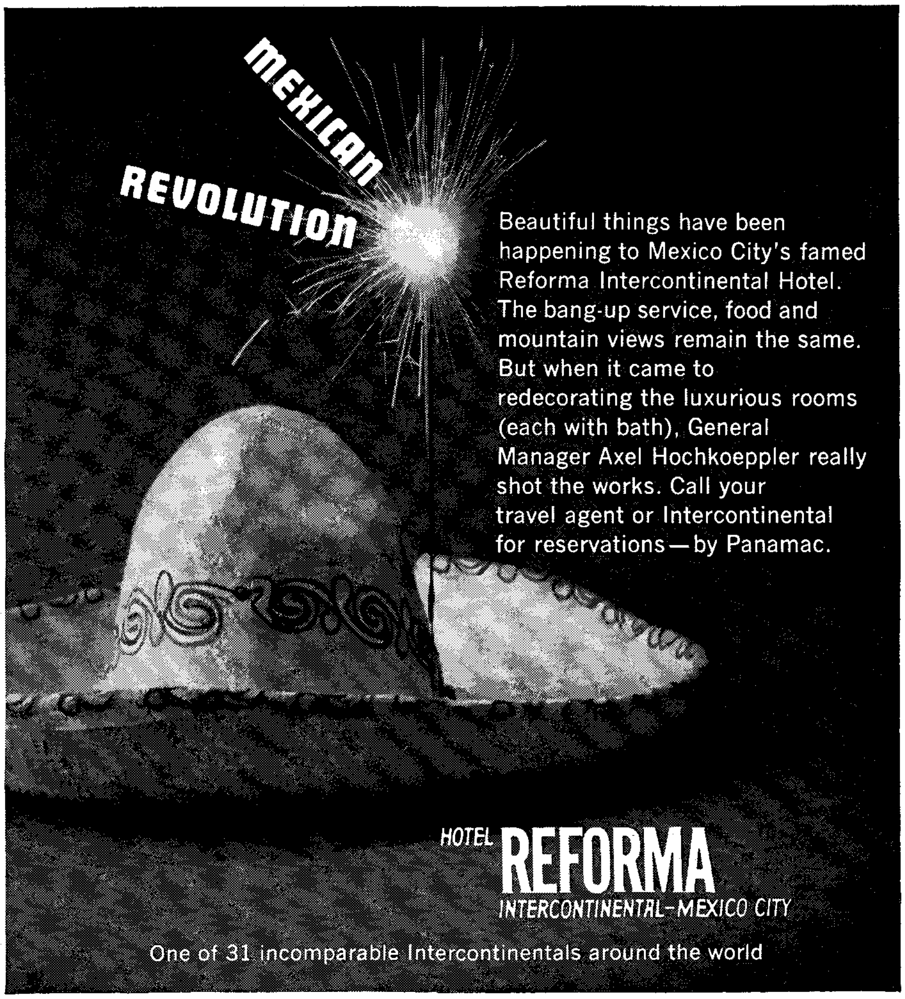

Beautiful things have been happening to Mexico City's famed Reforma Intercontinental Hotel. The bang-up service, food and mountain views remain the same. But when it came to redecorating the luxurious rooms (each with bath), General Manager Axel Hochkoeppler really shot the works. Call your travel agent or Intercontinental for reservations—by Panamac.

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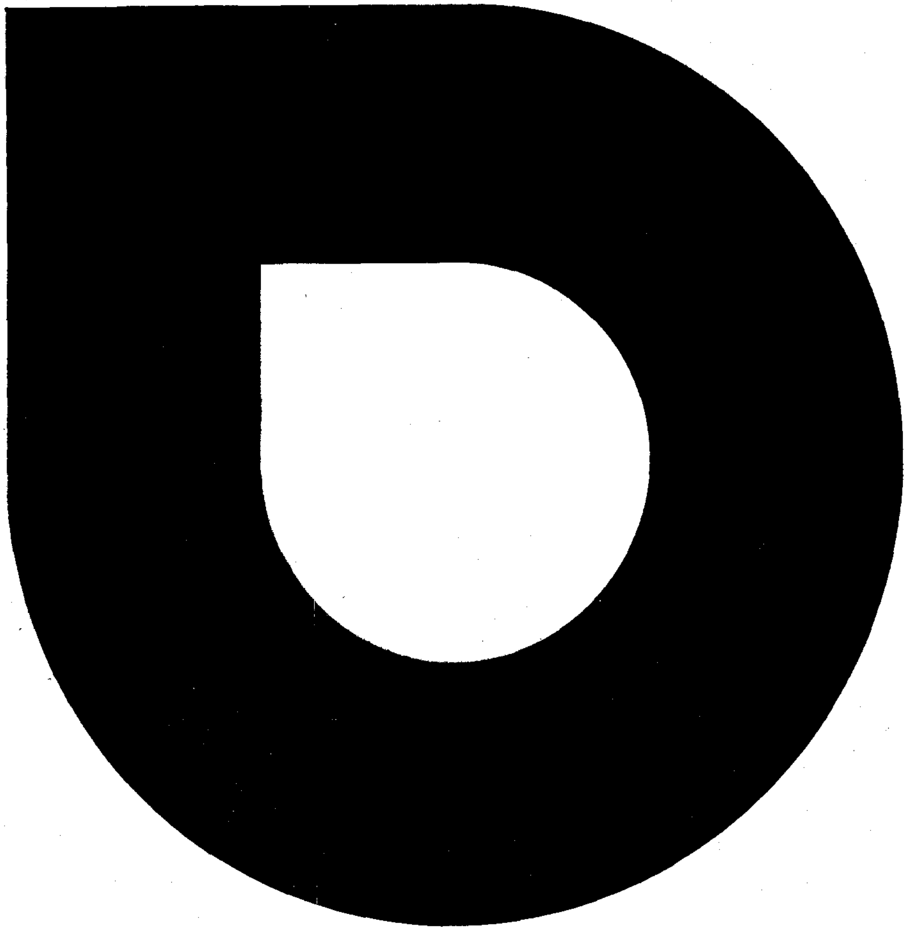

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fine. Monsieur Verdoux committed murder for the loftiest moral and aesthetic principles; the small-time crooks of "Cloportes" really *are* vermin in the eyes of their creators, and for human beings to be seen as vermin is not, after all, a laughing matter.

Besides Mr. Aznavour, the cast includes Lino Ventura, Pierre Brasseur, and Irina Demick, who, as the mistress of two of the biggest scoundrels, makes even the speedy shucking off of her clothes seem a form of wit. The musical score is by Jimmy Smith.

"THE GIRL-GETTERS" is still another study of the tribal rites of passage of contemporary lower-middle-class English youth, and I won't be surprised if you feel that you have been over much of the ground before. These squalid young men, with their sheepdog hair and chalk-on-blackboard voices, would seem to indicate that the future of England will depend more on the playing fields of Borstal than on those of Eton, but Peter Draper, the author of the screenplay of "The Girl-Getters," and Michael Winner, its director, evidently wish us to believe that under the hair and in back of the voices a new sensibility is struggling to be born. The scene is a tacky seaside resort, toward the end of the short English summer, and the boys are incessantly out after their natural prey—those girls, known to their predators as "birds," who flutter down annually onto the piers and boardwalks and beaches precisely in order to be stalked and conquered. Oliver Reed is effective as the head stalker; he works as an itinerant photographer and is already aware that he has nowhere to go from the height of his youth and looks but down. Jane Merrow, as the girl he chooses to pursue, conveys appealingly the sense of being sorry that, in the world's eyes and in her own, she is too good for him. —BRENDAN GILL

●

## HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Diego Tribune*]

I have applied all this to myself and Apollos for your benefit, brethren, that you may learn by us to live according to the "Harvey Girls," high-class waitresses. He died saying: "Tell the girls to slice the ham thin!"

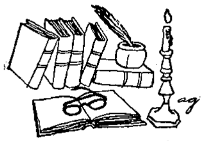
●

John Hawkinson is both artist and teacher, and it is equally true to describe him as an artist-teacher.—*From the Albert Whitman Company's catalogue of books for children.*

Well, don't get pithy on us.

# BOOKS

## *Animal Husbandry*

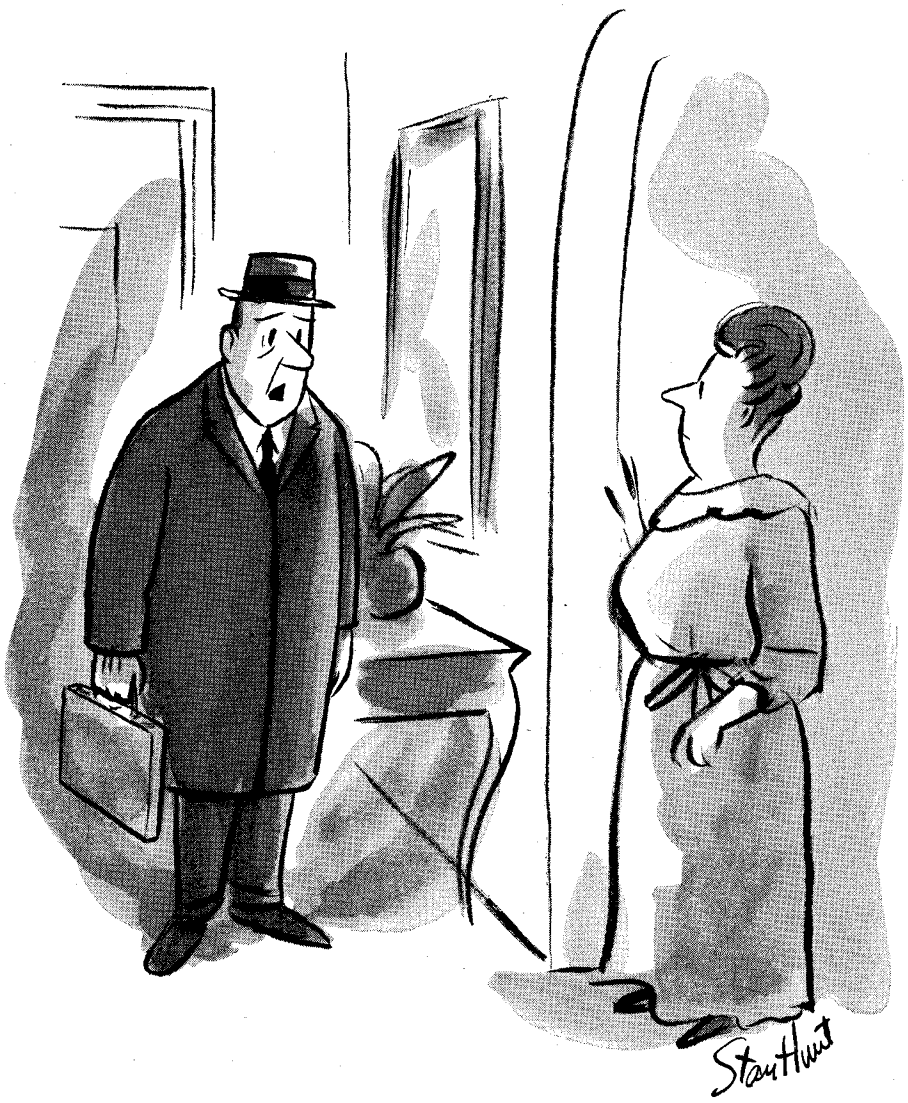


SOME people think that all pets are animals, but Freud and most other human beings disagree. Now and then a mother makes, or tries to make, a pet of her child. Now and then, though, a child (or an animal) refuses such a dubious condition. By convention, a pet is a domesticated animal kept to fondle or to play with. Webster or not, I dispute this definition—unless one can call a kind of spiritual interplay fondling. I say this because of my close relationship with Carlos. He is a mouse who, reincarnated countless times by his own philoprogeneity (a word much easier to understand than "pet"), is a tidy presence in the reputedly sealed insulation of my electric stove. He lives alone there, but obviously he maintains less solitary hangouts in the neighborhood, for other than gastronomical pleasures. During my daughters' Brownie Scout days, the stove wore his name, in white beads glued by them to a length of board in masculine blue. Then the children went away, and then I did, after I had explained to the friend who was to stay in our house that the sign was an earnest of our loyalty to our mouse. Both friend and beadwork had disappeared when I returned. Carlos had, too, and for a long time I believed that he was unforgiving. Then I left a canapé—one I had salvaged from a party—on top of the stove. Without his bright sign, it looked sad. But he found it, and, like his First Ancestors, he ate the few grains of withered caviar and left the soggy toast. I felt better. Only once, and lately, has Carlos made any but nibbling sounds. One day, I put a tall paper bag beside the stove to hold some bulky leavings, and then sat down at the kitchen table. The mouse (I think of him as Carlos the Twenty-third) boldly but awkwardly fell into the inadvertent trap, made a few undignified shuffles, and then let out three thin, fierce squeaks of rage. Carefully, I tipped the sack on its side and left the room, unwilling to humiliate the creature any further during his escape. Since then, he has been silent, but a few dried bits of omelette left where the sign used to be have vanished, and I understand the message. This is the main secret of a relationship between human and animal: there must always be respect.

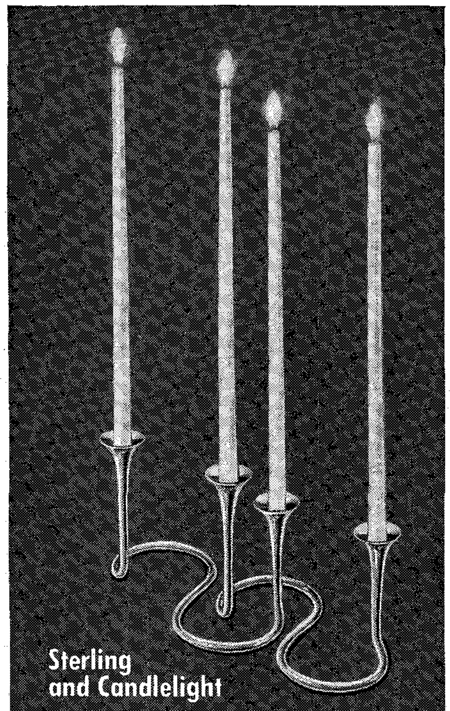
Most people do not reach any such comfortable level with what are usually called rodents. (Prisoners make friends with rats and mice, but only as a substitute for what they insist on believing might be a better life.) A boy named Charles (our Carlos is/are named for him) had a close alliance with a mouse who, he has since told me, was dearer to him than most two-legged people he has known in his career as an Army general. But for the most part people feel like invoking a spell that was used long ago to get rid of rodents (although I doubt that any pressure could make *me* say it):

> I order all Rattons that be in this
>   House,
> All manner of Rattons, and eke of
>   Mouse,
> By the grace of Mary clene—
> Go hence, Rattons! and be no more
>   seene—
> And by Him, whom Mary bare
>   aboute,
> Let *no* Ratton stay! Within or
>   withoute,
> And by the Holy Ghost of Grace,
> That all Rattons! Leave this place!
> By the Father, and the Sone—
> I bid all Rattons, to be gone.

I am ignoring those unreasonable facsimiles of rodents in the cages of well-aired nurseries in the Western world—hamsters, white mice, guinea pigs. Children love them because of their comprehensible size, their simplicity, and their forthright reproduction, and, except in an occasional case like that of the misanthropic general, the interest is short-lived and fairly merciful. This is not always true of other domesticated animals doomed to fondling, and books are being written, plainly in a rapport like mine with Carlos, to make life more endurable for such standard household invaders as cats and dogs. Two very good manuals



*"I don't mean my car battery has run down. I mean* ***my*** *battery has run down."*



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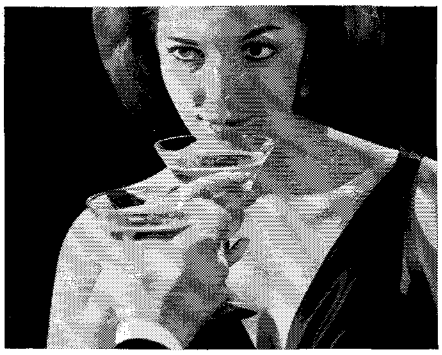
have been published lately—"The Secret of Cooking for Dogs" (1964) and "The Secret of Cooking for Cats" (1965). They are written with real understanding, enthusiasm, and affection by Martin A. Gardner, illustrated in the same manner by Clare Barnes, Jr., and published by Doubleday. Their secret is more tangible than mine, and one familiar to all good cooks and protectors: common sense, loving care, and variety at meals for every living thing dependent upon us, from child to kitten. Cats are mysteriously detached from us, and yet they accept our almost equally mysterious attention and devotion in the face of their continued rebuffs. Because of this mystery, they have been sung about, pictured, described by writers great and small. Mr. Gardner makes no claims to literary magnitude, but his book is as good a proof as any I have read that he is fascinated and enslaved by cats as cats, from the "evil-looking" black tom who "loves pancakes and syrup, while watching the kiddies' cartoons on television," to the pregnant queen with a craving for an occasional bar of soap as an appetizer. His chapter titles are either quite funny or nauseating (Meat Me for Dinner, Baby; Just for the Halibut; Udder Delight!), but at least *he* is having fun, and what he says is sensible and pleasant.

Some of the recipes, I feel sure, my cats would never approve, although there are several I would not mind for my own supper. Mr. Gardner assumes that cats will eat soup. I have been trying to prove this for fifty years, with no luck at all, and even his persuasive hints about it do not convince me. He especially recommends soups for toms about to step out (to the theatre, he says coyly, but "on the tiles" is the way I was taught)—quick and extra energy the goal, mostly delicious the methods—and there is even one called (oh dear!) Bouillon the Blue Horizon. The fish recipes are more understandably feline, at least gastronomically, and there is not one in the book that does not seem edible and in this way or that even tempting to a two-legged reader. Mr. Gardner admits that some cats cannot be fooled, and since I myself believe resignedly that *no* cat can be, this is my main reservation about his complete enjoyment of his subject. Yet he and Mr. Barnes have done an entertaining and sensible job, which I am perhaps prejudiced toward because it includes one of my own standbys. The book calls it After Delivery Apéritif (condensed milk, sugar, brandy or gin), but in my old-fashioned way I



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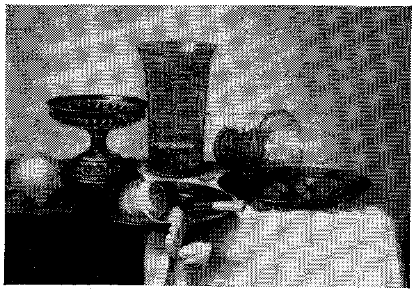

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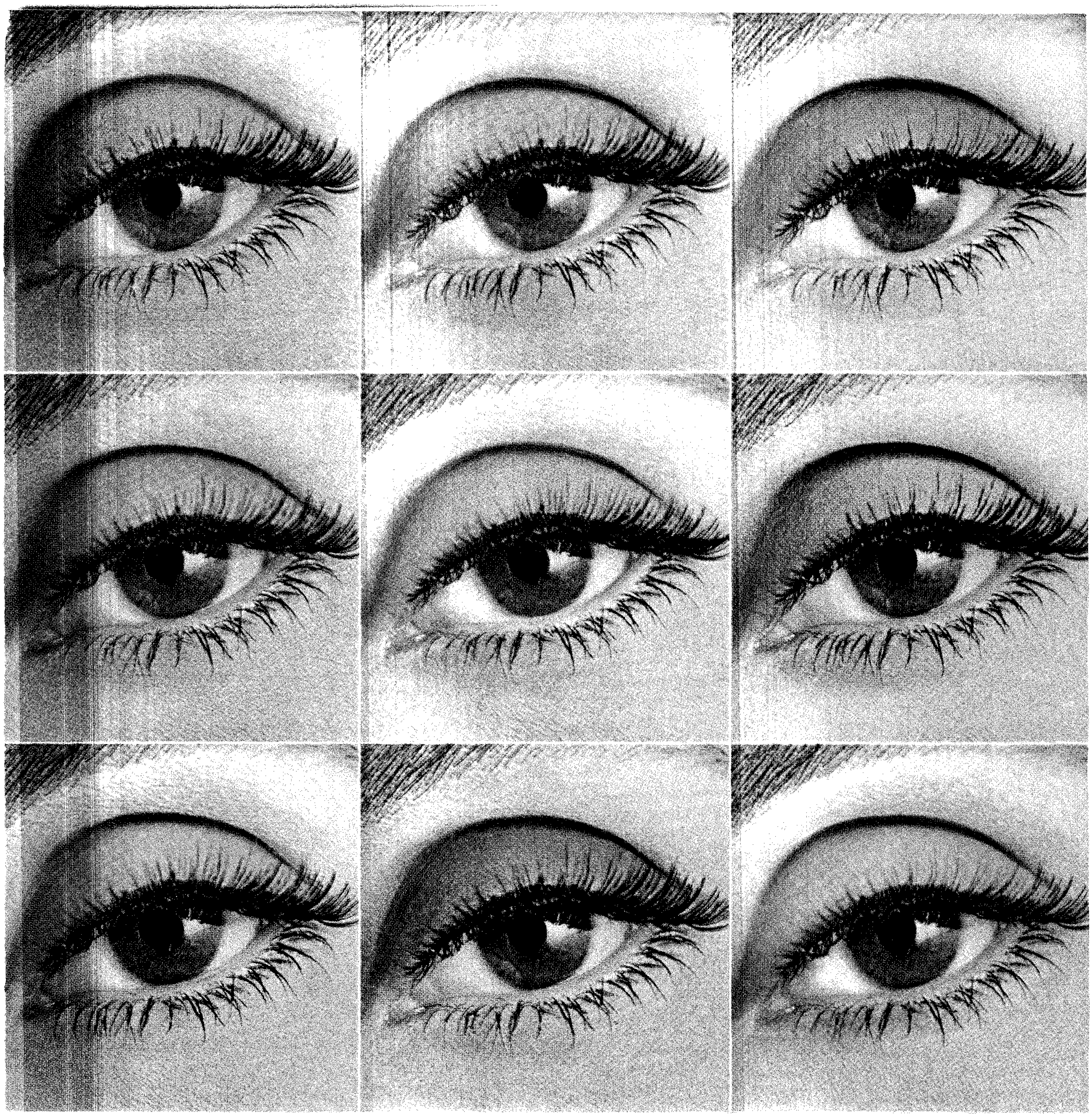
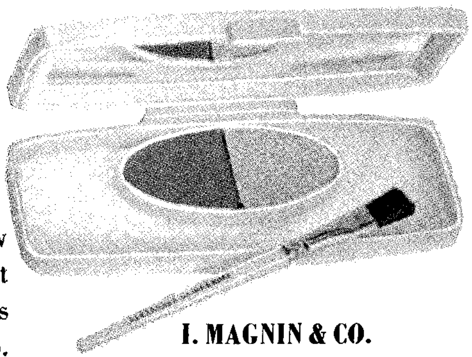


## Who'd Ever Dream Of A Brush On Cream?



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Alexandra de Markoff

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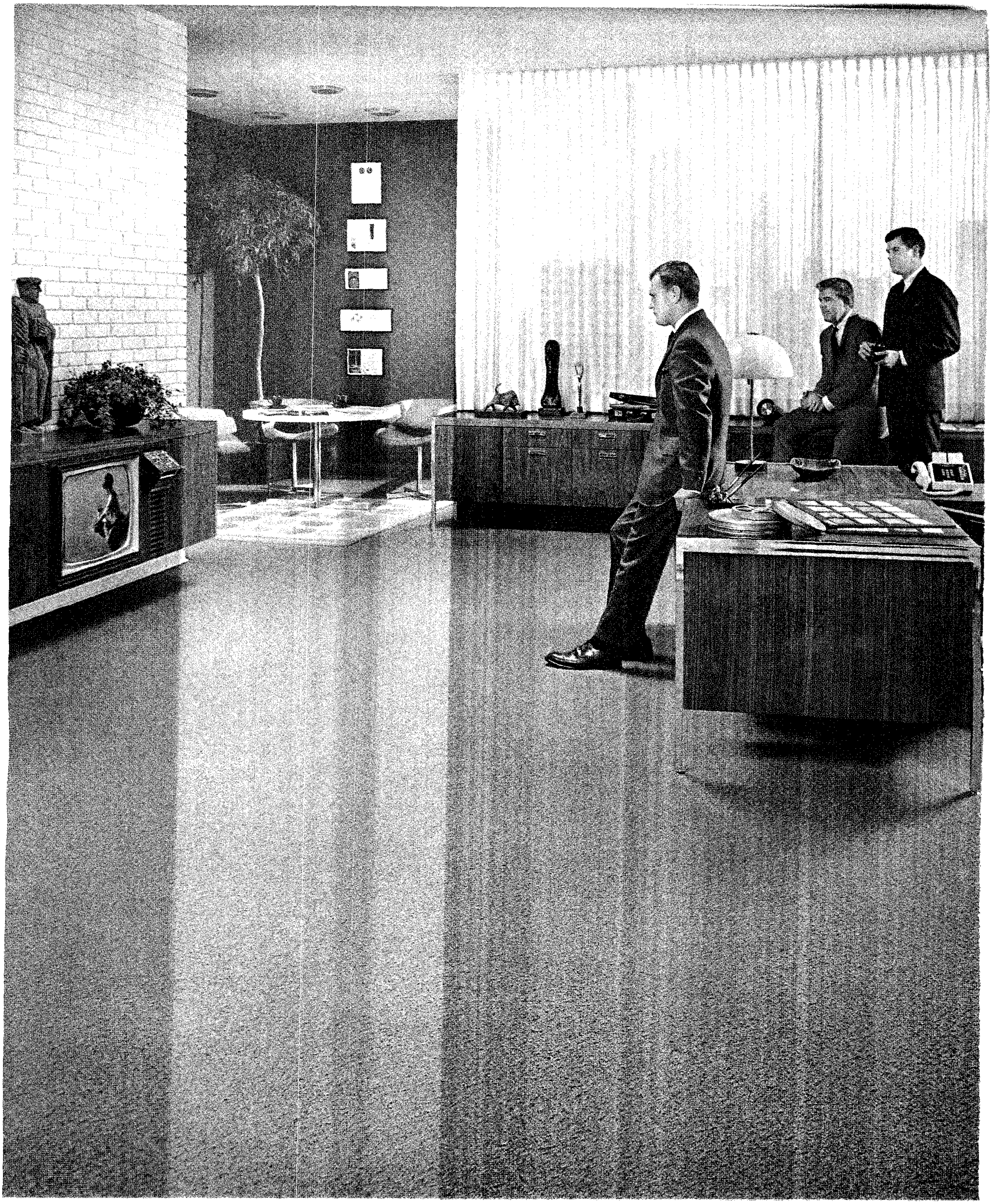

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The book about dogs, which was written a year earlier, is as entertaining as the one about cats, as sensible, as horrendously rollicking in its titles—something of a trick. It is inevitable, if one reads the two without observing this kindly time lapse, that the repetition of a few of the more successful gambits will be noticed. Instead of the sinister black tom who likes pancakes and syrup with his televiewing, there is Bonnie the Boxer, even on the equivalent page, who likes to watch boxing matches (of course!) while she munches on a ham-and-cheese sandwich, with a saucer of beer at her side. Both these cases are more than credible to me. The canine mother-to-be seemingly is not as given to strange yearnings for things like bars of soap, but in the chapter devoted to her diet (called Pregnant Paws) my good old standby is there—the "spot of brandy," as Mr. Gardner refers to it, more straightforwardly than in the other book.

For both animals he recommends the general use of melted margarine and minced onion for enjoyment, and I, too, have found them easy to include in my pet cookery, especially when I have wanted to fool a dog into eating things it insists on sneering at. (Dogs *can* be fooled.) Most of the recipes seem delicious, but I doubt that even a pregnant Bonnie would appreciate a quartered tomato daintily filled with meat and Kibbles and topped with shredded lettuce. On the other hand, how could she resist something called (here we go again!) Egg Zactly: soft-boiled eggs, crisp toast, a sprinkling of minced onion. Or slices of chicken on buttered toast, topped with sliced tomatoes and grated cheese, and then broiled? How could anyone? Why bother to be pregnant? Why bother to be a dog?

APPARENTLY it is not much of a bother, except now and then, for, according to statistics available to the public as well as to Richard de Rochemont, who in 1964 wrote "The Pets' Cookbook" (Knopf), there were even in that long-ago time sixty million dogs in the United States. Mr. de Rochemont's general advice is written mostly in the style of any free

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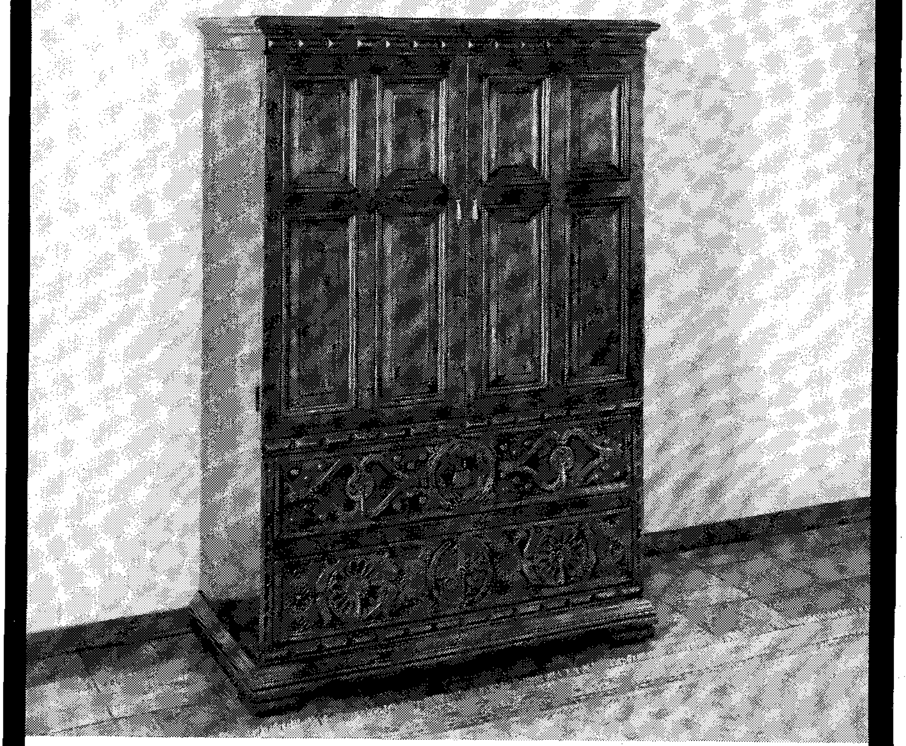

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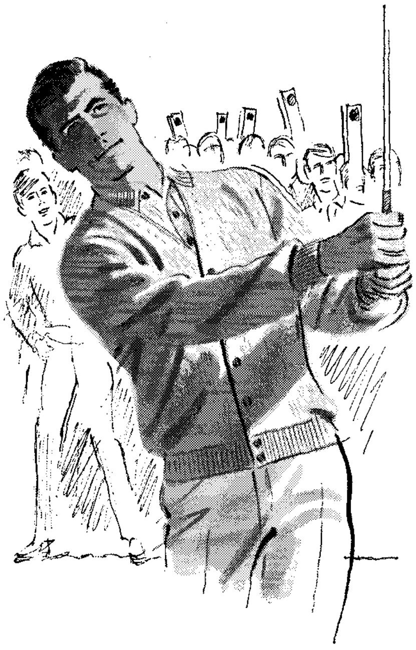

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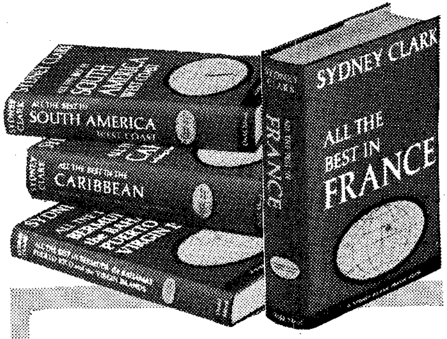

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pet-shop brochure about the merits of this or that all-purpose chewy or canned nourishment. He suggests the usual formulas for dogs in heat, hunting dogs, pregnant dogs, and gives practical suggestions, most of them forthrightly devoid of either humor or affection. He believes in top physical form, efficiency, skill in breeding and handling, and he obviously knows what he is talking about. He does permit himself to become almost emotional about overfeeding, and as good an example as any of the tone of his book is this instruction on how to keep an eye on the canine waistline: "You can . . . weigh yourself holding the dog in your arms, and again without him. The difference is the weight of the dog."

The saving grace in Mr. de Rochemont's sincere effort, which is subtitled "A Layman's Comprehensive Guide to the Feeding of Dogs, Cats, Birds, Fish, and Odd Animals Around the House," is that while it may not be really comprehensive, it does afford any leisurely reader a quick look at what should and possibly could be acceptable to many pets more peculiar than dogs and cats. Geckos, which he solemnly says have greater "charm" than some other lizards, thrive on houseflies and spiders but will settle for meal worms. Gila monsters are fond of raw eggs and hamburger meat, very much like people. Cockroaches, which, like many of us, prefer a good ship to land living, can nourish themselves on "paper, bread crumbs, shoes, and whatnot, and . . . drink anything from ink to beer" (like Don Marquis's archie). This list of their obvious adaptabilities, all in order that they can stay near the warmth of human beings, is almost lovable. Almost. Crocodiles will eat anything, including us, but even so they have been considered as potential pets for many centuries. Fortunately, they are somewhat unavailable. Fish, too, like everything from people to Infusoria, both of which breed enthusiastically under the right conditions. The latter beasts are mostly microscopic, and can be kept going rather like yoghurt, for aquarium feeding. They thrive on potatoes, spinach, stringbeans, and now and then a little raw fish or beef—not a bad diet, whether one is unicellular or going to college. Until they crawl out of their cozy waters, toads also like Infusoria. Then they prefer cut-up earthworms or a good batch of fruit flies. Monkeys, "smelly . . . messy . . . but a lot of fun," are probably the nearest to men in their omnivorous gourmandism, and they prefer bananas to spinach, as do most of us. Mr. de

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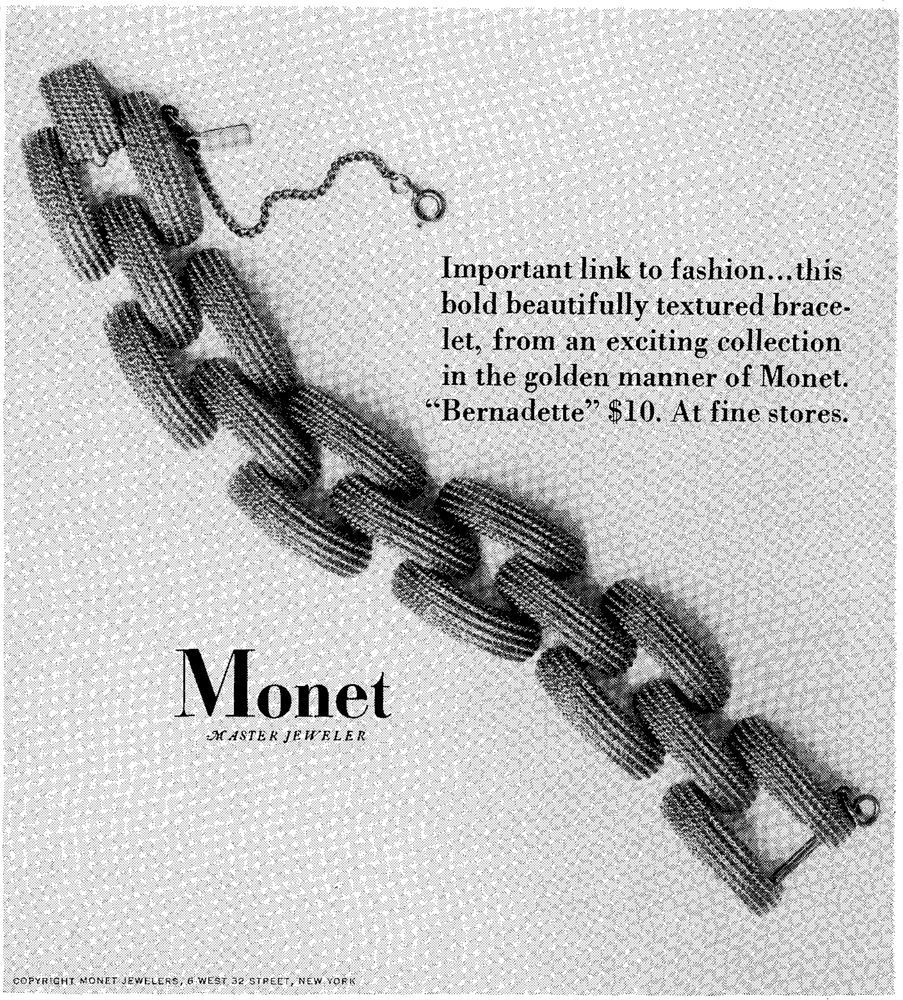
Rochemont gives the recipe for basic food for a healthy chimpanzee worked out by the Philadelphia Zoo, and it reads a great deal like the small print on any glass jar of reputable baby food—or, as he puts it, in a rare burst of personal betrayal, "Maybe it is no worse than scrapple, a Philadelphia dish." Expectant or nursing chimps, incidentally, may be coddled with a mixture of baked beans, blackstrap molasses, wheat germ, and so on, but no mention is made of a good stiff drink.

"The Pets' Cookbook" has what seems to me a useful chapter on the care and feeding of birds, which it describes thus: they are "two-legged and have feathers . . . are warm-blooded and lay eggs." Since I loathe even the thought of caged birds, my interest is clinical in such details as what to feed a constipated canary or, on the other hand, one afflicted with diarrhea. As with four-legged pets, diets for pregnant or laying mothers are suggested, but again there is no mention of my own panacea, even though I once knew a tame crow who, while setting, loved to dip her beak into a tall mug of bourbon-on-the-rocks. I have several times and with vicarious enjoyment watched robins fall dead-drunk off pyracantha bushes that were laden with overripe berries, and Mr. de Rochemont says that wild blackbirds have been known to enjoy garlic soaked in red wine. In this same mildly alcoholic vein, he notes that "A schoolmistress at Saint Maurice-la-Fougereuse . . . nursed a wounded lark back to health with Grénache, a very sweet wine, cut with warm water, and sought out wormy nuts from her neighbors to feed her charge."

IT is surprising how many animals and birds that can be called "pets," or at least pet material, love worms and—one step further down—maggots. I have never thought to supply any of my dependents with the latter, and prefer not to know how it is done, but in reading about bantams (there is a pretty modern variety called Blue Frizzle!), I turn with relief to the Reverend Mr. Gilbert White, one of my trusted friends and allies. Around 1760, he wrote a fellow-naturalist, as I can now read in my worn copy of "The Natural History of Selborne," "When the boys bring me wasps' nests, my bantam fowls fare deliciously, and when the combs are pulled to pieces, devour the young wasps in their maggot state with the highest glee and delight. Any insect-eating bird would do the same." It soothes me to reflect upon *how* a Blue Frizzle would act delighted and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*A large part of this book, in somewhat different form, appeared originally in The New Yorker.*

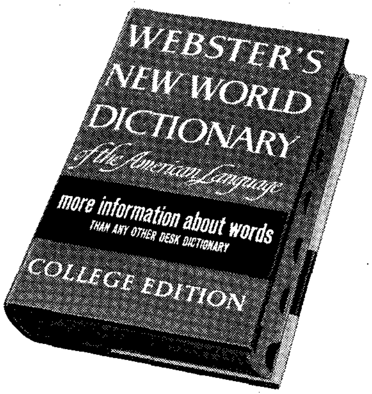
gleeful, for Gilbert White makes it sound as if he himself knew very well. Another Gilbert, W.S., sang less positively about possible indisposition in another feather-wearing egg-bearing pet, who sat on a tree by a river, but no cure was offered:

> "Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?"
> I cried,
> "Or a rather tough worm in your
> little inside?"
> With a shake of his poor little head
> he replied,
> "O, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

At least this repetitious and monotonous fellow was out on a riverbank. Caged, he would have been intolerable as a companion, which is how a "pet" is commonly considered, even though it has been domesticated merely for caressing and fondling. Human beings deliberately create this artificial relationship, for too many reasons to list, but most of them are based on the avenues of escape from reality it offers. I am bigger than Carlos the Twenty-third. That is actuality, a fact in Space. But there is always the question, Am I smarter? *There* is the mystery, perhaps—a valid reason for our pretended kindness toward the creatures we hold trapped. Some of us try to use them as proofs of our own existence in breeding and raising them to our hoped-for or demanded standards, but they either become caricatures of themselves, like the collie in America, or they smilingly remain the most democratic of aristocrats, like the Pekinese. One of the endless directives of the Dowager Empress of China, Tz'u Hsi, read: "Let the Pekinese be dainty in its food, that it shall be known as an Imperial dog by its fastidiousness. Sharks' fins and curlews' livers and the breasts of quails, on these it may be fed; and for drink give it the tea that is brewed from the spring buds of the shrub that groweth in the city of Hankow, or the milk of the antelope that pasture in the Imperial park." Or there is the immediate pattern, more available to modern people who need to use their pets as mirrors, in products called "grooming aids": Concentrated Color Creme Shampoo, Le Chien and Arf-Pette Parfums, Mad Glad Nail Colors, Mask-a-Tear, Poodle-oo. These "almost human" cosmetics are sold from Boston to Los Angeles, recommended for health as well as beauty. Or there is an ancient legend from Brittany that is really a recipe:

> If one would understand the speech of animals and birds, let him seek for the moss Selage, the golden herb, which shines from afar like gold. If one by chance step

This dictionary won't leave you puzzled.



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upon it, he falls asleep immediately, and understands the speech of dogs, wolves, and birds. This simple is to be found but rarely, and at earliest dawn; one must pick it barefoot, fasting, and in one's shirt, tracing a circle all around it; it is only to be pulled up and not cut. It is said that only the holy may find it.

If this advice could be followed (and until then who can disprove its worth?), books like the current ones written for pet people would have to use many vocabularies besides our present limited ones. But writers and artists as genial and knowledgeable as those I have mentioned would be the first to rejoice, I think, because even with the spiritual barriers that now exist they plainly respect the dogs and cats and even the guppies they try to solace. Myself, I have never seen the golden herb Selage, at least to recognize it, yet I know that tonight Carlos the Twenty-third will accept from me a Chinese fortune cookie I lately snagged from a restaurant. He makes a hellish racket with such a feast, but I can stop my ears with the consciousness of mutual esteem.

Perhaps Hilaire Belloc said it better, when he wrote, in "A Reproof of Gluttony":

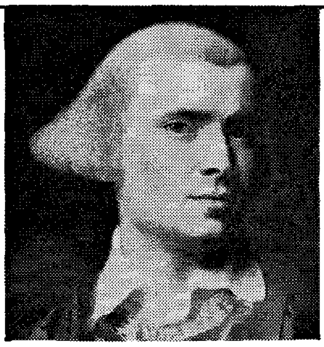
The elephant will eat of hay
Some four and twenty tons a day,
And in his little eyes express
His unaffected thankfulness
That Providence should deign to find
Him food of this delicious kind.
While they that pay for all the hay
Will frequently be heard to say
How highly privileged they feel
To help him make so large a meal.

—M. F. K. FISHER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

FLORA: A BIOGRAPHY, by Elizabeth Gray Vining (Lippincott). Flora is Flora MacDonald (1722-90), the young Scottish woman who achieved a long romantic fame for helping Prince Charles Edward Stuart escape from the Hebrides after the Jacobean debacle at Culloden. Flora was married to Allan MacDonald in 1750, she and her husband emigrated to North Carolina shortly before the American Revolution, and she died back home in the Hebrides, but the high point of her life was, of course, those few days at the end of June in 1745. The same is true of this book, and Mrs. Vining recounts that episode—from the meeting of the Prince and his two aides and Flora ("They stood now, the four of them, on the hillside with the cat-



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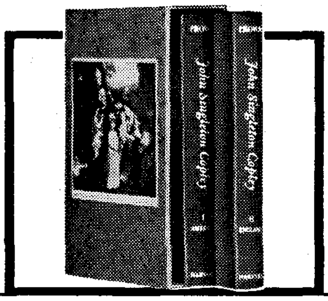

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tle around them and the moon shining on the Atlantic in the distance below") to the Prince's scanty thank-you note ("Make my compliments to all those to whom I have given trouble")—with an equal regard for the facts of the matter and for its stirring Stevensonian quality. Portraits and maps.

Thirty Years That Shook Physics: The Story of Quantum Theory, by George Gamow (Doubleday). The thirty years that Professor Gamow deals with in this semi-popular account of the rise of atomic physics and the quantum theory begin in 1900. (He feels that physics is "now dragging through the lean and unfertile years and looking for better luck in the years to come.") They *were* extraordinary times, and Dr. Gamow had the good fortune of knowing and working with most of the principal figures; indeed, the best parts of the book are his personal reminiscences. The rest of the book is typical Gamow—lucid and lively but (at least in some part) over the head of most laymen; the quantum theory is hard, and even Dr. Gamow's drawings and cartoons cannot make it easy. He summarizes his attitude toward recent physics by quoting from a letter he received from Wolfgang Pauli in 1958. Pauli had just disowned a new theory that he had invented with an overoptimistic collaborator, but the collaborator, undaunted, had held a press conference on the merits of the theory anyway. As a comment on his remarks, Pauli drew an empty square representing an artist's canvas. Above it he wrote, "This is to show the world that I can paint like Titian," and below the blank space he added, "Only technical details are missing." It is a harsh judgment on contemporary physics, but, as Dr. Gamow argues, there really *has* been nothing in physics since 1930 to equal what went before.

Winslow Homer at Prout's Neck, by Philip C. Beam (Little, Brown). This is a book that succeeds more or less in spite of itself. As Homer grew older, he became crusty, difficult, hermitic, and extremely self-centered, and it would seem that all these qualities were at their strongest during the period (1883 to his death, in 1910) when he was living on the stony, stormy, windy jut of land called Prout's Neck, in Maine. There were good enough reasons for his adoption of the role of a hermit. Homer's work shows that at

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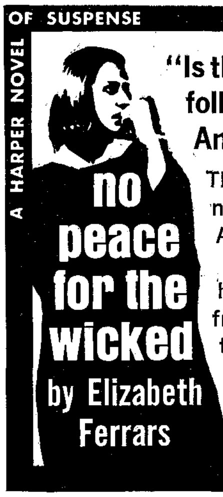

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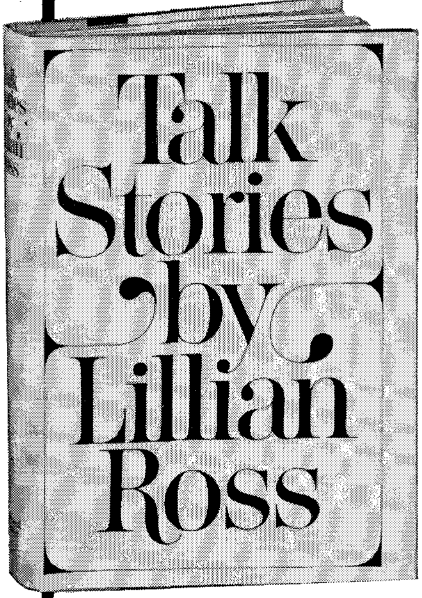
that time he had suddenly found a field of interest in the sea—not the sea of the cozy beaches of Easthampton and so on that he had pictured earlier, but the sea of storms and struggle and hardship. And since he was well on into artistic maturity—past it, almost—he may have begrudged any interruption in his preoccupation. The book, though it is too detailed, rather stuffy in outlook (as Homer was himself), and over-adulatory (often of the wrong pictures), still conveys an impression of Homer's mixed-up life. It is enlivened by about a hundred halftone reproductions of pictures and memorabilia.

THE MAKING OF THE KING: 1066, by Alan Lloyd (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A stirring account of the end of Anglo-Saxon England. Mr. Lloyd centers his attention on Harald Hardrada of Norway, Harold Godwinson of England, and William of Normandy, and he follows their equally bloody and perfidious careers from their equally uncertain beginnings to that wild three weeks in the autumn of 1066 in the course of which Harald was killed in the English victory at Stamford Bridge and Harold was killed in the Norman victory at Hastings. His interest is not confined, however, to the great events he describes. He has consulted not only the historical annals of the period (the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the Domesday Book, the Bayeux Tapestry, the Scandinavian sagas) but also the less formal records of contemporary clothes and manners and armament and household furnishings, and these last give his book an excellent, and indeed (considering the remoteness of the eleventh century) an essential, bottom. Contemporary illustrations.

THE HARD WAY TO HAPARANDA, by R. P. Lister (Harcourt, Brace & World). Two midsummer jaunts afoot among the barren mountains, snow-melt rivers, freezing rains, stunted willows, demonic cuckoos, ubiquitous bogs, and endless mosquitoes of Swedish and Norwegian Lapland—the first with an English friend named John, the second partly alone and partly with an American girl named Carla. This is not as depressing or as monotonous as it sounds. The reason is that Mr. Lister is a first-rate guide (who speaks a little Swedish), an intelligent observer (who has climbed three hundred mountains), and a genuinely funny writer. That is to say, he is not a



Lillian Ross's Talk Stories

"TALK STORIES" is the name given by the *New Yorker* staff to those short, unsigned articles that appear every week in the *Talk of the Town.* They are a unique literary form. Lillian Ross's Talk Stories—some sixty of them are assembled for the first time in a new book—are among those that have shown what the possibilities of the form are. Each story is a little burst of light, a masterpiece of compression, in which a gesture reveals a man, a scene implies a world.

She describes her encounters with, among others, Edward Albee, Jean-Luc Godard, Lassie, Robert Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, and Dag Hammarskjöld. A striking complement to her longer articles that were collected in 1964 in *Reporting.*

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE, edited by Hallberg Hallmundsson (Collier). A wide-ranging selection of prose and verse, from the Vikings to the present, some of it in rather musty old translations by Longfellow or Borrow. Along with the familiar Nobel Prize winners, there are fine contemporary writers unknown in this country, among them Martin A. Hansen, a Dane, whose story "The Gardener, the Beast, and the Child" is nightmarish and compelling, and Thórbergur Thórdarson, an Icelander, whose fantasy "The Brindled Monster" is uproarious and who is engagingly described in a note on the contributors as an avowed Communist, a supernaturalist, and "one of the most ardent Esperantists in Iceland."

NOTE: Simon & Schuster has published Lillian Ross's "Talk Stories," a collection of some sixty articles written by Miss Ross for the Talk of the Town section of this magazine.

•

The accompanist and partner was Mr. Robert Helps who was, in both fields, sympathetic and supporting. He neither tops nor scoops the ball and his significance is musical. His finger-tips are a mixture of brain and nerve. No low sonorities regurgitate from the piano. His upper runs are never encrusted with nodules. His intentions are honourable and his delivery of them is timely. Such playing gives pleasure free from anxiety. The wise ask no more, the experienced demand no less.

The Hindi scene was for me a lark, unfeathered withal, from which I averted critical gaze. In this language I am out of my depth; in this world I gyre.—*Geoffrey Tankard in the Hamilton (Bermuda) Royal Gazette.*

Give it a try, Tankard. We're all ears.

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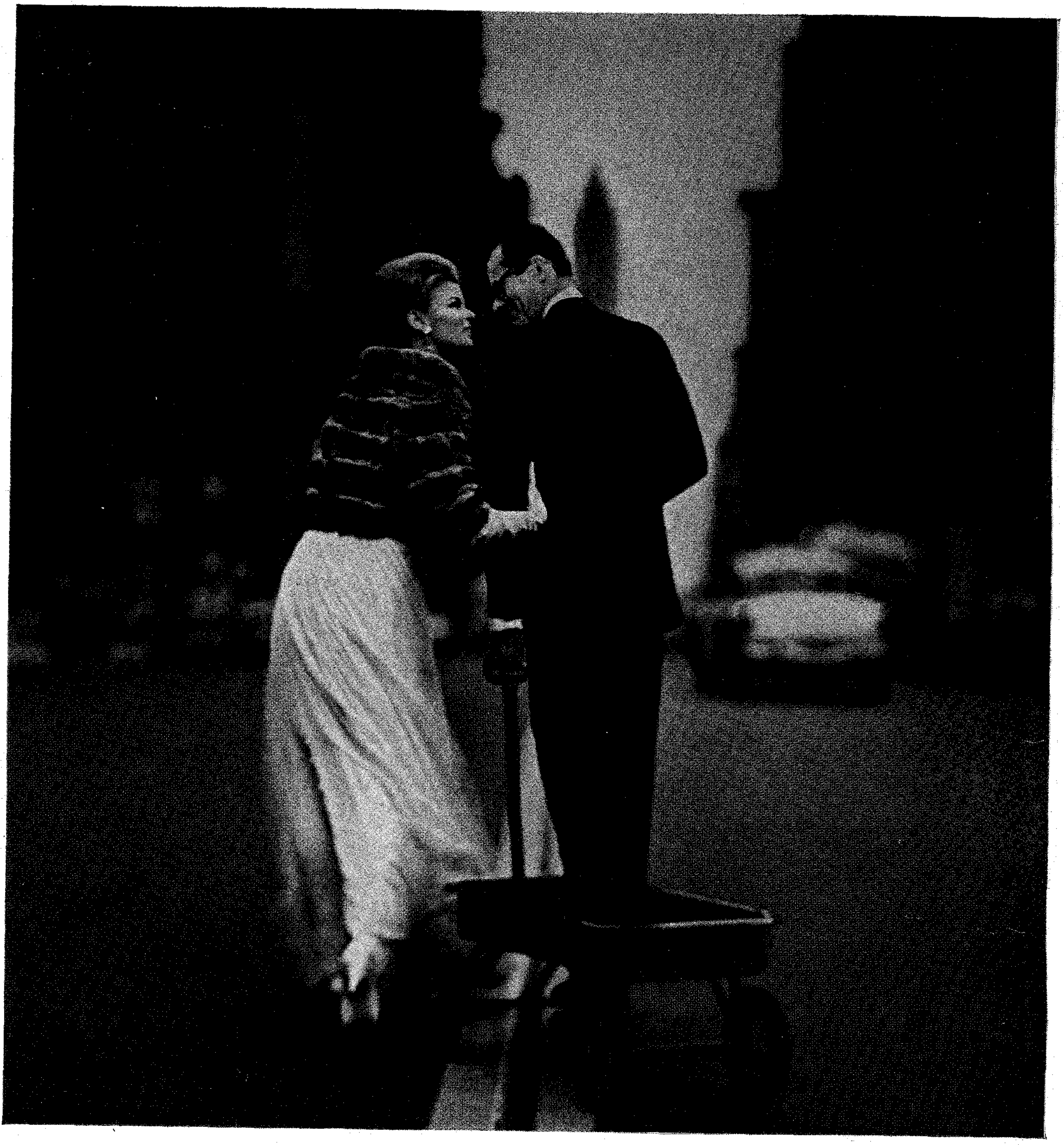

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